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3. *The Correspondence of Thomas Gray and William Mason: to which are added some Letters addressed by Gray to the Rev. James Brown, D.D., Master of Pembroke College, Cambridge. With Notes and Illustrations by the Rev. John Mitford, Vicar of Benhall.* London, 1853.

MASON, in his 'Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Gray,' has told us less of his friend than might have been expected from the closeness of their intimacy, but it is generally admitted that his scanty comments upon the letters which form the bulk of his work display, as far as they go, an elegant taste and a sound judgment. As these were the qualities requisite for determining what parts of the correspondence were proper to be published, nobody could have suspected that Mason had proceeded on a plan which, if he had avowed it, would have destroyed all confidence in his work, and which, as he studiously concealed it, was an imposition on the public. When Mr. Mitford obtained, many years since, the originals of the correspondence with Dr. Wharton for a new edition of the works of Gray, he found that Mason had taken portions of letters of different dates and blended them into one, that he had constantly changed the order of the sentences, interpolated fragments of his own, altered phrases, and elaborated the style. In 1843 Mr. Mitford published a supplementary volume, containing the correspondence of Gray with Mr. Nicholls, which Mason had not only used with the same unwarrantable freedom, but had sent back with a note that deserves a conspicuous place among the curiosities of literature.

'Curzon-street, Jan. 31, 1775.

'Mr. Mason returns many thanks to Mr. Nicholls for the use he has permitted him to make of these letters. He will find that much liberty has

has been ~~taken~~ in transposing parts of them, &c., for the press, and will see the reason for it; *it were, however, to be wished that the originals might be so disposed of as not to impeach the editor's fidelity,* but this he leaves to Mr. Nicholls's discretion, for people of common sense will think the liberty he has used very venial.'

Mason would have cared nothing for the censure of people who were devoid of common sense if he had really believed that those possessed of it would approve his conduct; nor if his profession had been sincere could it have given honesty to his wish to persuade the world that the letters were faithful transcripts, or to his endeavour to procure the destruction of the evidence which might one day prove that they were not. Dr. Wharton, far from thinking the liberties venial, was extremely indignant; and if Mr. Nicholls shared his sentiments he took the most effectual revenge when, instead of destroying the letters of Gray, he added the note of Mason to the heap.

The correspondence of Gray with his father and mother was among the papers he bequeathed to Mason. Not a trace of these documents now remains, and there can be no doubt that the biographer, after corrupting what he published, committed the whole of the originals to the flames. He preserved, however, many of the letters addressed to himself, from a reluctance, we suppose, in his own case to obliterate the memorials of an intercourse which must have kept a hold on his affections as well as flattered his vanity; but the series is by no means complete, and numerous passages are cut out, or erased from the portion which is left. He subjected the collection of Dr. Wharton and Dr. Brown to similar treatment, and the suppressed parts were probably those which bore most closely upon the history of the poet. Mason arranged the correspondence with himself in a volume which he willed at his death to his friend Mr. Stonehewer, whose relatives sold it, in 1845, to Mr. Penn, of Stoke Park. The purchaser consigned it to the editorial care of Mr. Mitford, who, in publishing it, has furnished an additional proof of what he formerly asserted, 'that there is scarcely a genuine letter of Gray in the whole of Mason's work.'

A few specimens will be sufficient to show the nature of the alterations. When Dr. Wharton lost his son he received two letters of consolation from Gray. These Mason has fused together, and, in order to connect them, adds from himself, 'Let me then beseech you to try, by every method of avocation and amusement, whether you cannot by degrees get the better of that dejection of spirits.' In addition to the deception of departing from the original there is really something ludicrous in Mason's forging counsel in the name of a person who was dead, and
referring

Life and Works of Gray.

referring it to a calamity which had occurred nearly twenty years before. The next quotation is an example of the biographer's revision of Gray's own composition.

Mason.

'With regard to any advice I can give you about your being Physician to the Hospital, I frankly own it ought to give way to a much better judge, especially so disinterested a one as Dr. Heberden. I love refusals no more than you do. But as to your fears of effluvia, I maintain that one sick rich patient has more of pestilence and putrefaction about him than a whole ward of sick poor.'

Gray.

'With respect to any advice I can give as to the hospital, I freely own it ought to give way to Dr. Heberden's counsels, who is a much better judge, and (I should think) disinterested. I love refusals no more than you do. But as to your effluvia, I maintain that one sick *rich* has more of pestilence and putrefaction about him than a whole ward of sick poor.'

The letters of Gray are full of whimsical expressions of his own coining, and no single instance could be selected which is more characteristic of his manner than the antithesis between 'one sick *rich*,' and the 'ward of sick *poor*.' Mason, who had no toleration for the playful licence of a familiar epistle, changed the phrase to 'one sick rich *patient*' for the very reason that he ought to have retained the original—that it was like Gray, and unlike any one else. The concluding paragraph of the last letter which Mason incorporated into the Memoirs is a fit termination to the work.

Mason.

'The approaching summer I have sometimes had thoughts of spending on the Continent; but I have now dropped that intention, and believe my expeditions will terminate in Old Park: but I make no promise, and can answer for nothing; my own employment so sticks in my stomach, and troubles my conscience: and yet travel I must or cease to exist.'

Gray.

'My summer was intended to have been passed in Switzerland, but I have dropped the thought of it, and believe my expeditions will terminate in Old Park: for travel I must or cease to exist.'

Mason says that his chief motive for inserting the letter was the occasion it afforded him for commenting on the part of it where Gray speaks of the duties of his Professorship, and the trouble the neglect of them gave his conscience. The occasion, like the comment, was entirely of the biographer's own making, for there is not in the original one word of the matter. It is a wonder that Mason could pen the sentiment and not feel *his* 'own employment stick in his stomach and trouble his conscience.'

science.' The date Mason assigns to this mosaic is May 24, 1771, though the bulk of it is taken from a former epistle of August 24, 1770, with a sentence relative to Gray's health—'I have had a cough for above three months upon me, which is incurable'—borrowed from a third letter of February 2, 1771. Indeed nothing in the general licence is more singular than Mason's reckless dealings with chronology. One of the pretended epistles of Gray is concocted out of fragments—and these extensively altered—borrowed from three letters, though there is an interval of fifteen months between the first and the last. To this adulterated compound is affixed an entirely fictitious date,—June 14, 1756,—the nearest genuine date on one side being October, 18, 1755, and on the other October 15, 1756. Yet he makes Gray say 'I think I shall be with you in a fortnight,' and by thus perpetually misdating events falsifies the poet's history as well as his correspondence.

The presumption of retouching the compositions of the most fastidious of writers is the only circumstance which occasions us no surprisè. Never did master receive more deference from a scholar than Gray, while he lived, from his future biographer; but the self-sufficiency of Mason was extreme, and the man who had the courage to tack a paltry tail-piece to the exquisite fragment on 'Vicissitude,' and could venture to put forth a mawkish elegy, written in a churchyard by *day*, as a companion-piece to the far-famed '*twilight* scene,' might easily believe himself competent to improve on the epistolary effusions of the greater bard. Even though the repeated changes had been as much for the better as they were in general for the worse, they would not have been less out of place than if Mason had transferred what he thought the finest features of his own face to a portrait of Gray.*

Zeal for the reputation of his friend was not, we suspect, Mason's only motive. He was inordinately eager for the gains of authorship; and the unworthy lengths to which he carried his covetousness may be gathered from what Gray, who was always twitting him on the subject, wrote to their common intimate, Dr. Brown. 'Observe it is I that send Caractacus, for Mason makes no presents to any one whatever; and, moreover, you are desired to

* Johnson, in his comments upon a far less flagrant case, treats the question with his usual force: 'The poem of "*Liberty*" does not now appear in its original state; but, when Thomson's works were collected after his death, was shortened by Sir George Lyttleton, with a liberty which, as it has a manifest tendency to lessen the confidence of society, and to confound the characters of authors, by making one man write by the judgment of another, cannot be justified by any supposed propriety of the alteration, or kindness of the friend.' (*Lives of the Poets: Thomson.*)

lend it to nobody, that we may sell the more of them ; for money, not fame, is the declared purpose of all we do.' Worse still, Mason afterwards attempted to find authority in the liberal bequests to himself under his friend's will for revoking Gray's former gifts of his poems to Dodsley ;* and his mode of justifying his own meanness was to pretend it in others, and allege ' that booksellers and printers were, of all objects, the most undeserving.'† He intimated, indeed, that he should expend the proceeds in a manner to do honour to the memory of the departed poet ; but, however he meant to dispose of the money, he was at least anxious, in the first instance, to secure to himself what he supposed his benefactor had bestowed upon another. We should hardly after this have needed his own confession to know that he would be anxious to render the *Memoirs* ' lucrative ;' and as he retained the copyright, the whole of his gains depended on the sale. ' I am heartily tired of the work,' he wrote to Walpole ; ' and if you knew the pains and the thought it has taken me to arrange the letters, in order to form that variety I aimed at to make it read pleasantly, you would not wonder I was tired.' The desire to make the book profitable may reasonably be inferred to have had a large share in this solicitude ' to make it read pleasantly,' and hence the culling of scattered paragraphs, and ' the pains and thought' with which he worked them up. Fortunately, the diligence of Mr. Mitford has successively recovered a large part of the original materials, and to these he has joined a number of particulars brought together from various sources, which throw some additional light upon the life and character of Gray.

Thomas Gray, the fifth child of Philip Gray, a money-scrivener, was born December 26th, 1716, in Cornhill, where his mother and her sister kept a milliner's shop. Of twelve children, eleven died in their infancy from fulness of blood, and the poet would have shared the family fate but for the firmness of his mother in opening a vein. A case submitted to counsel on the part of Mrs. Gray in 1735, when her son was an undergraduate at Cambridge, admits us to a view of the domestic

* Mason, in a letter to Walpole, intimates that Gray thought ' it beneath the dignity of a gentleman to make a profit of the productions of his brain,' and says that they had frequent disputes on the question, which generally ended in a laugh—Gray calling him covetous, and he calling Gray proud. There is no allusion to any such opinion in the passages in which Gray banters Mason for his mercantile disposition, and if he ever held the notion he disregarded it in practice, for he sold Dodsley his two odes, ' *The Bard*' and ' *The Progress of Poetry*,' and it is by no means certain that *all* his remaining pieces were given.

† No one had larger dealings with the publishers of that period than Dr. Johnson, who gave this character of them: ' The booksellers are generous, liberal-minded men.' (*Boswell's Life of Johnson*.)

interior. The money-scrivener was jealous of every man who approached his wife, her brother included, and in his paroxysms of suspicion he beat and kicked her, accompanying his blows with the most abusive language. This usage, which commenced shortly after the marriage, had grown to such a height, that for a twelvemonth past Mrs. Gray, out of fear for her life, had shared her sister's bed. Her husband threatened to take further revenge. He was the owner of the house in which they all lived, and in which the millinery trade was carried on. He gave warning to Mary Antrobus, the sister, to quit, in the hope, real or pretended, that the business would be destroyed by removing it from its ancient locality. Mrs. Gray's share of the profits had been settled upon herself at the time of the marriage, and besides paying forty pounds a year to her husband for the rent of the shop, and providing most of the furniture of his house, she had been at nearly the whole of the expense of keeping Thomas at Eton, and was now his sole support at the University. All her maternal hopes were therefore bound up with the profits of her trade, and, lest her own bankruptcy should prove insufficient, the money-scrivener declared he would also 'ruin himself to undo his wife and his son.' 'He is really so very vile in his nature,' the case concludes, 'that she hath all the reason to expect the most troublesome usage from him that can be.'

Under these circumstances Mrs. Gray desired the opinion of Dr. Audley, a civilian, whether her husband could molest her if she followed her sister to another shop. The answer was not encouraging. She was told that Mr. Gray might compel her to return, unless she could prove that it was unsafe to live with him; that sentences of separation on the ground of cruelty were rarely obtained; and that the most prudent course was to attempt a reconciliation through a common friend. It does not appear that the scrivener ever executed his threat of ejecting the sister and her stock in trade; and, in all probability, the business and the quarrelling both went on in their usual course. The poet repaid his mother's sacrifices on his behalf with a warmth of affection which is the most pleasing trait recorded of him. He seldom mentioned her after she was dead without a sigh.

Nothing is known of the childhood of Gray. The first we hear of him is that he was sent to Eton, where two of his maternal uncles were ushers; and the one who had charge of him 'took,' says Horace Walpole, 'prodigious pains with him, which answered exceedingly.' He was then an elegant boy of thirteen, with fine hair and a good complexion, and showed to advantage among the rougher looking youths around him. For a lad he was reputed a fair scholar, but never attracted any especial

especial notice. He used to read Virgil in play-hours for his own amusement, and this he considered the earliest symptom that his temperament was poetical. A particular part of his uncle's instruction was to initiate him into 'the virtues of simples,' which did him no service, for, like most valetudinarians, he was fond of doctoring himself, and simples have their evils as well as their virtues. His chief intimates at school were Horace Walpole, and a more kindred spirit, West, whose early promise has been immortalised by his connexion with his friend. Walpole often asserted that 'Gray never was a boy,' by which he meant that he had a precocious maturity of mind; but the description was true in a second sense, and they both kept aloof from the games of their associates. They were rather despised for their effeminacy, which was shown in the extreme fastidiousness of their habits as well as in their aversion to athletic sports.* Gray was never on horseback in his life. There were so many repugnant points of character between him and Walpole, that we suspect they were chiefly drawn together at Eton by their common distaste for the sports of their companions.

The little which can be gleaned of the schoolboy days of Gray is not related by Mason, who had ample opportunities of learning his disposition and pursuits, and he kept back from the public all the juvenile letters, though many of them, according to Walpole, were characterised by 'infinite humour and wit.' Not one of them has since turned up. Mason was even unwilling that Walpole should preserve the correspondence in his cabinet unless he erased the openings and conclusions, which the biographer thought derogatory to the dignity of his hero because they were boyish, as if he was ashamed to have it known to the world that Gray was not always a man. 'Is it not odd,' wrote the poet to his friend West, 'to consider one's contemporaries in the grave light of husband and father? There is my Lords [Sandwich] and [Halifax]; they are statesmen: Do not you remember them dirty boys playing at cricket?' Horace Walpole, on revisiting Eton, expressed the same natural sentiment in his scoffing vein: 'If I don't compose myself a little more before Sunday morning, when Ashton is to preach, I shall certainly be in a bill for laughing at church; but how to help it, to see him in the pulpit, when the last time I saw him here he was standing up finking over against a conduit to be catechised.'

* These particulars are related by Jacob Bryant, who was in the same form at Eton with Gray and Walpole. Walpole, who said of himself in after-life that he was pushed up at school beyond his parts, was nine or ten places higher than Gray, though nearly a year younger. All that Jacob Bryant has told of the poet which did not fall directly under his own observation is one continuous blunder.

Everybody has felt the force of such associations, and Mason had a notion that they operated in biography as in actual life, whereas the process is reversed, and the greatness of the man gives consequence and interest to the qualities of the boy.

The uncle who superintended Gray's education at Eton was a fellow of Peterhouse College, Cambridge, and there his nephew entered as a pensioner in 1734. The studies of the place were mathematics, the recreation was drinking, and he had no taste for either. Classical learning, which had been everything at Eton, he found was held in disdain; and, after submitting with aversion to a formal attendance on the usual routine of lectures, he came to the determination not to take a degree. 'It is very possible,' he said, 'that two and two make four, but I would not give four farthings to demonstrate this ever so clearly; and if these be the profits of life, give me the amusements of it. The people I behold all around me, it seems, know all this and more, and yet I do not know one of them who inspires me with any ambition of being like him.' Contempt of knowledge is always based upon ignorance. In his riper manhood he regretted his want of mathematical science, and declared his intention of cultivating it. Walpole, who removed from Eton to Cambridge at the same time with his friend, had, with as little inclination and less talent for mathematics, a greater eagerness for distinction. He became a pupil of Sanderson, the well-known blind professor, who said to him before a fortnight was past,—'Young man, it is cheating you to take your money: believe me, you never can learn these things; you have no capacity for them.' Walpole cried with vexation, but with the confidence of youth, which believes no teacher except experience, he thought that Sanderson was mistaken. He engaged another tutor, and diligently received his lessons for a year, when he abandoned the struggle. What he learnt one day was so entirely obliterated the next, that it had all the appearance of a new proposition. Gray could have comforted him then with the honest assurance that the grapes were sour.

Deprived of the stimulus of emulation, and kept in inaction by the contrariety between his private inclinations and the pursuits of the University, the early part of Gray's residence at Cambridge was a cheerless period, for the gloomy disposition he inherited from his father infected even his youth, and he had no resources out of his books. 'Almost all the employment of my hours,' he wrote to West, 'may be explained by negatives. Take my word and experience upon it, doing nothing is a most amusing business, and yet neither something nor nothing gives me any pleasure.' 'Low spirits,' he says a little later to the
same

same correspondent, 'are my true and faithful companions; they get up with me, go to bed with me, make journeys and return as I do; nay, and pay visits, and will even affect to be jocose, and force a feeble laugh with me; but most commonly we sit alone together, and are the prettiest insipid company in the world.' Society afforded him no alleviation. He professed himself quite unequal to it, and was so incapable of sympathising with its ordinary pleasures, that kindness, he told Walpole, was almost the only idea he had ever received of social happiness. Yet he called his depression an easy state, which had no other fault than its *ennui*. 'But,' he added, 'there is another sort, which I have now and then felt, that has somewhat in it like Tertullian's rule of faith, *Credo quia impossibile est*; for it believes, nay, is sure of everything that is unlikely, so it be but frightful; and, on the other hand, excludes and shuts its eyes to the most possible hopes, and everything that is pleasurable; from this the Lord deliver us! for none but he and sunshiny weather can do it.' The sun was always his great physician, and without it he said life would often have been intolerable to him. There is an uncomplaining and passive hopelessness of tone in these and many similar passages which is peculiarly touching. He was already aware that 'Melancholy had marked him for her own'—that the malady was inherent in his constitution beyond the power of medicine to cure or of his will to subdue it.

Notwithstanding Gray's playful assertion that doing nothing was a most amusing business, it was his favourite maxim through life that to be employed was to be happy. He lamented his frequent inability to apply the specific; and study, at best, relieved his melancholy without removing it. No sooner, however, was he released from attendance on tutors than he informed his friend West that he was learning Italian 'like any dragon.' He had previously made some progress in French, and both these languages were now to come into use. He quitted Cambridge in September, 1738, and resided in London with his father and mother till March, 1739, when Horace Walpole invited him to be his companion in a continental tour. The excitement of new manners, scenes, and people appears for a while to have had an inspiring effect upon Gray, and made him allow that, though 'a reasonable, we were by no means a pleasurable people,' and should be improved by an admixture of French and Italian vivacity. At the beginning of May, 1741, the travellers were at Reggio, where they had a violent quarrel, and the indignant poet returned to England by himself. The elements of discord had been sullenly at work from the commencement.

mencement. Walpole travelled for amusement, Gray for instruction; Walpole cared chiefly for balls and parties, Gray for the beauties of nature and art; Walpole assumed the airs of a patron, and Gray was as proud as if the blood of all the Howards had flowed in his veins. Walpole confesses that he treated Gray insolently, and reproached him with the difference of station, and Gray, on the other hand, reprov'd Walpole for his failings without reserve. Thus much Walpole related to Mason after the death of the poet; but, copious as he was upon the preliminary disagreements, he studiously evaded all explanation of the final outbreak at Reggio, beyond acknowledging that the fault was entirely his own.* Whatever was the cause, it was clearly something that Walpole was ashamed to tell. The conduct of Gray confirms the impression that the offence went much beyond a sally of temper. Four years after the separation Walpole wrote to him and proposed a reconciliation. He responded to the call, but Cole, who was afterwards on cordial terms with both of them, states that at the interview, which took place in November, 1745, Gray emphatically declared that, while he was willing that civility should be restored, it must be understood that their friendship was totally cancelled. To another intimate, Mr. Robinson,† the poet let drop expressions which implied that the injury was too deep to be eradicated. A letter which he addressed to Mr. Wharton immediately after the meeting affords further proof that he received the advances with coldness. ‘I went to see the *party* (as Mrs. Foible says), and was something abashed at his confidence: he came to meet me, kissed me on both sides with all the ease of one who receives an acquaintance just come out of the country, squatted me into a fauteuil, began to talk of the town, and this and that and t’other, and continued, with little interruption, for three hours, when I took my leave very indifferently pleased, but treated with monstrous good breeding.’ Two days afterwards they breakfasted together, ‘when,’ says the poet, ‘we had all the *éclaircissement* I ever expected, and I left him far better satisfied than I have been hitherto.’ Walpole continued to court him with assiduity, and won back part of his good-will, if not of his esteem; but twelve

* The passages of Walpole’s letters to Mason which relate to the quarrel are given in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxxix. p. 141.

† The Rev. William Robinson was a brother of the celebrated Mrs. Montague. Gray made his acquaintance at Cambridge, and twice visited him at his residence, Denton Court, near Canterbury. The familiar terms on which they lived may be gathered from a letter addressed to Mr. Robinson by the poet, and which commences ‘Dear (Reverend) Billy.’ Mr. Robinson considered Mason unequal to the task of writing *Gray’s Life*, and refused his countenance and assistance—a slight which the biographer never forgave. When the work appeared, Mr. Robinson remarked that it was better than he had expected.

years after the reconciliation Gray was still so punctilious, that it annoyed him to allow, what he could find no civil pretext to refuse—the printing of two of his Odes at the Strawberry Hill press,—and he was careful to inform his friends that the work was done for Dodsley, to whom he had disposed of the manuscript, and not for himself. Isaac Reed was told by Mr. Roberts, of the Pell Office, a gentleman likely, he truly says, to be well informed, that the offence of Walpole which produced such durable effects was that he clandestinely opened a letter of Gray, from a suspicion that his companion spoke ill of him in his correspondence. The authority is respectable, and the explanation consistent with all we know of the circumstances,—with Walpole's confession that the blame was exclusively his, with his silence upon the cause of the actual quarrel, with the deep resentment of Gray, and his refusal to return to cordiality and confidence.

Gray arrived in London from his travels September 1st, 1741, and the 6th of November his father died of gout in the stomach, at the age of 65. Brutal to his wife, he was reserved and morose to the rest of the world, and none of his connexions had much cause to regret him. Before his decease he had nearly, without intending it, accomplished his threat of ruining himself, for his business languished from inattention, and, unknown to his family, he squandered large sums in his later years on a country-house at Wanstead, which fetched two thousand pounds less than the scrivener had spent in building it. At the time of going abroad Gray was about to enter the Temple, and prepare himself for the practice of the Common Law. He now abandoned the design, on the plea that his inheritance was too small to support him through the long apprenticeship. When West, a year before, announced to him that he had turned his back upon the Temple in disgust, Gray wrote him an admirable letter of remonstrance. He reminded him that it was a duty to be serviceable to mankind; that public exertions were the proper employment of youth, and private pursuits the enjoyment of age; that, though the labour of mastering the law was long, and the elements unentertaining, there was, on a further acquaintance, plenty of matter in it for curiosity and reflection; that our inclinations are more than we suppose in our own power; that reason and resolution determine them; and that he must not mistake mere indolence for inability. ‘I am sensible,’ he continued, ‘there is nothing stronger against what I would persuade you to than my own practice; which may make you imagine I think not as I speak. Alas! it is not so; but I do not act what I think, and I had rather be the object of your pity than you should

should be that of mine.' As Gray continued to live for years with no addition to his patrimony, and without earning or attempting to earn a single penny, he could almost as easily have afforded to be a student of law as a student of Greek. The want of money was only the excuse,—the real cause was what his letter intimates, the want of inclination. His shy and sensitive nature shrank from the contests of active life; and, if the study of the law was distasteful to him, the practice would have been insupportable.

The same winter that he lost his father, Gray commenced the composition of a tragedy. Hitherto, except a few translations, all his attempts at poetry had been confined to the Latin tongue. His hexameters were formed, and not unsuccessfully, upon the model of Virgil, but he was less acquainted with the lyric measures, and has several lines which are faulty in their metre. In hexameters and lyrics alike he has allowed a few false quantities to escape him, and his Latinity is not always pure. A command of poetical language appears to us the chief merit of these fruits of his Eton education, for there is throughout a want of substance in the ideas. Yet even after he had written some of his finest vernacular pieces he prided himself most upon his Roman exercises,—a weakness which he was accustomed to ridicule in Petrarch. Those who compose in a learned language are apt to estimate the value of their numbers by the glow of satisfaction they feel in the happy adaptation of a classical phrase.

In English Gray was ignorant at first where his strength lay. His genius was not dramatic; and he afterwards said of his fragment of Agrippina that the heroine 'talked like an old boy, all in figures and mere poetry, instead of nature and the language of real passion.' Nothing, certainly, can be more artificial. West, to whom the specimen was sent, treated it coldly, and 'put a stop,' said Gray, 'to that tragic torrent he saw breaking in upon him.' He objected to the length of Agrippina's speech, and more particularly to the style, which he thought antiquated, and copied too closely from Shakspeare. Gray acknowledged and defended the imitation, but allowed that he might have carried it further than was proper. None of his subsequent commentators have been able to detect the resemblance, and we must confess ourselves in the same predicament. Whatever there may be of Shakspeare's manner, there is, at least, little of his inspiration, and even as poetry Agrippina excites no emotion. Now it comes recommended by the name of Gray it is easy to detect casual traces of his hand, but it is almost destitute of the merits, essential in a tragedy, which he ascribes to Dryden, and has neither the thoughts that breathe nor the words that burn. The
metrical

metrical qualities of his blank verse would hardly entitle him to a secondary rank among the cultivators of that most difficult of measures.

Mrs. Gray and her sister, having acquired a moderate independence by their trade, gave up the shop in Cornhill on the death of the scrivener, and retired to Stoke, near Windsor, where they lived with a third sister, Mrs. Rogers, whose husband had likewise recently died. He had formerly been an attorney, but had long left business to enjoy the pleasures of the chase. Gray visited him at Burnham, in Buckinghamshire, in 1737, when he was confined to the house with the gout. Dogs occupied all the chairs; and the crippled enthusiast, unable to take the field, 'regaled himself with the noise and stink' of his hounds. His nephew he held excessively cheap for preferring walking to riding, and reading to hunting; and if the old sportsman had survived till the days of the 'Bard' and the 'Progress of Poetry,' they would probably have done as little to raise their author in his esteem, as similar compositions to recommend Tom Jones to the favour of Squire Western.

In May, 1742, Gray joined his relations at Stoke, and there, in the beginning of June, he composed the first of his immortal pieces,—the 'Ode on the Spring.' The descriptions from nature, slight, but picturesque in the extreme, and the pensive moralisings which accompany them, are equally from the life. A comparison of the second stanza with the account he gives in a letter of his occupation at Burnham five years before, shows how closely the verse corresponded with the reality.

'Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great.'

'Both vale and hill are covered with most venerable beeches and other very reverend vegetables, that, like most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds. At the foot of one of these squats me I (*il penseroso*), and there grow to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me like Adam in Paradise before he had an Eve; but I think he did not use to read Virgil, as I commonly do there.'

The scene is repeated in the elegy—

'There

‘ There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.’

It seems from the same authority that he was an early riser, and was accustomed to walk abroad at ‘peep of dawn.’ Passages like these belong as much to the biography as to the works of the poet.

Gray was accustomed to communicate all his compositions to West. He sent him the ‘Ode on the Spring,’ but when it arrived his friend was dead. The last letter he received from West was one rallying him for having said that he conversed only with the illustrious departed, and almost longed to be with them. From the tone of the remonstrance it is evident that the writer was quite unconscious that his own sandglass had nearly run out. He expired three weeks afterwards of a consumption, which was supposed to have been induced, and was certainly aggravated, by the detection of an intrigue between a mother on whom he doted, and a pretended friend of his family. Gray, tender and devoted in his attachments, not only made these sorrows his own, but to the end of his life, whenever the name of West was mentioned, his countenance changed, and he looked as if he was suffering from a recent loss.

The visit to Stoke was propitious to the sparing muse of Gray. In August he composed the Ode ‘On a Distant Prospect of Eton College’ and the ‘Hymn to Adversity;’ and Mason ascribes the greater part of the ‘Elegy written in a Country Churchyard’ to the same period. In five months he had produced full half of what is excellent in his poetical works. He was now in his twenty-sixth year, and he had twenty-nine years more of life before him. Well might he regret when his days were drawing to a close that he had done so little for literature.

His relatives at Stoke being urgent with him to fulfil his original intention of pursuing the law, he made a show of adopting the civil branch of the profession, and went to Cambridge in the winter of 1742, and took his degree as Bachelor of Civil Laws. Henceforward he made the University his home. Disliking the people, he was unable to resist the advantages presented by a collegiate establishment,—the access to books, the freedom from every species of housekeeping trouble, the entire command over his time, and the power to be solitary in the midst of the spectacle and luxuries of life. Gradually he formed a narrow circle of acquaintances after his own heart, and his satisfaction in the place was not diminished because, while enjoying the society of the selected few, he could indulge in
satire

satire on the herd of gownsmen. The usual strain of his ridicule, which was chiefly directed against their want of literature, may be judged from the account he gives of the reception at Cambridge of Walpole's 'Historic Doubts.'

'Certain it is that you are universally read here; but what *we* think is not so easy to come at. We stay as usual to see the success, to learn the judgment of the town, to be directed in our opinions by those of more competent judges. If they like you, we shall; if any one of name write against you, we give you up; for we are modest and diffident of ourselves, and not without reason. History, in particular, is not our *forte*; for, the truth is, we read only modern books and pamphlets of the day.'

There is no appearance of bitterness in this sarcastic pleasantry, but it is not on that account less keen and contemptuous. The grave and reverend seniors of the University were well acquainted with his scorn, and never regarded him with much esteem. It was otherwise with the juniors after his fame was established, and when he chanced to issue forth from his college, which he rarely did latterly, they rushed into the street to catch a sight of him, and took off their caps to him as he passed.

With his degree he bid farewell for ever to the study of the law, and in his future pursuits was guided solely by his inclinations. He was fresh from the composition of some of the most delicious poetry in the language, he could not possibly be a stranger to the magic of his numbers, and, as he kept them close in his desk, his ardour had not been chilled by the indifference of the world. Yet, strange to say, with the exception of a brief satirical fragment, entitled a 'Hymn to Ignorance,' he allowed the next four years to pass without attempting a line. The cause of this was not his indifference to authorship, for he confessed that he always 'liked himself better' after a fit of versifying. As little did it proceed from poverty of ideas, but was chiefly occasioned by the effort which it cost him to exert his mind in poetical composition. A glance at his poems is sufficient to show that they are not of the kind which are struck off at a heat, and he never cared to conceal that they were elaborated with even greater toil than they betray. When he was asked by Mr. Nicholls why he did not finish the fragment on the 'Alliance of Education and Government,' he answered, 'Because he could not,' adding that he had accustomed himself, till he could write no otherwise, to a minuteness of finish, the labour of which in a lengthy poem would be quite intolerable. This labour was rendered doubly arduous by his sickly constitution, which brought with it lassitude as well as melancholy. 'I by no means,' he wrote to Dr. Wharton in 1758, 'pretend to inspiration,

inspiration, but yet I affirm that the faculty in question is by no means voluntary. It is the result, I suppose, of a certain disposition of mind, which does not depend on one's-self, and which I have not felt this long time. You that are a-witness how seldom this spirit has moved me in my life may easily give credit to what I say.' At a period which for him was peculiarly prolific, he remarked that the bardic impulse did not at best stir within him above three times a year, and it seldom lasted long enough to enable him to complete what he began. Dejection of mind, on the contrary, put in motion the readier pen of Cowper, and afforded him just the diversion he required. When his spirits were unequal to one of those charming letters, which few persons penned with greater ease, he could still amuse himself with 'the pleasure of poetic pains.' What writing was to Cowper, reading was to Gray,—occupation without fatigue. He therefore hung up his harp and took down Plato and Aristotle.

In six years he had nearly gone through the whole range of Greek authors, making a digest of their contents, and grammatical remarks upon the text, in addition to which he compiled a Chronological Table in nine columns, which was the wonder of the indefatigable students around him. In 1747 he thus reports progress: 'I have read Pausanias and Athenæus all through, and Æschylus again. I am now in Pindar and Lysias: for I take verse and prose together like bread and cheese.' He gave much attention to Strabo and geography. Thucydides he thought the model of history, and the Retreat before Syracuse among the choicest pieces of writing in the world. Of Aristotle he said that he was the hardest author he ever meddled with; that he had a dry conciseness, which rather resembled a table of contents than a book, and, to crown all, an abundance of fine, uncommon things, which were worth the trouble it cost to get at them. He had the highest admiration of Socrates, and ranked the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon among the most valuable works on morality. But his favourite author was Plato. 'What he admired in him,' he said in conversation, 'was not his mystic doctrines, which he did not pretend to understand, nor his sophistry, but his excellent sense, sublime morality, elegant style, and the perfect dramatic propriety of his dialogues.' The criticisms of Gray, like his prose descriptions of scenery, are pre-eminently distinguished for their conciseness, their simplicity, and the faculty of discriminating among the mass of particulars what was truly characteristic.

On Mr. Nicholls expressing astonishment at the extent of his learning, he replied that he had found from experience how
much

much might be done by a person who read with method, and did not fling away his time on middling or inferior authors. This is the great secret of studying to advantage, and, besides that more is thus learnt and retained, the mind, by constant contact with master spirits, is often elevated to their level, and is always raised above what was formerly its own. Gray justly prognosticated that one evil of the Dictionaries, and other royal roads to knowledge, which began to multiply in his day, would be the temptation they held out to depend on their compendious but superficial information, instead of studying subjects through in the original authorities. The old proverb is true of Encyclopædias—that they are good servants but bad masters. Thus far Gray was an admirable example for future scholars, but here again we have cause to regret that the vast preparation resulted in nothing. It is melancholy that he should have to write to Mason in 1758—‘The days and the nights pass, and I am never the nearer to anything but that one to which we are all tending. Yet I love people that leave some traces of their journey behind them, and have strength enough to advise you to do so while you can.’ It must constantly have deepened his gloom to look back upon the blank which his life presented, to reflect upon his wasted powers.

‘And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with him useless.’

‘To find one’s-self business,’ he wrote in 1760, ‘is, I am persuaded, the great art of life; and I am never so angry as when I hear my acquaintance wishing they had been bred to some poking profession, or employed in some office of drudgery, as if it were pleasanter to be at the command of other people than at one’s own; and as if they could not go unless they were wound up; yet I know and feel what they mean by this complaint; it proves that some spirit, something of genius more than common, is required to teach a man how to employ himself.’

It is a lesson he never sufficiently learnt, and he would have been happier, if to the task of amusing himself he had conjoined some occupation which could have been of use to the world.

The reconciliation with Walpole in 1745 produced a renewal of their correspondence, and the first letter of the series which has been preserved is a good specimen of the poet’s epistolary style. It was written from Cambridge at the beginning of February, 1746, shortly after the Pretender had defeated General Hawley at Falkirk, and gives a curious picture of the apathy which prevailed on the occasion,—produced not so much by a lingering feeling in favour of the Stuarts, as by the want of almost every popular quality in the two first sovereigns of the Brunswick line.

‘ Our defeat to be sure is a rueful affair for the honour of the troops ; but the Duke is gone, it seems, with the rapidity of a cannon-bullet, to defeat us again. The common people in town at least know how to be afraid ; but we are such uncommon people here as to have no more sense of danger than if the battle had been fought when and where the battle of Cannæ was. The perception of these calamities, and of their consequences, that we are supposed to get from books, is so faintly impressed, that we talk of war, famine, and pestilence, with no more apprehension than of a broken head, or of a coach overturned between York and Edinburgh. I heard three people, sensible, middle-aged men, when the Scotch were said to be at Stamford, and actually were at Derby, talking of hiring a chaise to go to Caxton, a place in the high road, to see the Pretender and the Highlanders as they passed.

‘ I can say no more for Mr. Pope, for what you keep in reserve may be worse than all the rest. It is natural to wish the finest writer, one of them, we ever had, should be an honest man. It is for the interest even of that virtue whose friend he professed himself, and whose beauties he sung, that he should not be found a dirty animal. But, however, this is Mr. Warburton’s business, not mine, who may scribble his pen to the stumps, and all in vain, if these facts are so. It is not from what he told me about himself that I thought well of him, but from a humanity and goodness of heart, ay, and greatness of mind, that runs through his private correspondence, not less apparent than are a thousand little vanities and weaknesses mixed with those good qualities, for nobody ever took him for a philosopher.’

The previous part of the correspondence relative to Pope has never unfortunately seen the light. It would seem that Gray had some personal acquaintance with him, for the expression,— ‘ It is not from what he told me about himself that I thought well of him ’—can hardly refer to his published works, though no allusion afterwards occurs to so memorable an interview. In a conversation upon Pope, Gray observed that he had a good heart in spite of his peevish temper, and remarked of his artificial epistles, that, though not good *letters*, they were better things. He commended an observation of Shenstone, that ‘ Pope had the art of condensing a thought,’ and he extended his admiration of his poetry to the translation of the *Iliad*. When he heard it criticised as wanting the simplicity of the original, or being rather a paraphrase than a translation, he always said, ‘ There would never be another translation of Homer to equal it.’ Gray could speak with authority, for he was a finished Greek scholar, a poet, and an exquisite judge of poetry. If Pope’s version is not in the style and manner of Homer, it is something nearly as excellent, and in parts it is finer, which is more than can be asserted of any second translation. Cowper keeps close to the sense, but not to the phrases of the Greek, for which he incessantly substitutes feeble circumlocutions. What similitude there

there is was purchased by sacrificing poetical to literal fidelity. A version which has none of the harmony, and very little of the fire of Homer, can never deserve the praise of being true to the original. Above all, Pope succeeded in making a translation which is perused with delight, while the Homer of Cowper has not many more readers than the Virgil of Dr. Trapp.

In July, 1746, Gray was in London, attending the trial of the rebel lords; and his account is worth extracting, even after the well-known description which Horace Walpole has given of the same scene :—

‘ The Lord High Steward [Lord Hardwicke] was the least part of the show, as he wore only his baron’s robes, and was always asking the heralds what he should do next, and bowing or smiling about to his acquaintance; as to his speech, you see it; people hold it very cheap, though several incorrectnesses have been altered in the printed copy. Kilmarnock spoke in mitigation of his crime near half an hour, with a decent courage, and in a strong but pathetic voice. His figure would prejudice people in his favour, being tall and genteel; he is upwards of forty, but to the eye not above thirty-five years of age. What he said appears to less advantage when read. Cromartie (who is about the same age, a man of lower stature, but much like a gentleman) was sinking into the earth with grief and dejection; with eyes cast down, and a voice so low, that no one heard a syllable that did not sit close to the bar; he made a short speech to raise compassion. It is now I see printed, and is reckoned extremely fine. I believe you will think it touching and well-expressed: if there be any meanness in it, it is lost in that sorrow he gives us for so numerous and helpless a family. Lady Cromartie, who is said to have drawn her husband into these circumstances, was at Leicester House on Wednesday with four of her children. The Princess saw her, and made no other answer than by bringing in her own children, and placing them by her, which, if true, is one of the prettiest things I ever heard. She was also at the Duke’s, who refused to admit her; but she waited till he came to his coach, and threw herself at his knees, while her children hung upon him till he promised all his interest could do; and before on several occasions he has been heard to speak very mildly of Cromartie, and very severely of Kilmarnock; so, if any be spared, it will probably be the former, though he had a pension of 600*l.* a year from the Government, and the order for giving quarter to no Englishman was found in his pocket. As to Balmerino, he never had any hopes from the beginning. He is an old soldier-like man, of a vulgar manner and aspect, speaks the broadest Scotch, and shows an intrepidity that some ascribe to real courage, and some to brandy. You have heard, perhaps, that the first day while the peers were adjourned to consider of his plea, and he left alone for an hour and a half in the bar, he diverted himself with the axe that stood by him, played with its tassels, and tried the edge with his finger: and some lord, as he passed by him, saying he was surprised to hear him allege anything so frivolous, and that could not possibly

do him the least service, he answered, that, as there were so many ladies present, he thought it would be uncivil to give them no amusement. The Duke of Argyle telling him how sorry and how astonished he was to see him engaged in such a cause, My Lord, says he, for the two kings and their rights I care not a farthing which prevailed; but I was starving, and if Mahomet had set up his standard in the Highlands I had been a good Mussulman for bread, and stuck close to the party, for I must eat. The Solicitor-General came up to speak to him too, and he turns about to old Williamson—Who is that lawyer that talks to me? My Lord, it is Mr. Murray. Ha! Mr. Murray, my good friend, says he, and shook him by the hand, and how does your good mother? oh! she was of admirable service to us; we should have done nothing without her in Perthshire.*

It was reported that Mr. Solicitor's mother, who was notorious for her sympathy with the Pretender's cause, had assisted the rebels with provisions. Gray was not present at the execution of Kilmarnock and Balmerino, but he has preserved a curious and characteristic trait of one of the sufferers, which is not related by Walpole.

'Old Balmerino, when he had read his paper to the people, pulled off his spectacles, spit upon his handkerchief, and wiped them clean for the use of his posterity; and that is the last page of his history.'

After his trips this year to town, Gray acknowledged that the world had some attractions to a solitary of six years' standing, and he spoke of his spirits having sunk on his return to his cell, 'not indeed to storm or tempest, but a good deal below changeable.' The charm of his London holiday was in its novelty, but he appears for the moment to have coveted a gayer life, and to have regretted the poverty which condemned him to retirement.

'It is a foolish thing that one can't only not live as one pleases, but where and with whom one pleases, without money. Swift somewhere says that money is liberty; and I fear money is friendship too, and society, and almost every external blessing. It is a great though ill-natured comfort to see most of those who have it in plenty, without pleasure, without liberty, and without friends.'

His Cambridge life, however, was just at this time more animated than usual. The majority of the fellows of Pembroke Hall, headed by Mr. Brown,—an intimate friend of Gray, who said that he wanted nothing but a foot in height and his own

* Lord Campbell supposes this speech to have been made by Lord Lovat, and says that Horace Walpole misrepresents the anecdote by transferring it to the trial of Lord Balmerino. ('Lives of the Chief Justices,' vol. ii., p. 363.) Lord Campbell has been misled by his own authorities. The trial of Lovat did not take place till March, 1747, and the letter in which Walpole relates the incident was written August 1, 1746. The other circumstances mentioned in the letter would show that it was correctly dated, even without the confirmation of this letter of Gray, which was written only a few days later—August 13, 1746.

hair to make him a little old Roman—had quarrelled with their master, Dr. Roger Long. Three fellowships were vacant, and Dr. Long refused to admit the persons elected by the majority, under the pretence that his office entitled him to a veto. Two of the candidates were adopted by the fellows on the express recommendation of Gray—a Mr. Tuthill of his own college, Peterhouse, and Mason, then of St. John's, whose juvenile poems he had recently revised at the request of a mutual acquaintance. It was thus that the close alliance commenced between Mason and Gray. The college war continued for two years without victory inclining to either side, when Dr. Long, whose name still survives at Cambridge as a contriver of astronomical toys, and who is styled in the correspondence of the poet 'Lord of the great Zodiac, the glass Uranium, and the Chariot that goes without horses,' succumbed to 'the little old Roman,' and Mason and Tuthill were borne in in triumph. In the mean time Gray took an active part, as well as an eager interest, in the contest. Everything depended on the disaffected party retaining a majority of the Fellows on their side, and in reviewing, in 1747, their future prospects, Gray gives a lively sketch of poor Christopher Smart, who was one of the electors. The comedy, of which the poet speaks, was called a 'Trip to Cambridge, or the Grateful Fair,' and was actually performed by Kit's company of Undergraduates in the Hall of Pembroke College.

'As to Smart, he must necessarily be *abîmé* in a very short time. His debts daily increase; Addison I know wrote smartly to him last week; but it has had no effect that signifies, only I observe he takes hartshorn from morning to night lately: in the mean time he is amusing himself with a comedy of his own writing, which he makes all the boys of his acquaintance act, and intends to borrow the Zodiac room, and have it performed publicly. Our friend Lawman, the mad attorney, is his copyist; and truly the author himself is to the full as mad as he. His piece, he says, is inimitable, true sterling wit and humour, and he can't hear the Prologue without being ready to die with laughter. He acts five parts himself, and is only sorry, he can't do all the rest. He has also advertised a collection of Odes; and for his vanity and faculty of lying, they are come to their full maturity. All this, you see, must come to a jail, or Bedlam, and that without any help, almost without pity.'

It came to a jail and Bedlam both. Before the year was out he was arrested at the instance of a London tailor; his Cambridge debts alone amounted to 350*l.*, and he would have gone straight to prison if the Fellows of his college had not interposed to conciliate his creditors, notwithstanding the 'lies, impertinence, and ingratitude' to which he treated them in return. Gray ascribed these failings to his drunken habits, and was sanguine enough to
hope

hope that he would get the better of the master vice. This was so far from being the case, that when he removed to London he used, according to Dr. Johnson, to walk for exercise to the ale-house, but was always *carried* back. His eccentricities increasing, he was shut up in an asylum, though one, at least, of his lunatic impulses was the sanest he ever manifested in his life. 'He insisted,' said Dr. Johnson, 'on people praying with him; and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as any one else. Another charge was, that he did not love clean linen: and I have no passion for it.' His insanity was favourable to his poetic powers, for by far the finest lines he composed made part of a 'Song of David,' which he indented with a key on the wainscot of his room when deprived of pen and ink. He was cured of his worst symptoms, but, after an interval of liberty in which he tried to prosecute the friends who were instrumental in incarcerating him, one description of confinement was exchanged for another, and he died within the Rules of the King's Bench prison.

In the latter part of the summer of 1746 Walpole took a house at Windsor for a short period, and the proximity produced a constant intercourse between him and his former friend. The poet showed him his manuscript pieces, and we may be sure, from Walpole's published language, that he lauded them to the skies. We find him in October transcribing the 'Ode on the Prospect of Eton College' in a letter to Mr. Conway, and bespeaking his admiration for it. Walpole's opinions on the literature of his day were almost exclusively governed by his personal relations with the authors, and his criticisms seldom consist of anything better than adulation or abuse. Warm and unqualified praise was exactly what was wanted to give confidence to the timid nature of Gray, and accordingly, when Dodsley was gathering materials in 1747 for a Collection of Poems, he was nothing backward to allow three of his pieces to come out from their hiding-place,—the 'Ode on Spring,' 'On the Prospect of Eton College,' and 'On the Death of the Cat.' The last of these had been written in the January of that year to commemorate the drowning of one of Walpole's favourites, and appears to us a failure. The author has tried to be at once serious and trifling, poetical and familiar, and in the attempt to produce these opposite effects he has missed them altogether. The moral which was intended to give purpose to the narration is not, as Dr. Johnson has shown, properly deduced, and it is as tame and trite as it was forced. We agree with Mr. Mitford that the third stanza, describing the fish, is the best. The other two poems were thought by their author to be equal in merit, but, Walpole or Dodsley discerning the great superiority of the 'Ode on the Prospect of Eton

Eton College,' it was determined to bring it out separately. It was published in folio in 1747, without the name of the author, and was the first *English* production of Gray that appeared in print.* Little notice was taken of it at the time,—less, perhaps, because those who read it were insensible to its merits, than because a short anonymous poem did not invite curiosity.

In August 1748 Gray had completed about a hundred lines,—all he ever wrote—on the 'Alliance of Education and Government.' For this also it is not unlikely that we are indebted to the impulse given to his ambition by Walpole's applause. Gibbon called it an 'exquisite specimen of a philosophic poem;' and even Johnson admits that it has many excellent lines. But despite the beauties of what we possess, we question if we sustain much loss by its being left incomplete. Unless he could have introduced more freedom into the flow of the verse, and interwoven sentiments more adapted to the ordinary sympathies of mankind, the work would have grown heavy if he had proceeded far. His subject offered as fair a field for attractive speculation as the 'Essay on Man,' but there is no comparison in the interest. Pope took care not to trust to his argument and his metaphysics. He adorned his poem with ideas and illustrations which come home to all the world, and the consequence is that, while no one quotes the 'Alliance of Education and Government,' the 'Essay on Man' has furnished a multiplicity of passages, lines, and phrases which are in the mouth of every educated person who speaks the English tongue.

The house in Cornhill in which Gray was born was burnt down in 1748. With the sum for which it was insured, and a gift of a hundred pounds towards rebuilding it from an aunt, the poet was not above fifty pounds out of pocket, and for this slight expenditure he must have been amply compensated by the superior value of a new house over an old. Shortly after the fire he went to London, and gives a ludicrous account of the sympathy he met with from his friends.

'Their methods of consolation were indeed very extraordinary; they were all so sorry for my loss that I could not choose but laugh: one offered me opera tickets, insisted upon carrying me to the grand masquerade, desired me to sit for my picture; others asked me to their concerts, or dinners and suppers at their houses; or hoped I would drink chocolate with them while I stayed in town. All my gratitude, or, if you please, my revenge, was to accept of everything they offered me: if it had been but a shilling I would have taken it; thank Heaven, I was in good spirits, else I could not have done it. I profited all I

* A short Latin poem from his pen made part of the Cambridge Collection of Verses on the marriage of the Prince of Wales, which was printed in 1736.

was able of their civilities, and am returned into the country loaded with their *bontés* and *politesses*, but richer still in my own reflections, which I owe in great measure to them too. Suffer a great master to tell them you, for me, in a better manner.'

The great master was the French poet Gresset, and the purport of the verses quoted from him was to express contempt for the fatiguing frivolities of fashionable life. The charm which beguiled Gray two years before was already gone, and he ended by calling London 'that tiresome, dull place, where all people under thirty find so much amusement.' Still his ridicule, if it was genuine, of the civilities which greeted him was quite misplaced, for they were the effects of a kindness which could be manifested in no other way, unless he expected his friends to make a charitable collection for him. They had not the sagacity to discover that *their* diversions were not *his*, but he would have accepted the will for the deed if he had called to mind one of his own wise and feeling reflections.

'Our imperfections may at least excuse, and perhaps recommend us to one another's. Methinks I can readily pardon sickness, and age, and vexation, for all the depredations they make within and without, when I think they make us better friends and better men, which I am persuaded is often the case. I am very sure I have seen the best tempered, generous, tender young creatures in the world, that would have been very glad to be sorry for people they liked, when under any pain, and could not, merely for want of knowing rightly what it was themselves.'

In August 1750 Gray writes to Dr. Wharton—

'You have doubtless heard of the loss I have had in Dr. Middleton, whose house was the only easy place one could find to converse in at Cambridge. For my part, I find a friend so uncommon a thing that I cannot help regretting even an old acquaintance, which is an indifferent likeness of it; and though I don't approve the spirit of his books, methinks 'tis pity the world should lose so rare a thing as a good writer.'

The poet was a great admirer of the easy elegance which distinguished the style of the *Life of Cicero*. The spirit which he disapproved was the covert scepticism that pervades the miscellaneous writings of Middleton. Infidelity in all its garbs had always an uncompromising opponent in Gray. He said that it took away the best consolation of man, and substituted nothing in its place. While delighting in the pleasantry of Voltaire, and ranking his tragedies next to those of Shakspeare, he detested him for his impiety. 'No one,' he remarked prophetically, 'knows the mischief that man will do;' and when Mr. Nicholls went abroad, he exacted from him a solemn promise that he would not go to Ferney. He had little less dislike to Hume, and had, besides, a low opinion of the mental power displayed in

in speculations which seemed to him the produce of vanity, prejudice, and sophistry. 'A turbid and shallow stream,' he wrote to Dr. Beattie, 'often appears to our apprehensions very deep. A professed sceptic can be guided by nothing but his present passions (if he has any) and interests; and to be masters of his philosophy we need not his books or advice, for every child is capable of the same thing without any study at all.' It is a conclusive proof of the intrinsic impotence of the attacks upon Christianity, that no infidel has ever succeeded in giving vitality to his sceptical effusions. The sneers of Gibbon—argument he has none—are only read because they are incorporated with his history, and are felt to be a blot upon his luminous page.

On the 12th June, 1750, Gray announced to Walpole that 'a thing,' whose beginning he had seen long before, had at last got an end to it, 'a merit,' he added, 'that most of my writings have wanted and are like to want.' This thing was the far-famed Elegy. Walpole showed it about, copies were taken, and in February, 1751, Gray received a letter from the editors of the 'Magazine of Magazines' informing him that his 'ingenious poem' was in the press, and begging, 'not only his indulgence, but the *honour* of his correspondence.' 'I am not at all disposed,' said the poet, 'to be either so indulgent or so correspondent as they desire.' In fact, he was horrified at the bare idea of seeming to be in alliance with the 'Magazine of Magazines,' and entreated Walpole to get Dodsley to forestall them by printing the Elegy immediately without the name of the author, and with a line or two prefixed, to the effect that it came into the hands of the publisher by accident. Gray wished the world to know that he had been forced before it, for, extraordinary as it may appear, he declared, and his word may be taken on the point, that the piece was never intended for the public, and that his sole ambition was to gratify a few of his friends. It was received with delight, and quickly ran through eleven editions. Gray was surprised at its popularity, and Mason replied, '*Sunt lacrymæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.*' The poet wrote the line on a copy which was lying on the table, and said, 'This shall be its future motto.' Afterwards, when his Odes met with a cold reception, he conceived the erroneous idea, which Mason, who thought that his own works would have been more admired if the world had been endowed with better taste, did his utmost to encourage, that the success was entirely due to the subject and not in the least to the poetry. Gray told Dr. Gregory with considerable bitterness, that the public would have received it as well if it had been written in prose.

The 'Long Story' grew out of the Elegy. Among the persons who saw the latter in manuscript was Lady Cobham, who lived at the Mansion House at Stoke, and she desired to become acquainted with her poetical neighbour. Two ladies who were staying with her undertook to call upon him. He chanced to be from home, and the arrival of visitors from the great house excited a considerable commotion among his humbler relatives. He soon got upon easy terms with Lady Cobham, and turned the history of the acquaintance into a ballad. Mason states that when it was handed about in manuscript, some called it a masterpiece of original humour, others a wild and fantastic farrago, and that, on its publication, opinions were equally divided. On reprinting it in his *Memoirs of the poet*, he found it necessary to subjoin notes telling the public what to admire and where to laugh. Gray had an excellent saying, that good writing not only required great parts, but the very best of those parts; and the 'Long Story' is now usually considered to have been the product of the worst of his. It is a mere jingle, without wit or poetry, and should have been confined to the ladies for whose amusement it was penned.

At the instigation of Horace Walpole, Mr. Bentley, the son of the celebrated scholar, employed his pencil in illustrating what Gray had written. The designs, like the character of the artist, were wild and grotesque, and both Gray and Walpole appear to have admired them beyond their merit. Gray's poetical works consisted at that time of four little Odes, the Elegy and the Long Story. He thought that their appearance pompously adorned would expose him to ridicule, which was what he dreaded above all things; and he insisted that the title of the publication should be, 'Designs by R. Bentley for Six Poems of Mr. T. Gray,' instead of 'The Poems of Gray, with Illustrations by Bentley.' He was next thrown into consternation by learning that Dodsley, with the connivance of Walpole, had a portrait of the author engraving for a frontispiece. He averred, that if it appeared he should go out of his wits; that it would be worse than the pillory; and that if, without being warned, he had received the book with such a plate, he should have been struck with a palsy. In all this there was more of pride than modesty. He suspected people would sneer, and that his dignity would suffer. The 'Long Story' he would never allow to be reprinted, and said that he had only permitted it originally for the sake of Mr. Bentley's designs, nor would he have been enticed into it then but for the extravagant encomiums of Walpole. On a Mrs. French remarking that she did not know what to make of it, for it aimed at everything and meant nothing, Horace replied,

replied, that he had always taken her for a woman of sense, and was sorry to be undeceived. Gray believed Walpole at the outset, but he soon discovered that the world was of the opinion of Mrs. French. It proved, Mason says, the least popular of his productions. The most valuable result of this edition, which appeared in 1753, was some lines which the poet addressed to Mr. Bentley on his designs, and which, though the piece is unfinished, must be ranked among his happiest efforts.

A proof of one of the engravings for the *Élegy*, representing a village funeral, was sent to Gray at Stoke. His aunts saw him take it from the letter, and supposing it to be a burying ticket, asked him if anybody had left him a ring. 'Heaven forbid,' he said, 'they should suspect it to belong to any verses of mine, they would burn me for a poet.' Is it possible that he had never made his family a party to his writings, and that his fond mother should have lived and died in ignorance of his immortal verse? The circumstance is not incredible if, as was probable, the good sisters had no appreciation of poetry, for he had an abhorrence of being read by tasteless people, and disliked their praise as much as their censure.

His mother was ill in bed when the engraving of the funeral arrived, and on the 11th March, 1753, she expired, 'after a long and painful struggle for life,' at the age of 67. It is singular that she should have died, like her husband, of gout, for the disease is one which hardly ever attacks the female sex. The epitaph which the poet caused to be engraved upon her monument describes her as 'the careful, tender mother of many children, *one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her*'; but the strongest proof of his affection is the celebrated passage in the letter to Mr. Nicholls, which, often as it has been quoted, we must extract once more:—

'It is long since that I heard you were gone in haste into Yorkshire, on account of your mother's illness, and the same letter informed me that she was recovered; otherwise I had then wrote to you, only to beg you would take care of her, and to inform you that I had discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one's whole life one never can have any more than a single mother. You may think this is obvious, and what you call a trite observation. You are a green gosling! I was at the same age very near as wise as you, and yet I never discovered this (with full evidence and conviction I mean) till it was too late. It is thirteen years ago, and seems but yesterday; and every day I live it sinks deeper into my heart.'

Gray visited his aunts at Stoke in the autumn of the year in which his mother died: and finding that the place did but recall the many anxious hours he had passed there, and remind
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him of the loss in which his fears had terminated, he hastened to change the scene. 'My thoughts,' he said pathetically, 'now signify nothing to any one but myself.' Mason had recently sent him an account of his attendance at the death-bed of a friend, and Gray replied, 'I have seen what you describe, and know how dreadful it is; I know too I am the better for it. We are all idle and thoughtless things, and have no sense, no use in the world any longer than that sad impression lasts; the deeper it is engraved the better.' This was always his language. It was thus that he wrote to Mr. Nicholls in 1766:—

'He who best knows our nature (for He made us what we are), by such afflictions recalls us from our wandering thoughts and idle merriment, from the insolence of youth and prosperity, to serious reflection, to our duty and to himself: nor need we hasten to get rid of these impressions. Time, by the appointment of the same Power, will cure the smart, and in some hearts soon blot out all the traces of sorrow; but such as preserve them longest, for it is left partly in our own power, do perhaps best acquiesce in the will of the Chastiser.'

Whenever he touches upon these trite topics he is tender, natural, and we must add—though on such a subject it is a trifling consideration—original too.

In December, 1754, Gray completed the ode on the 'Progress of Poetry.' It was commenced two or three years before, and the opening was shown to Mason, who told him that, though it breathed the very spirit of Pindar, it was not of a nature to suit the public taste. Gray was easily discouraged, and as often as Mason urged him to continue it, he answered, 'No; you have thrown cold water upon it.' Indeed, if Walpole is to be trusted, Mason coupled his praise of both the great odes with so many cavils that the author was almost tempted to destroy them. Upon winding off the 'Progress of Poetry,' Gray mentioned that he had one or two more ideas in his head, which resulted in his second Pindaric—'The Bard,'—and the beautiful fragment on 'Vicissitude.' Walpole said that Gray was now in flower. He had only two such seasons in his life.

The first instalment of the 'Bard' was sent to Dr. Wharton in the summer of 1755. After the poet had got through two-thirds of his task he came to a stand, and for nearly two years he could not bring himself to advance it a single line, when the accident of hearing a blind Welshman play upon the harp at Cambridge rekindled his enthusiasm, and enabled him to take the final stride. Mr. Nicholls asked him how he felt when he composed it, and he answered, 'Why, I felt myself the bard.' The poem being finished, he was, contrary to his custom, in haste to publish, and sold it in June, 1757, to Dodsley, in con-
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junction with the 'Progress of Poetry,' for forty guineas. Walpole, who had just set up his press at Strawberry Hill, begged that the odes might be the first fruits of his types. They appeared at the beginning of August, and twelve or thirteen hundred copies were speedily sold, but opinion was almost unanimous in condemning them. 'It appeared,' says Dr. Wharton, 'that there were not twenty people in England who liked them.'

The general fault complained of was obscurity. One great person, whose name is not given, said that having read them seven or eight times he should not now have above thirty questions to ask the author. Mr. Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, objected, that if the Bard sung his song only once, it was quite impossible that Edward I. should have understood him, and Lord Barrington believed that the lines—

'Enough for me; with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign;
Be thine despair, and scepter'd care,
To triumph and to die are mine'—

were the parting words of Charles I. to Oliver Cromwell. How he reconciled this version with the speaker immediately plunging headlong into the stream does not appear. Owen Cambridge told Walpole that Lord Chesterfield heard one Stanley read them for his own. Walpole said that my lord's deafness must have led him into a mistake, and Cambridge responded, 'Perhaps they are Stanley's, and, not caring to own them, he gave them to Gray.' This shows the low idea that Cambridge, who was a man of letters, entertained at that time, both of the odes and of Gray. Even the few admirers wished that the author had been clearer.

Gray from the first had been advised by his friends to append explanatory notes, and he answered that what could not be understood without them had better not be understood at all. Three gentlemen were overheard saying at York races that he was 'impenetrable and inexplicable,' and should have told in prose the meaning of his verse. It was precisely in this humiliating light that a commentary presented itself to his mind, and accounts for his aversion to it. 'I would not,' he wrote, 'have put another note to save the souls of all the owls in London. It is extremely well as it is—nobody understands me, and I am perfectly satisfied.' But notwithstanding the good-humour with which he treated the criticisms, he was not satisfied at all. In a postscript to the very letter in which the expression of his contentment occurs, he suggests to Mason to get his curate to write an explanatory pamphlet, though he is not to know that the

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the notion proceeded from Gray. The hint was not taken, and when the poet republished his works he condescended to become his own commentator. He did it, he said, out of spite, just to tell the gentle reader that Edward I. was not Oliver Cromwell, nor Queen Elizabeth the Witch of Endor. It is not easy to see how the public were spited by a compliance with its demand. The only inference to be drawn is, that Gray did not feel the indifference he affected, and was anxious to remove any obstacles to success.

In 1760 there appeared two burlesque odes by Colman and Lloyd, one inscribed to 'Obscurity'—that, said Gray, is me—the other to 'Oblivion,' which was directed against Mason. In these parodies, which are good specimens of a bad kind of writing, the friends are treated with great contempt both as men and poets. 'Lest,' Gray wrote to his fellow-victim, 'people should not understand the humour, letters come out in Lloyd's Evening Post to tell them who and what it was that he meant, and says it is like to produce a great combustion in the literary world. So if you have any mind to *combustle* about it well and good; for me I am neither so literary nor so combustible.' He informed Dr. Wharton in the same pleasant strain, that a bookseller to whom he was unknown, had recommended him to purchase the satire upon himself as 'a very pretty thing.' Here again it would be a mistake to conclude that he was as unconcerned as he seemed. He was too sensitive not to be annoyed at the ridicule, and much too proud to show that he was hurt. The fire of his imagination, which could only be kept alive by being blown up, was completely extinguished by the reception of his Pindarics, and except a single piece which was written upon compulsion, he attempted no more serious verse.

The year before 'The Bard' was published a slight incident occurred, which the poet said might be looked upon as a sort of era in a life so barren of events as his. We find him requesting Dr. Wharton, in January 1756, to procure him a rope-ladder, 'for my neighbours,' he added, 'make every day a great progress in drunkenness, which gives me reason to look about me.' His fastidious and monastic habits were likely to provoke the youthful love of practical jokes; and two or three undergraduates who had rooms off the same staircase, and who had frequently plagued him with their uproar, got intelligence of the ladder, and raised a cry of fire at midnight, in the hope of seeing Gray descend from his window. He complained to the master, Dr. Law, who treated the occurrence lightly, and called it 'a boyish frolic.' The poet, indignant that no more regard was paid to his remonstrance, removed in March to Pembroke College, of which his principal
Cambridge

Cambridge friend, Mr. Brown, was the President. The apprehension of fire had been the cause of his leaving Peterhouse, and he met with the reality at Pembroke. Some years afterwards, the chambers opposite his own were destroyed, and in describing the occurrence, he says, with his usual quiet humour, 'I assure you it is not amusing to be waked between two and three in the morning, and to hear, "Don't be frightened, sir, but the college is all of a fire."' "

At the close of the year 1757 he was offered the Poet-Laureateship by the Lord-Chamberlain, the Duke of Devonshire, with an assurance that he would not be called upon for the customary odes. When it is remembered that his predecessor was Cibber, and his substitute Whitehead, the compliment was questionable, and certainly Gray did not feel flattered by the preference.

'Though I very well know,' he wrote to Mason, 'the bland emollient saponaceous qualities both of sack and silver, yet if any great man would say to me, "I make you Rat-catcher to his Majesty, with a salary of 300*l.* a year and two butts of the best Malaga; and though it has been usual to catch a mouse or two for form's sake, in public, once a year, yet to you, sir, we shall not stand upon these things," I cannot say that I should jump at it; nay, if they would drop the very name of the office, and call me *Sinecure* to the King's Majesty, I should still feel a little awkward, and think everybody I saw smelt a rat about me. Nevertheless I interest myself a little in the history of it, and rather wish somebody may accept it that will retrieve the credit of the thing, if it be retrievable, or ever had any credit. Rowe was, I think, the last man of character that had it. Eusden was a person of great hopes in his youth, though at last he turned out a drunken parson. Dryden was as disgraceful to the office from his character, as the poorest scribbler could have been from his verses. The office itself has always humbled the possessor hitherto, even in an age when kings were somebody, if he were a poor writer by making him more conspicuous, and if he were a good one by setting him at war with the little fry of his own profession, for there are poets little enough to envy even a poet-laureate.'

Since the death of Pye we have had poets for laureates; but, slight as is the tribute at present expected from them, there has been little improvement hitherto in their official strains.

Gloomy as had been the previous life of Gray, the portion which remained was still more overcast. His health in 1758 was better than ordinary, 'but my spirits,' he wrote to Mr. Brown, 'are always many degrees below changeable, and seem to myself to inspire everything around me with *ennui* and dejection; some time or other all these things must come to a conclusion, till which day I shall remain very sincerely yours.' After his mother's death he spent the largest part of his summer vacations in little tours about the country,

country, and from these he derived more pleasure than from anything else. His present solace was to visit all houses and objects of interest, to trace their history, to mark the taste of successive ages, and to register the particulars in a formal catalogue. 'To think,' he said, 'though to little purpose, has been the chief amusement of my days; and when I would not or cannot think, I dream. At present I feel myself able to write a catalogue, or to read the Peerage book, or Miller's Gardening Dictionary, and am thankful that there are such employments, and such authors in the world. Some people, who hold me cheap for this, are doing perhaps what is not half so well worth while.' His pilgrimage to cathedrals, tombs, and ruins, put him upon investigating the history of Gothic architecture. There were then no trustworthy guides to the art, and he studied buildings instead of books. In tracing the progression of styles he found that the family arms which were sculptured upon many edifices would often assist him in the determination of dates. He set to work upon genealogies with the avidity of a herald; and in his copy of Dugdale's *Origines*, now in the British Museum, he has filled in and described upon the margin the arms of all the families mentioned. When with vast labour he had threaded the intricacies of the science, and could assign at a glance any portion of a building to its proper era, Mason urged him to publish the results of his researches, and offered to make the drawings for the purpose. But Gray knew no other use for time than to while it away; and, satisfied that his pursuits should be entertaining to himself, he would never submit to the slightest exertion to make them beneficial to others.

Not long before he had agreed to write, in conjunction with Mason, a 'History of English Poetry,' in which the authors were to be classified according to schools. He began at the beginning—examined into all the sources from which English poetry was derived, into the origin of rhyme, and the early rules of metre. He transcribed large portions of Lydgate from a variety of manuscripts, and translated the specimens of Norse and Welsh song which are printed in his works. What little he put upon paper is enough to show that he would have treated the subject with the depth of a scholar, and the taste and elegance of a poet; but the plan was large, the workman slow; and before he had fairly laid the foundation he abandoned the design.

A few of his opinions of modern authors have been reported by his friends, or are to be found scattered about his letters. He set Shakspeare high above all poets of all ages and countries. He admitted that he was open to criticism of every kind, but said that he should not care to be the person who undertook it.

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After observing, in his comments upon the atheism which then prevailed in France, that perhaps they had no soul on the continent, he adds, 'I do think we have such things in England—Shakspeare, for example, I believe had several to his own share.' Spenser, who is the poet's poet, he always read for a considerable time before commencing composition. He had an enthusiastic admiration of Dryden, and told Dr. Beattie that if there was any excellence in his own numbers, he owed it entirely to that great master whose ear was admirable, and his choice of words and his versification, singularly happy and harmonious. His 'Absalom and Achitophel,' and his 'Theodore and Honoria,' he placed in the first rank of excellence, and esteemed his plays as poetry though not as dramas. His prose he considered to be little inferior to his verse. Tickell's ballad of 'Colin and Lucy' he thought the prettiest in the world, and it would be prettier still if the last eight lines had been omitted. Of Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence,' he observed rather coldly, that it had some good stanzas, but allowed that he had one talent in greater perfection than any other poet—that of depicting the various appearances of nature. When he attempted to be moral, Gray considered that he failed and became verbose—an objection to which there are surely many signal exceptions, as in the pathetic passage of the peasant overwhelmed in the snow-storm, and the lines which immediately follow, beginning 'Ah! little think the gay, licentious proud.' Nothing can be more just than his character of Dr. Akenside's 'Pleasures of the Imagination,' and the concluding reflection, is one which should not be lost upon critics:—

'It seems to me above the middling, and now and then, but for a little while, rises even to the best, particularly in description. It is often obscure, and even unintelligible, and too much infected with the Hutcheson jargon; in short, its great fault is that it was published at least nine years too early; and so methinks in a few words I have very nearly dispatched what may, perhaps, for several years have employed a very worthy man worth fifty of myself.'

Besides his other reasons for moderating the praise of Dr. Akenside, it must be remembered that he had no greater partiality for blank-verse than had Dr. Johnson himself, but like Dr. Johnson he excepted the Iambics of Milton. On the appearance of the Odes of Warton and Collins in 1746, both of them authors then unknown to fame, he thus delivered his opinion:—

'It is odd enough, but each is the half of a considerable man, and the one the counterpart of the other. The first has but little invention, very poetical choice of expression, and a good ear. The second, a fine fancy, modelled upon the antique, a bad ear, great variety of words

and images with no choice at all. They both deserve to last some years but will not.'

He should rather have called the ear of Collins uncertain than bad, for he has lines, stanzas, and one or two entire pieces that are almost perfect for their music, and when he alleged that his diction was more copious than select, he might have added that much of his language is peculiarly fine. Of Dyer, Gray said, that he had a very poetical imagination, but that he was rough and injudicious; defects which he also ascribed to Matthew Green, whose merits he specified to be a profusion of wit, and wood-notes which frequently broke out into strains of genuine poetry and music. Shenstone's 'School-Mistress' he pronounced 'excellent of its kind and masterly,' and with equal truth he wrote after reading his letters,

'Poor man! he was always wishing for money, for fame, and other distinctions; and his whole philosophy consisted in living against his will in retirement, and in a place which his taste had adorned; but which he only enjoyed when people of note came to see and commend it: his correspondence is about nothing else but this place and his own writings, with two or three neighbouring clergymen who wrote verses too.'

On the 'Deserted Village' being read to him he exclaimed, 'This man is a poet.' Goldsmith was not so just to Gray, and spoke of his writings in very disparaging terms. Gray maintained, in opposition to Walpole, that 'London' had all the ease and spirit of an original, and this before the name of the author was up in the world. He disliked, as might have been expected, the style of Johnson's prose, the noblest specimen of which—'The Lives of the Poets'—he did not live to read, but he respected his understanding and goodness of heart, and used to tell as an instance of his benevolence, that he would go into the streets with a pocketful of silver, and give the whole of it away in the course of his walk.

Gray set great store by the practical wisdom of Lord Bacon's *Essays* and La Bruyère's *Characters*, and maintained that Machiavel was one of the wisest men that any age in any nation had produced. He admired the style of Algernon Sydney's 'Letters from Italy,' and of Bishop Sherlock he said, that he had given some specimens of pulpit eloquence which were unparalleled in their kind. He thought there was good sense and good writing in the sermons of Sterne, and that in 'Tristram Shandy' and the 'Sentimental Journey' he sometimes failed in his humour, but never in pathos. He praised the *Clarissa* of Richardson as the best told story in the world, and specified a merit in it, which has seldom been noticed, that the consistency
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of the characters is preserved throughout the whole of the lengthy narrative in every action, word, and look. Lovelace alone, he said, was not true to life, owing to the author never having mixed with profligates of rank. He placed Clarendon at the head of all our historians, and the casual mention of the 'Life written by Himself' is coupled with a remark which is no inappropriate conclusion to this summary of the critical judgments of Gray:—

'Do you remember Mr. Cambridge's account of it before it came out; how well he recollected all the faults, and how utterly he forgot all the beauties? Surely the grossest taste is better than such a sort of delicacy.'

The taste of Gray was pure but it was catholic, and he was rather inclined to give prominence to merits than defects. His greatest literary heresy was to believe Ossian genuine, and to think him beautiful, and the world has decided both points the other way.

It is stated of Gray by one of his Cambridge friends, Mr. Temple, that he had gone through the whole of the original historians of England, France, and Italy. The British Museum was opened to the public in 1759; and his curiosity not being satiated by printed books, he took lodgings in July in Southampton-row, that he might ransack the manuscripts relative to the history of his own country. The reading-room presented a different scene from what it does at present. There were but five persons in all, two of whom were Prussians, a third who wrote for Lord Royston, Dr. Stukeley, 'who,' says Gray, 'writes for himself, the very worst person he could write for, and I, who only read to know if there is anything worth writing.' He soon discovered matter to his mind, and passed four hours a day in transcribing state-papers with the diligence of a copying-clerk. He made London his head-quarters till 1762, and all this time continued steady in a pursuit which had no ulterior purpose whatever. His residence in the great centre of business and news supplied his letters with some interesting paragraphs. He went to the House of Commons and heard Mr. Pitt the sublime, and his mimic Beckford the ridiculous. Unfortunately a part of his report is wanting owing to Mason's mutilation of the manuscript.

'* * * clever, and forced from him by a nonsensical speech of Beckford's. The second was a studied and puerile declamation on funeral honours on proposing a monument for Wolfe. In the course of it, he wiped his eyes with one handkerchief, and Beckford, who seconded him, cried too, and wiped with two handkerchiefs at once, which was very moving. The third was about Gen. Amherst, and in commendation of the industry and ardour of our American commanders, very spirited and eloquent.'

There was one circumstance connected with the glorious exploit of Wolfe, which, could Gray have known it, must have afforded him more gratification than all the praise he ever received, and made him feel what it was to be a poet. On the memorable night which preceded the taking of Quebec, when the troops were drifting in silence and darkness down the river, to make the perilous attempt to scale the heights of Abraham, Wolfe murmured, as he lay at the bottom of his boat, the 'Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.' Upon concluding the recitation, he said to his companions in arms, 'Now, gentlemen, I would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow !'

Connected with the same great event is an extract from a letter of Jan. 23, 1760 ;—

'The officer who brought over the news, when the Prince of Wales asked, how long Gen. Townsend commanded in the action after Wolfe's death, answered "A minute, Sir." It is certain he was not at all well with Wolfe, who for some time had not cared to consult with him, or communicate any of his designs to him. He has brought home an Indian boy with him, who goes about in his own dress, and is brought into the room to divert his company. The general after dinner one day had been showing them a box of scalps, and some Indian arms and utensils. When they were gone, the boy got the box, and found a scalp which he knew by the hair belonged to one of his own nation. He grew into a sudden fury, though but eleven years old, and catching up one of the scalping-knives, made at his master with intent to murder him, who in his surprise hardly knew how to avoid him ; and by laying open his breast, making signs, and with a few words of French jargon that the boy understood, at last with much difficulty pacified him. The first rejoicing night he was terribly frightened, and thought the bonfire was made for him, and that they were going to torture and devour him. He is mighty fond of venison, blood-raw ; and once they caught him flourishing his knife over a dog that lay asleep by the fire, because he said it was *bon-manger* !'

Shortly after the accession of George III., Gray records two observations of the King, and inferred from them that he would prove a worthy occupant of the throne. One was a reproof to the courtly chaplains who preached before him, 'I desire those gentlemen may be told that I come here to praise God, and not to hear my own praises ;' the other, his reply when the Duke of Newcastle asked him what sum it was his pleasure should be laid out on the next election. 'Nothing, my Lord.' The Duke stared and said 'Sir,' and the King reiterated, 'Nothing, I say, my Lord ; I desire to be tried by my country.' A year later (Jan. 31, 1761), and we get the following account of the new sovereign and his uncles :—

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‘One hears nothing of the king but what gives one the best opinion of him imaginable. I hope it may hold. The royal family run loose about the world, and people do not know how to treat them, nor they how to be treated. They visit and are visited. Some come to the street-door to receive them, and that they say is too much; others to the head of the stairs, and that they think is too little. Nobody sits down with them, not even in their own houses, unless at a card table, so that the world are likely to grow weary of the honour. None but the Duke of York enjoy themselves (you know he always did), but the world seems weary of this honour too, for a different reason. I have just heard no bad story of him. When he was at Southampton in the summer, there was a clergyman in the neighbourhood with two very handsome daughters. He had soon wind of them, and dropped in for some reason or other, came again and again, and grew familiar enough to eat a bone of their mutton. At last he said to the father, “Miss — leads a mighty confined life here, always at home; why can’t you let one of them go and take an airing now and then with me in my chaise?” “Ah! Sir,” says the Parson, “do but look at them, a couple of hale, fresh-coloured, hearty wenches. They need no airing, they are well enough; but there is their mother, poor woman, has been in a declining way many years: if your Royal Highness would give her an airing now and then, it would be doing us a great kindness indeed!”’

To this excellent anecdote, we must add another relating to a different subject and period, but which is told by Gray about the same time with the last:—

‘In the year 1688 my Lord Peterborough had a great mind to be well with Lady Sandwich. There was a woman who kept a great coffee-house in Pall Mall, and she had a miraculous canary-bird that piped twenty tunes. Lady Sandwich was fond of such things; had heard of and seen the bird. Lord Peterborough came to the woman and offered her a large sum of money for it, but she was rich and proud of it, and would not part with it for love or money. However, he watched the bird narrowly, observed all its marks and features, went and bought just such another, sauntered into the coffee-room, took his opportunity when no one was by, slipped the wrong bird into the cage, and the right into his pocket, and went off undiscovered to make my Lady Sandwich happy. This was just about the time of the Revolution, and a good while after, going into the same coffee-house again, he saw his bird there, and said, “Well, I reckon you would give your ears now that you had taken my money.” “Money!” says the woman, “no, nor ten times that money now; dear little creature; for, if your Lordship will believe me (as I am a Christian it is true) it has moped and moped, and never once opened its pretty lips since the day that the poor king went away!”’

This very loyal Jacobite bird, as the landlady supposed it to be, which moped instead of singing, was no bad type of Gray.

The next occupation to which he had recourse, after he grew tired

tired of copying manuscripts at the British Museum, was Natural History, and to this he remained faithful for the rest of his life. He had an interleaved copy of Linnæus always lying on his table, in which he entered what he read in other authors, or observed for himself. In his tours he hunted after birds, fishes, insects and plants, and wrote minute and accurate descriptions of them in Latin. He registered the quarter from which the wind blew, the variation of temperature, the state of the weather, and the day of the month in which birds began to sing, and flowers to blow. Of Botany, he said that he only pursued it to save himself the trouble of thinking, and many of his other inquiries into natural phenomena seem not to have been conducted upon any scientific plan, or with a view to any serious deduction. The mere act of accumulating particularities of whatever kind appears to have afforded him pleasure. He was a devourer of travels, and some specimens of his annotations, relative to the Persian, Tartar, and Chinese dynasties, which Mr. Mitford has given from the poet's copy of the 'Voyages' of Bergeron, show the same propensity to revel in small and barren facts. Never did a man with so much mind indulge so largely in studies which left his intellect in abeyance.

In 1764 he interested himself greatly in the contest between Lord Hardwick and Lord Sandwich, for the High Stewardship of the University. The licentious character of Lord Sandwich, who was finally unsuccessful, is said by Mr. Nicholls to have been the sole ground of Gray's hostility to him. The poet, in his ardour, wrote for his own private satisfaction a satire, which he did not venture to publish, entitled 'The Candidate, or the Cambridge Courtship.' Walpole had a copy, and when he discovered it among his papers, after Gray's death, he wrote to Mason in affected raptures, telling him he had found the thing most worth finding in the world, and that it was not the lost books of Livy, nor the longitude, nor the philosopher's stone, nor all Charles Fox had lost. 'I am in a panic,' he continued, 'till there are more copies than mine, and as the post does not go till to-morrow, I am in terror lest the house should be burnt to-night. I have a mind to go and bury a transcript in the field—but then if I should be burnt too nobody would know where to look for it.' It would have been well if the few lines which inspired Walpole with this ridiculous rhapsody had met with the fate he apprehended. Gray's works would not then have been disfigured by a page which does no credit to his taste or his talents.

Mason was now meditating marriage, but was slow in making up his mind. 'He has not properly,' said Gray, in accounting for his hesitation, 'anything one can call a passion about him, except

except a little malice and revenge.' He chose his wife for her taciturnity, but however much he may have abhorred pretentious women, he must have been mortified, when his unpoetical bride crumpled up, and thrust into her pocket, a copy of complimentary verses with which he presented her on the morning of their marriage. Gray describes her as 'a pretty, modest, innocent, interesting figure,' and when after a brief union of eighteen months, she died of consumption in March 1767, the sorrow of her husband testified to her worth. The celebrated epitaph upon her tomb in Bristol cathedral must have owed its fame to the concluding stanza—for the only fine line, in the previous portion, is the invocation to his dead Maria to speak from the tomb—and this concluding stanza is now known to have been the production of Gray. He showed the original verses of Mason to Mr. Nicholls, saying, 'This will never do for an ending; I have altered them thus:—

' Tell them though 'tis an awful thing to die,—
'Twas e'en to thee—yet the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids the pure in heart behold their God.'

The longer these lines are meditated, the more their beauty is felt. They have every merit which is proper to the kind of writing. Nothing can be finer than the eulogy on the deceased, implied in the brief parenthesis—' 'Twas e'en to thee'—nothing more rich in sublime consolation than the sentence which follows—nothing more severely simple in expression. Nor is the stanza a mere memento to the individual—it speaks, as it professes to do, to the hearts of all the world. A month or two afterwards Archbishop Drummond requested Mason to write an epitaph on his daughter. They were both smarting from their recent loss, and they wept together like children. 'But,' said Mason, in sending Gray the epitaph, which was the result of this tender scene, 'it cannot be expected, neither would I wish it to be equal to what *I have written* from my heart, upon my heart of hearts.' It has been remarked, since Mr. Mitford's recent volume revealed the extent of Mason's obligations in his poetry to the criticisms and suggestions of his friend, that candour required ampler acknowledgments than were ever made in public, but what slight importance the author of *Caractacus* attached to the assistance he received may readily be inferred from his assuming the entire credit of the epitaph on his Maria, even when speaking of it to Gray himself.

Gray visited Scotland in 1765, where he made the acquaintance of Dr. Beattie, at whose suggestion the college of Aberdeen offered

offered to confer upon the English poet the degree of Doctor of Laws. He had once thought of taking it at Cambridge, and gave it up from a dread of being confounded with Dr. Grey, the editor of *Hudibras*, and sharing the ridicule which attached to the Commentary of his namesake. He declined the honour which Aberdeen had designed for him, and assigned as his reason that it might look like a slight to his own university, 'where I have passed,' he added, 'so many easy, and I may say, happy hours of my life.'

In the meanwhile Gray's reputation was rapidly increasing. Dodsley, in 1768, printed two editions of his works, one of 1500 copies, the other of 750, and shortly afterwards an edition, published by Foulis of Glasgow, was entirely sold off. Another piece of prosperity awaited him. At the close of 1762 the Professorship of Modern History fell vacant, and he was persuaded by his friends to ask the appointment from Lord Bute. He was passed over in favour of the tutor of Sir James Lowther, Mr. Bocket, who fell from his horse, in July 1768, and broke his neck. The Duke of Grafton was then in power, and had for his private secretary, his former tutor, Mr. Stonehewer, an old college friend, and a correspondent of Gray. Without the solicitation, or knowledge of the poet, the private secretary spoke a good word to the premier, and, three days after the death of Bocket, Gray received the appointment. The letter of the Duke was very complimentary, and when the poet attended the levee, which his shyness rendered extremely embarrassing to him, the king told him 'he had a particular knowledge of him.' The salary was 400*l.* a-year, the equivalent was only to read a lecture a term, and that on a subject with which the new professor was intimately acquainted. He acted on this occasion in his wonted manner. He drew up plans for private and public instruction; he laid down schemes for historical study; he composed the opening of his inauguration thesis, and being completely exhausted by this faint exertion, he relinquished all further attempts to discharge the duties of his easy office. His neglect troubled his conscience, and he relieved his mind by talking of resigning, but clung to his post notwithstanding. Though failing health affords some apology for his conduct, there is abundant evidence that his vigour of mind and strength of constitution were more than equal to the demand. It was the self-indulgence, which is the dark stain upon his career, that kept him inactive—a continuance of those long habits of intellectual epicurism, which shrunk from every mental occupation that involved fatigue. His labours, after all, would have been of no great service if they had assumed the form that he designed, for being free to speak in what language he pleased,

pleased, he absurdly decided to deliver lectures on English History to an English audience in the Latin tongue. He had an opinion that 'lectures read in public were generally things of more ostentation than use,' and he seems to have resolved that his should be for ostentation alone.

Though Gray's appointment to the Professorship did not produce its proper fruits, it gave rise to an Ode, which was the last poem he penned. In 1769 the Duke of Grafton was elected Chancellor of the University, and Gray, who said that 'he did not see why gratitude should sit silent, and leave it to expectation to sing,' volunteered to write the panegyrical verses which, according to usage, are set to music, and performed at the installation. He told his friends, however, that he only offered what he expected the Duke to ask, and what it was impossible to refuse. In addition to the exertion of composing, he shrunk from the abuse in which his praise of the Chancellor was sure to involve him at a period of such political excitement, and it was long before he could bring himself to commence his Ode. On Mr. Nicholls knocking one morning at his door, he threw it open, and thundered out the first line of the poem,—

'Hence! avaunt! 'tis holy ground!'

The astonished Mr. Nicholls supposed for a moment that he had gone crazy during the night, but it was the exuberance of his satisfaction at having completed his task. He thought meanly of his performance, and said that the music was as good as the words—that the former might be taken for his, and the latter for Dr. Randal's. 'I do not,' he also wrote to Dr. Beattie, 'think the verses worth sending you, because they are by nature doomed to live but a single day.' The world had a higher opinion of them than the author, and, though the 'Ode for Music' is not equal to 'The Bard,' or the 'Progress of Poetry,' it is better than any other that was ever composed for a kindred purpose.

In the winter of 1769 Mr. Nicholls fell in at Bath with Bonstetten, a young Swiss upon his travels, and, conceiving a strong partiality for him, gave him a letter of introduction to Gray. His youth, his enthusiasm, his industry, his passion for knowledge, interested the poet, who formed an immediate and violent friendship for him. He read English authors with the young foreigner every evening from five till twelve, and after the departure of Bonstetten in April, 1770, wrote both of him and to him in terms of greater fondness than he ever bestowed upon any other person. 'Such as I am,' he said, 'I expose my heart to your view, nor wish to conceal a single thought from your penetrating eyes.' But confidential as he professed himself, he could

could endure no allusion to his poetry or to his past history. When Bonstetten asked him about his works he remained obstinately silent, and to the question, 'Why do you not answer me?' he was silent still. His expectations and designs in life, whatever they may have been, had not been answered, and he was the victim of a profound and increasing chagrin. The society of Bonstetten had helped to beguile him, and the loss of it, to judge from his letters, turned his ordinary gloom into positive misery. 'All my time,' he wrote, 'I am employed with more than Herculean toil in pushing the tedious hours along, and wishing to annihilate them; the more I strive the heavier they move, and the longer they grow.' Happily for himself, the wretched conflict was not far from its close. The gout, to which he had been subject for many years, flew to his stomach, and on the 24th of July, 1771, an attack came on while he was at dinner in the College Hall. He became aware in a day or two that his case was hopeless, and said to a cousin, 'Molly, I shall die.' No other comment on his approaching dissolution escaped his lips. He retained his senses till within a few hours of his death, which took place on the night of the 30th of July, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. In obedience to a desire expressed in his will, he was buried at Stoke, by the side of his mother.

Gray was below the middle height; his figure well made and slight, but inclining latterly to plumpness. His countenance, according to Mr. Bryant, was pleasing, without much expression, and gave no indication of extraordinary powers. The print prefixed to Mason's *Life* is a caricature of his features, which were less prominent and more delicately rounded. In spite of sickness and advancing years, the poet continued to the last a coxcomb in his dress, which was of a finical neatness. Such was his dislike of seeming old, that when his sight began to wane he suffered considerable inconvenience rather than be seen in spectacles. His manners were of a piece with his appearance. He no doubt aimed at refinement, but the impression they left upon others was that of morbid and effeminate delicacy, which was made worse by the circumstance that much of it was not even felt by himself, and was only assumed for effect. His friends conscious, says Mason, of his superior excellences, thought his fastidiousness not only pardonable but entertaining. Mr. Temple asserts, on the contrary, that it was one of his greatest defects, and Sir Egerton Brydges had been told by several who knew him intimately that it was often exceedingly troublesome to those about him. Vulgarity in others, either of manner or sentiment, quite overset him. His own squeamish and over-acted elegance was vulgarity likewise,

wise, but because it belonged to an opposite extreme, and was that of the man-milliner instead of the rustic, he had no suspicion of the failing. In his address he was formal and distant, and to many supercilious.

Several causes combined to keep him silent in company,—a natural reserve, a frequent contempt of his audience, and the loss, as he alleged, of his versatility of mind from living retired. His taciturnity was increased if the hilarity of the circle rose above a subdued and gentle mirth. ‘I grow so old,’ he wrote, when he was just turned forty, ‘that I own people in high spirits and gaiety overpower me, and entirely take away mine. I can yet be diverted with their sallies, but if they appear to take notice of my dulness it sinks me to nothing.’ On one occasion when he joined a picnic party, and the laughter-loving company ‘would allow,’ as he says, ‘nothing to the sulkiness of his disposition,’ Lady Ailesbury reported to Walpole that he opened his lips only once throughout the day, and then it was to reply—‘Yes, my lady, I believe so.’ He never quite unbent in his own circle, but kept up his dignity, and selected his words and formed them into measured sentences with so much care that his conversation, which was otherwise excellent, wanted the charm of sociality and ease. Walpole and George Montague agreed in thinking him the worst company in the world. Dr. Beattie, whose acquaintance with him was brief, has asserted that ‘he was happy in a singular facility of expression, and delivered his observations without any appearance of sententious formality;’ and there can be no difficulty in believing that his studied talk might seem familiarity itself when contrasted with the harangues which were called conversation by the Scotch Professors of that day. He was very satirical, and appears to have had a capacity for biting repartees. He had no toleration for his inferiors in knowledge; but neither, on the other hand, did he value talent unless it was associated with worth, and his friends admit that he practised the virtues he demanded in others. Mason enumerates among his good qualities that he was an economist without avarice, and when his circumstances were at the lowest gave away sums which would have done credit to an ampler purse. ‘Remember,’ Gray nobly says, in writing to Mr. Nicholls, ‘that *honestia res est læta paupertas*. I see it with respect, and so will every one whose poverty is not seated in their mind; there is but one real evil in it—take my word who know it well—and that is, that you have less the power of assisting others who have not the same resources to support them.’

With his love of literature, and owing all his consideration to it, he yet could not bear to be thought a professed man of letters,
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but wished to be regarded as a private gentleman who read for his amusement. He was free from the weakness of being ashamed of his origin, or he would not have introduced into the portion of the Elegy which is descriptive of himself the line—

‘Fair science frowned not on his *humble birth*,’

but the ‘humble birth’ may have made him over-eager to prove that he had risen above it. To imagine, nevertheless, that he endangered his gentility by the exertion of his genius, that he was degraded by the useful exercise of his faculties, and elevated by allowing them to run to waste, must be numbered among the superlative ‘follies of the wise.’

He was considered by Mason to have an excellent taste in music, which is rendered more than doubtful by the fact that he disliked the compositions of Handel. He made one exception in favour of the chorus, ‘No more to Ammon’s God,’ which he allowed to be wonderful. He played upon the harpsichord, but without much execution, and sang with judgment, though his voice was feeble. Vocal music was what he chiefly valued. He could rarely be brought to display his skill before others; and Walpole, who once prevailed on him after much solicitation, observed the pain to him to be so great that it took away all the pleasure of the performance. When young he drew respectably in crayons, and, as is proved by the criticisms he wrote on painting and sculpture during his tour in Italy, had a fine eye for form and colour, as well as for the more obvious beauties of expression. Though he said that the only original talent of the English in matters of taste was their skill in laying out grounds, of which neither Italy nor France had the least notion, nor could comprehend when they saw it, he yet set little store by the art, and reserved most of his admiration for bolder prospects. The diary which he kept of the journey he made to the Lakes in the autumn of 1769 attests his exquisite relish for the charms of scenery, and evinces a rare faculty for picturesque description. Sir James Mackintosh has gone so far as to assert that ‘Gray was the *first* discoverer of the beauties of nature in England’—an extraordinary observation for so sensible a man. It would have been just as true to affirm that he was the first discoverer of hills, trees, sky, and water. He was, perhaps, the earliest writer who systematically attempted to depict the appearance of the country in prose, but it would be preposterous to doubt, even if there were not a thousand passages in preceding authors to testify to the fact, that other eyes before his had been alive to the loveliness of an English landscape.

There is no indication that Gray was ever in love, and the
singular

singular absence of all allusion to the passion in his poetry confirms the impression that he was an entire stranger to it. A song of two stanzas, composed at the request of Miss Speed, and borrowed from the French, will hardly be considered an exception to the rule. It might have been written by an anchorite. He does not even seem to have taken pleasure in the ordinary society of women, and the wives of his intimates are never mentioned with much cordiality. But he was warm and steady in his friendships, and was justified, when he drew his own character at twenty-four; in putting on the good side 'a sensibility for what others feel, an indulgence for their faults and weaknesses, a love of truth, and a detestation of everything else,'—provided only that we understand by 'others' the few associates whom he had taken to his heart. Those few, in spite of his foibles, repaid his attachment, and looked up to him with reverence.

His letters were esteemed by Cowper the best in the language, and there are excellent judges who continue to allot them the first place. Considered as a collection, they would be far, in our opinion, from deserving that distinction, even if they had not been eclipsed by Cowper's own. The letters of eminent men are in general thrown off by the way as the hasty supplement to more important avocations. Cowper's, for the greater part of his life, were the whole produce of his understanding. There is internal evidence that they were not formal compositions, but as the thoughts and doings of which they treat had his undivided attention, the materials were always in a course of preparation. Gray was under circumstances quite as favourable, but it was not his habit to put his mind into his letters to the same extent. Very much of what he tells is related so barely that it conveys no pleasurable information, and much more is about persons and things that have now no interest for the world. Of his own pursuits and habits there is considerably less than we should desire. It is in passages only that his letters exhibit uncommon merit, and, though the better portions are of no great bulk, there is at least variety of excellence,—criticisms, anecdotes, reflections, sketches of character, passages of humour and of pathos, descriptions of public scenes and of natural scenery. One charm pervades the whole, that of perfect ease conjoined to a peculiarity of manner, which reads at first like affectation, but which is soon felt to be natural to the writer, and delightfully characteristic of him. He appears to have been more playfully familiar in his letters than in his conversation.

The poetry of Gray, omitting the few pieces which contribute nothing to his fame, is of two distinct kinds: the minor Odes and the Elegy, which treat of common feelings and appearances; and his three larger lyrics, of which the materials are drawn from civil and literary history

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It was objected by Johnson to the 'Prospect of Eton College,' that 'it suggested nothing to Gray which every beholder did not equally think and feel,' and it has been repeated by critic after critic that no other poet has copied so much of his language from his predecessors. Familiar ideas and borrowed diction appear to exclude originality, and yet of what poem is the 'Ode on Eton College' the echo, and where is the verse that is more individual than that of Gray? The assertion of Johnson is true, but what he urged as an objection to the piece is the very quality which has constituted its merit with the world at large. The things which stir mankind most deeply are of universal experience. To single out these moving topics, to clothe them in language which gives precision to the sentiment, and brings it back to the mind with the freshness of reality, to invest an old but touching thought with new beauty by the felicity of the phrases and the melody of the verse—this is the difficulty which few have overcome; this is the species of poetry of which the use and pleasure is most widely spread; and this it is which makes the glory and popularity of Gray:—

' The deep recesses of his heart
 The common woes and joys conceal ;
 But genius owns the potent art
 To speak what others only feel.'

That Gray embroidered his verse with expressions culled far and wide is equally certain, but the same charge may be brought against Milton, and the practice detracts little, if at all, from the merit of the author, and certainly nothing whatever from the gratification of the reader where the words are brought into new combinations in a way to produce a totally distinct effect. Many of the phrases which have been tracked to their source owe all their beauty to Gray's application of them, and many of the remaining expressions which have since passed into the language were entirely his own. It is curious to find him congratulating himself on the want of that verbal memory of which his works furnish such abundant evidence, and expressing a fear lest he should have been led, if he had possessed it, to imitate too much.

It required unusual judgment and self-denial to keep above worn-out commonplaces in the Elegy, and the sentiments are less obvious than those of the 'Ode on Eton College,' but still they are the same as must constantly have occurred to many moralizers besides Gray. The originality is in the mode in which the ideas are expressed, which was always, he said, the great point with him: 'not meaning by expression the mere choice of words, but the whole dress, fashion, and arrangement of a thought.' The scene, the hour, the sentiments, and the metre are
 in

in perfect keeping, and combine to produce that harmony of gentle pathos which at once saddens and soothes. The idea of making a transition from the general reflections to himself was an unhappy after-thought, and all from the line

‘For thee, who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,’

up to the end, is of an inferior stamp. The language is of a magical beauty. Mr. Mitford has pointed out a few forced rhymes and faulty expressions, which cannot be defended; and Goldsmith has complained that it is overloaded with epithets, which here and there is the case; but in general the descriptive force of the epithets is one of its conspicuous merits, for Gray had the faculty of hitting upon that word of the language which best defined his idea, and made it felt by the reader.

The poetry of Gray which treats of familiar subjects belongs to the first period of his English compositions. In them he drew from the spontaneous emotions of his heart, and the native melancholy, plaintive but not morbid, with which he coloured everything, is one of the causes of the hold which his pieces take on the mind. He there displays the real bent of his genius, which was rather tender than sublime. What Johnson said of his Pindaric Odes—that they were forced plants raised in a hot-bed, and again, that Gray was tall by walking on tiptoe—is not devoid of justice. This is now a more common opinion than it used to be formerly. ‘They are, I believe,’ says Hazlitt, ‘generally given up at present: they are stately and pedantic, a kind of methodical borrowed frenzy.’ Sir Walter Scott thought them stiff and artificial, and Lord Byron considered that Gray’s reputation would have been higher if he had written nothing except his Elegy. To us it appears that his Odes, and especially ‘The Bard,’ which is much the finest, contain delicious strains, but that taken as a whole they are not first-rate. The words and verse of the ‘Progress of Poetry’ are glowing enough, but many of the ideas are frigid and far-fetched. The ‘Bard’ is a grand conception, and has more vigour of sentiment than the companion Ode, but the dramatic energy, so conspicuous in the opening burst, is not well sustained. Whatever bears the marks of painful elaboration must be to some extent formal; fervour is the impulse of the moment; and in passages intended to be passionate, the smell of the lamp destroys the nature and mars the effect.

The language of his other pieces is rich, but not luxuriant; in his Pindarics it is ornate to excess, and the metaphors and personifications, a few of which are superb, are sometimes pushed to the boundaries of extravagance, and even cross the confines.

The

The praise of Shakspeare, which was a favourite passage with the author because he thought it had the merit of being original where novelty was hardly possible, is an instance of the defect. The picture of Nature presenting the pencil and keys to the child, and of his smiling at her awful face, is grotesque in proportion to the vividness with which it is realised, and is not redeemed by any ingenuity in the conception. The representation, too, of the mighty mother as wearing a terrible countenance, is peculiarly inapplicable to the universal genius of Shakspeare, whose comic powers are not inferior to his tragic. In the lines which follow on Milton, the ascribing his blindness to his contemplation of the dazzling glories of heaven, which he only viewed in imagination, is certainly a conceit, but there is a grandeur in the passage which even this blemish, serious as it is, could not destroy.

If Gray had been more sparing of his metaphors they would have gained in effect, and we should have had less of that obscurity, which it is idle to defend, and which, in 'The Progress of Poetry,' is entirely produced by the resolution to tell everything in the high figurative style. He frequently fails to preserve consistency in his images. Dr. Akenside remarked that the keys in the panegyric on Shakspeare, which are employed at first to unlock a gate, are made at the end 'to ope a source.' Dr. Johnson has exposed some similar slips, and throughout Gray's poems there is often a want of coherence between the parts of a sentence, either of grammar or of sense. The fault arose from his mode of composition. Instead of putting down his thoughts as they sprung up in his mind, he polished every line as he proceeded, and in the repeated changes of expression, a later verse, which was correct in the first conception, came to harmonize imperfectly with what went before.

In the management of his metre Gray has no superior. His ear was exquisite, and the few harsh lines, and very harsh they are, which are to be found in his poetry, were evidently left because he preferred to sacrifice the melody to the expression. The greatness of his reputation, contrasted with the small extent of the compositions upon which it is built, is the strongest proof of their singular excellence. Whether the slow and mosaic workmanship of Gray was an indication of genius, has often been questioned, but none except the few, who were jealous of his popularity, have ever hesitated to admit that his happiest poetry must be classed among the most perfect in the world.

ART. II. — *Cosmos. Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe.* By Alexander Von Humboldt. Vols. ii. and iii. Translated under the superintendence of Lieut.-Col. Edward Sabine, R.A., V.P., and Treas. R.S. London. 1850-51-52.

SINCE we reviewed the first volume of this work in 1846, Baron von Humboldt, laden with years and well-earned honours, has published two additional volumes. We feel it incumbent upon us to bring the work, thus enlarged (though still wanting a volume for its completion), again before the notice of our readers. This we do, as well from regard to the high eminence of its author, as because it forms an exposition of the general state of physical science, brought yet nearer to our own day, by a philosopher of large views, and knowledge matured by a long life of active observation—one equally capable of generalizing what has been already done, and of casting a philosophic eye upon the future—over that ‘ocean of undiscovered truth’ which still spreads out widely before us.

In our former article on the ‘Cosmos’ we gave such an outline of the life of Humboldt, and of his career as a traveller and naturalist, as might suffice to show some of his qualifications for the work he has here undertaken. That which is peculiar to the man is the singular extent and diversity of knowledge which he brings to every subject of inquiry. We cannot name any traveller equally gifted with this large comprehension, which was possessed and put into exercise at the very outset of life. A striking example of his copiousness of research occurs in the earliest part of the personal narrative of his travels. Approaching the Canary Isles, the first point at which he touches on his passage to America, he enters into a long discussion on the currents and winds of the Atlantic, that great valley of waters dividing the Old from the New World. The sight of the stupendous Peak of Teneriffe leads him to a dissertation on those various conditions of figure of the earth, figure of the object, refraction, &c., which determine the visibility of objects at different distances. Six days at Teneriffe, including an ascent of the Peak, furnish materials for half a volume; in which are blended geology, botany, zoology, the theories of volcanic phenomena, questions as to the temperature and chemical composition of the air at different heights, the history of the Canaries, disquisitions on their discovery by the ancients, and on the origin and language of the Guanches, their earliest known population. Many of these topics have been enlarged or corrected by later research; but, as handled by Humboldt at this period, they well mark his early vigour and aptitude for such inquiries.

Regarding him as a writer merely, this exuberance of knowledge, and his *nimia diligentia* of illustration, almost pass into a fault, if we might apply the term to qualities thus valuable and rare. Digressions may readily be excused where they bring fresh life and vigour to the subject, and suggest new relations to the mind. But, even under this view, we are compelled to consider the tendency in Humboldt's case to be one of excess; and we notice it the rather from finding various proofs of the same discursive method in the work before us; in which the topics, from their vastness and variety, require constant compression, and a rigid adherence to that proportion of parts which is essential to the unity of the whole. Where the Universe, which we must receive as the proper rendering of *Cosmos*, is the object placed before us, we have some right to expect that the grandeur of the design should be sustained in the execution.

In our former article we made some remarks on this subject; commenting upon a certain vagueness which pervades the whole conception of the work; and a tendency to repetition and digression, injurious more or less to the harmony of the scheme. These comments we are compelled to consider as fully confirmed and justified by the volumes now before us. In adopting the title of *Cosmos*, M. Humboldt has exposed himself to perplexities which pursue him through every part of his work. He is haunted, one may fairly say, by a spectre of his own creation. He has invoked a vast and vague name, which sometimes he seeks to curb and limit by definitions, at other times to enlarge and exalt. At the risk of appearing presumptuous we must express our doubt whether he has ever entirely defined the term of *Cosmos* to his own mind. A grand and spacious idea was before him; congenial to the temperament of German thought, and according well with his own vast and various knowledge, and his desire to concentrate the labours of a life in one great closing work. He sought to mark by the name the magnitude of the conception. But the conception itself is beyond the power of adequate fulfilment, even by one possessing the resources of our author. The Universe, as expressing all the material phenomena of nature (and we shall see presently that Humboldt has superadded other topics having relation to the human faculties and progress), is too vast a theme for a single man or a single work. Treated upon one plan, it becomes a vague and almost metaphysical abstraction—upon the opposite plan, an embodiment of facts and details so various and endless as utterly to set at nought all present power of compression or scientific arrangement. The expression of Seneca, designating his idea of the Divinity of the Universe, '*quod vides totum et quod non vides totum*,' has, in some points, close re-
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lation to our author's conception of the Cosmos ; which is here and there denoted in terms savouring more of the school of Fichte and Schelling than of the sober severity of modern science. We presume it likely that Humboldt had before him the idea, if not the words, of D'Alembert,—‘ *L'Univers, pour qui saurait l'embrasser d'un seul point de vue, ne serait qu'un fait unique, et une grande vérité* ’—a phrase admissible in no other sense than in so far as it indicates that unity of creation, and of the Divine power, which, while establishing mutual relations among the most remote bodies of the universe,—through light, gravitation, and possibly other elementary forces,—has equally designed the most subtle atomical relations of matter, and those exquisite organic textures, which minister to the functions of life in its numberless forms on our own globe.*

The difficulties and incongruities resulting from this struggle between the abstractions of a name, and the real genius and scientific acquirements of the author, are apparent, as will presently be noticed, in the methods and construction of the work ; and also in the frequent recurrence of M. Humboldt to definitions of his plan, and explanations of the idea of the Cosmos ; seemingly quite as much to satisfy and guide his own mind, as to direct the intelligence of his readers. Largely though this matter is treated in the Introduction to the first volume, we find a recurrence to it preceding the chapters entitled ‘ *Epochs in the History of the Physical Contemplation of the Universe.* ’ Even to the third volume there is prefixed a new Introduction ; in which, while reciting the purport of the former volumes, and the objects still before him, he makes, we think, a distinct admission that the scheme is too large for a single hand ; and anticipates, rather by apology than vindication, some of the objections we have ourselves urged to the conception of the work. We insert one or two passages from this Introduction ; the purport of which, had it struck him with the same force and clearness when he began the first volume, would probably have modified the scheme of the whole work :—

‘ It remains for the third and last volumes of my work to supply

* The conceptions of Goethe, as embodied in his strenuous verse, were doubtless also present to our author's mind in forming the scheme of the *Cosmos* :—

‘ Und hier schliesst die Natur den Ring der ewigen Kräfte,
Doch ein neuer sogleich fasset den Vorigen an ;
Dass die Kette sich fort durch alle Zeiten vorlänge,
Und das Ganze belebt, so wie das Einzelne sey.’

The *Traité du Monde* of Descartes, and the *Cosmotheoros* of Huyghens, may occur here to some of our readers. But the first work was never published entire ; the second was little worthy of the name of Huyghens ; and neither of them could suggest anything to the mind of Humboldt, so well exercised in the sounder science of the present day.

some of the deficiencies of the earlier ones, and to put forward those results of observations which form the principal basis of present scientific opinion. . . . The unexpected favour with which my undertaking has been received makes me doubly feel the need of expressing myself once more, as distinctly as possible, in reference to the fundamental idea of the entire work; and respecting requirements which I have never even attempted to fulfil, because to my individual view of our experimental knowledge they could never have been contemplated by me.

'The establishment of a science of Nature from the laws of gravity up to the formative impulse in animated bodies, as one organic whole, is no doubt a brilliant problem, and one worthy of the human intellect; but the imperfect state of so many parts of our knowledge places insuperable difficulties in the way of its solution. . . . What is perceived is far from exhausting what is perceivable. If, to recall only the progress of the time nearest our own, we compare the imperfect knowledge of nature possessed by Gilbert, Robert Boyle, and Hales with the present, and if we remember that the rate of progress is a rapidly increasing one, we may have some idea of the periodical endless transformations which still await all the physical sciences,' &c.

We find further evidence that the conception of Humboldt is shadowy and undefined in the peculiar phraseology which pervades the *Cosmos*—less at variance indeed with German than with English habitudes of thought and language; but, under any view of it, much more vague and mystical than befits a scientific treatise of our own time. We might illustrate our meaning by quoting such expressions as '*domain of the Cosmos*,' '*science of the Cosmos*,' '*recognition of the Cosmos*,' '*history of Cosmical contemplation*,' '*Cosmical space*,' '*Cosmical life*,' and many others of like kind occurring in these volumes, which the translator rightly renders to us as he found them; but which, we think, might be profitably exchanged for terms of more common and intelligible use.

We have yet another proof of the difficulties with which Humboldt has encumbered himself, in the mass of notes appended to these volumes. In positive bulk of matter they are almost equal to the text; and though far from affirming of them what Gray said of notes in general, that they are 'signs of weakness or obscurity,' yet we are continually led to ask on what *principle* the matter they contain is detached from the body of the work. Much that we find here has more value and originality than the text to which it is related; and there are various details and digressions in the latter which might well admit of being transferred to the notes. Whatever the reasons for the actual distribution, the practical result is that these notes, so embodied as a separate part of each volume, are wholly neglected by nine out of

of ten of the readers of the work. Some communications from Arago, characterized by the boldness and ingenuity which belong to this philosopher, are thus in great part lost; together with other documents and illustrations too valuable to be consigned to comparative obscurity.

The injurious effect of the title and scheme of the *Cosmos* is strikingly felt in the distribution of the subjects of these two volumes. After an impartial perusal of the explanation offered in the Introduction just commented upon, we are still compelled to state that the arrangement adopted involves both incongruities and repetitions. In the first volume, for example, we have the delineation of the two great classes of physical objects—those of the Heavens and those of the Earth—uranologic and telluric, as they are here respectively named. The second volume carries us by an abrupt transition to an essay on what Humboldt terms ‘Incitements to the Study of Nature;’ followed by another on the ‘History of the Physical Contemplation of the Cosmos,’ of which several parts of the work we shall presently speak. In the third volume, under the title of ‘Special Results in the Uranological portion of the Cosmos,’ we again come, with greater amplitude of detail, to the astronomical part of the subject—the volume, in fact, forming a complete treatise on astronomy, and necessarily repeating much that is contained in the first. The fourth volume, still unpublished, will be devoted, as we understand, to a similar enlargement of the physical history of the earth; and must be supposed liable to the same repetitions of the subjects treated of under this title.

We apprehend that some of these difficulties have arisen to Baron Humboldt from the manner of his publication. Physical science in all its branches has been advancing with gigantic steps since the first part of his work was given to the world. Much has been discovered that is new, both in facts and in the laws governing them—various errors have been corrected—the methods and instruments of inquiry have been unceasingly improved, and science is made to yield practical results to the uses of man much more largely than ever heretofore. We may fairly say that a year now is equivalent to ten years at any former time of its history. Our author is far too zealous an observer of this progress, and too acute in his appreciation of it, to allow these things to pass without record. Neither age, nor courtly favours, have rendered him indifferent to what is going on in the world of science around him. He lives in the atmosphere of Berlin, teeming with active experimental researches, and bold speculation founded upon them. A natural desire for the completeness of his undertaking is further fostered by an intellectual
temperament

temperament prone to the collection and registration of facts, and to the establishment of those great relations which give them their chief value and efficiency. Later volumes, coming out after the lapse of years, are thus made to supply the deficiencies of those which have gone before. We do not wish to speak reproachfully of that which must be considered inevitable, if not indeed laudable, in the conduct of the work; but that it is an imperfection in the scheme, and destructive of its unity and fitness of proportion, can hardly be denied.

It is with regret that we have found ourselves obliged to make these preliminary remarks. But, dealing conscientiously with a work which comes out under the auspices of a great name, we cannot refrain from repeating our conviction that it is embarrassed by a title of needless abstraction—that the principle and plan of execution have never been clearly defined—and that the publication by instalments has led to a repetition and disproportion of parts, in what professes to be a simple and connected whole.* The fact we consider to be, as already stated, that this profession is one above the power of present fulfilment; and we regard the attempt as peculiarly inappropriate, at a time when physical science is every year changing its aspects and enlarging its domain, not solely by the acquisition of new facts, but yet more by the recognition of new elements of active power, and the progressive reduction of the whole to those higher laws which form the ultimate objects of all research. There is value, indeed, in every work which clearly expounds the stages of this progress, or so associates them as to suggest new objects of inquiry. But, out of the domain of mathematical methods, nothing must yet be regarded as certain or complete; and the *Cosmos* of Humboldt, in assuming a character which even he fails to realize, involves both omissions and redundancies, which in the fairest spirit of criticism it is impossible not to recognize and regret.

Proceeding now to analyze these two volumes in detail, we find the first part directed to the consideration of the ‘Incitements to the Study of Nature;’ and distributed under the three heads of

* With the exception of what relates to the imperfection of knowledge and personal observation, we might almost be led to apply to the *Cosmos* the commentary its author makes on the *Natural History of Pliny*:—

‘There floated upon the mind of Pliny a grand and single image; but, diverted from his purpose by specialties, and wanting the living personal contemplation of nature, he was unable to hold fast the image. The execution remained imperfect, not merely from haste and frequent want of knowledge of the objects to be treated, but also from defective arrangement.’

Without incurring any charge of national partiality, we may be allowed to refer here to the volume of our distinguished countrywoman Mrs. Somerville, ‘*On the Connexion of the Physical Sciences*,’ as embodying, under a very lucid arrangement, all the essential parts of the *Cosmos*.

‘Poetic Descriptions of Nature,’ ‘Landscape Painting,’ and ‘Culture of Characteristic Exotic Plants.’ We have already alluded to what we consider the incongruous position of this disquisition; which—if indeed admissible at all into a physical description of the Universe—is strangely placed between two separate treatises, descriptive, in different degrees of detail, of the physical phenomena of the Heavens and the Earth. The following passage from the Introduction to the third volume affords Humboldt's own view of this arrangement; which, under some obscurity of expression, will be felt, we think, rather as an excuse than a justification:—

‘If my published work does not correspond sufficiently to the title, of which I have often acknowledged the imprudent boldness, the reproach of incompleteness must especially attach to that portion which touches on the spiritual life in the *Cosmos*; or the reflex image of external nature in the domain of human thought and feeling. In this part of my undertaking I have more particularly contented myself with dwelling on the subjects which lay most in the direction of my previously cherished studies; on the manifestations of the more or less vivid feeling of nature in classical antiquity and in modern times; on the fragments of poetic description of nature, whose tone of colouring has been so materially influenced by individuality of national character, and by the religious monotheistic view of Creation; on the pleasing magic of landscape-painting; and on the history of the physical contemplation of the Universe;—*id est*, the history of the gradual development, in the course of 2000 years, of the recognition of the unity of phenomena and of the universe as a whole.’

To us, we confess, this part of the second volume has the air of a separate dissertation, alien in date and substance from the materials with which it is now incorporated. Unless the term *Cosmos* were interpreted as including the history of man in his whole moral and intellectual being (in which case this part of the work would be very inadequately fulfilled), we cannot see the fitness of this treatise on poetic descriptions of nature, on landscape-painting, and on the culture of exotic plants. But the word in question is, really, otherwise defined on the title-page, and in such way as to show that these chapters are an excrescence on the original frame-work of the author.

Looking to the Chapters themselves, apart from other considerations, we find in them a very agreeable collection of passages, illustrating the genius and habits of different races and communities of men in relation to the world of nature. We are very ready to acknowledge the pleasure afforded us by the examples so selected; but our author appears to assign to them a higher value and interest than we believe them, actually, to possess. Even admitting, what can hardly be conceded, that we may take
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the natural taste or genius of two or three writers as a criterion of the like qualities in a nation or great community, it may fairly be questioned whether there is any novelty in the inferences sought for; viz., that even in the earliest ages, and among every people of mankind, there has been a perception of natural beauty and sublimity—a desire to express such feelings in language or other form of representation—and that these faculties have been greatly extended and refined by the culture of modern times and civilized life. The fact is one so generally recognized, that examples were scarcely needed to justify or enforce it. Without embarrassing ourselves by definitions or theories of the Sublime and Beautiful in Nature, we feel it to be certain that the Creator has gifted man with a capacity for the pleasurable perception of these qualities in things created. The existence of an *innate moral sense* has been the subject of various doubt and controversy. But none can occur as to the faculty of which we now speak. It forms part of the physiology of the external senses. There is equal proof of its existence as of that of the intellectual faculties; and the only thing which can create doubt or difficulty is the disparity in the degree of this endowment in different individuals and communities of men, and the vast improvement of which it is susceptible from artificial cultivation. But the difficulty is precisely the same as to the intellectual part of our nature. For without being disciples of the German phrenology, we cannot but recognize, in common with all the world, those original diversities of mind, those peculiar endowments and propensities, which determine the character and genius of the individual; and which, under certain conditions, and under laws governing the propagation of the human species, become the germs of national character, and develope in classes and communities of mankind qualities which were peculiar to particular persons in their origin and earlier progress.

Much might be written on this latter topic, but we allude to it only in connexion with the part of the *Cosmos* now before us. We think that our author has in reality narrowed his views on the subject by this large collection of particular descriptive passages from different languages and successive ages. The chief value of such a collection must be the discrimination, as far as possible, of the peculiarities of each age, race, or community; and of the causes whence these originate. To a certain extent this object is fulfilled, but we cannot say very satisfactorily. A few translations derived from Persian, Hindoo, or Chinese poetry, serve scantily to illustrate the peculiar temperament of these vast races in relation to the beauty and wonders of the world of nature. Baron Humboldt, however, is ample, just, and

and eloquent in his appreciation of the sacred poetry of the Hebrews. He speaks, and most truly, of the 104th Psalm as 'a picture of the entire Cosmos.' The most casual and careless reader of the passages quoted from it will indeed see how marvellously they outshine the *minora sidera* of the other examples; not less in the grandeur of the objects individually presented, than in the comprehensiveness of this great picture of nature in its relation to the Creator of the whole. Our author alludes in terms of like admiration to other portions of the Psalms and Book of Job; and quotes with full assent what is said by Goethe of the book of Ruth, that 'we have nothing so lovely in the whole range of epic and idyllic poetry.'

In treating of the temperament and culture of the Greeks and Romans as regards the perception of natural beauty, he cites various passages more or less familiar to the classical reader. Numerous others might of course be added from this rich storehouse of poetic conceptions and imagery. We confess, however, we think our author too generous in his estimate of Cicero's love of nature and rural retirement. Particular portions of his epistles and philosophic works may seem to justify this; but in some of these we are compelled to recognize political discontent; in others, the love of his own eloquent and beautiful descriptions. The affections of Cicero were really in Rome, even amidst the turbulence of those distracted days of an expiring Republic. 'Urbem, urbem, mi Rufe, cole, et in istâ luce vive' is his earnest exclamation to a friend; and one more genuine, we fear, than any eulogium on his Tusculan or other villas.

But amidst this exuberance of poetic passages, we yet have before us the extraordinary fact, that neither Greeks nor Romans ever reached the just perception of what we term *landscape*—that grouping of objects by form, colouring, and other more refined associations, which has now become a source of such various delight, both in the direct contemplation of nature, and through the medium of works of representative art. The Greek poet, for the most part, takes his objects from nature singly, or under some simple combination; and generally for some purpose connected with human feeling or action. They are not brought forward, as in the passages of modern descriptive poetry or prose, explicitly to place a landscape, or group of natural objects, before the eye of the imagination, but to illustrate or invigorate those narratives, of which man is the chief object and centre.*

Our

* M. Humboldt notices, with proper commendation, Ælian's description of Tempe, as the most detailed description of natural scenery by a Greek prose-writer which we possess. Livy's description of the same celebrated valley merits similar commendation;

Our author has alluded to this fact in his chapter on Landscape Painting, but more cursorily than its curiosity merits. We consider it (especially as regards the Greeks, to whom Rome was the debtor in art, though an illustrious one) as one of those singular anomalies which perplex all common calculations of probability. It is easy to state that in classical antiquity the taste and feelings were mainly directed to representations of the human form, or to the perfecting of architecture in its various styles. This is doubtless true; but it yet leaves open the question, why this exclusiveness existed?—how a people like the Greeks, keen in their perceptions of grandeur and beauty, animated and vigorous in the exercise of all their faculties, and capable of works so exquisite in poetry, sculpture, and architecture, should have failed in reaching that art of landscape delineation, which has attained such variety of excellence in modern times. Painters they had; and the great names of Zeuxis, Apelles, Parrhasius, Polygnotus, &c., have descended to us, their eminence attested by the prices of their works, and the universal admiration they obtained. But their subjects seem, with little exception, to have been the same as those of Grecian sculpture—the delineation and colouring of the human figure and features, either singly, or grouped in action. All other objects were regarded as subordinate to these; and we are obliged to believe that they scarcely even passed the rudiments of perspective in their paintings. A long series of ages, reaching to the confines of our own time, was required to attain that excellence of a new art, which has actually inverted the ancient style and feeling, by making man and his works often mere accessories to the delineation of nature.

Returning from what might seem a digression but for the sanction of our author, we may advert briefly to the remainder of the second volume, which, under the title of ‘Epochs in the History of the Contemplation of the Universe,’ includes a history of the progress of discovery from the earliest times, as well on the land and oceans of our own globe, as in the celestial spaces so marvellously explored by the labour and genius of man. He arranges the whole under seven epochs—a classification somewhat arbitrary in its principles, and liable to several objections in its details. But we admit the need of some arrangement, and we know not that any better could have been propounded. We may

mendation; as well as his picture of the great plain of Thessaly suddenly bursting into view from the pass over Mount Othrys. The accuracy of both these descriptions we can ourselves attest from personal observation; and the proof they afford, in common with many other passages, of Lamy's strong perception of the objects of landscape.

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strongly recommend these chapters to all who love to follow the line of human advancement, from the feeble and uncertain steps of its infant state to the gigantic march of our own time. Baron Humboldt's narrative is vigorous, impartial, and complete within the limits he has assigned to it. The most accomplished traveller himself of modern times, he is entitled and best able to record that progress of human discovery which, from the *maria clausa* of ancient history, has carried men forwards over the oceans and continents of the total globe—giving to the then remote and barbarous Britain the present power of sending forth hundreds of ships annually to the gold-bearing lands which form our antipodes; and creating, by aid of the great natural agents which surround us, new faculties of motion and speed, transcending the most romantic fairy-tale of former generations.

In the earlier and less certain part of this narrative we find some conclusions stated with greater assurance than seems justified by the evidence we possess. We might adduce as a single instance the interpretation of the 'semi-mythical expedition of the Argonauts;' the basis of which, apart from its mythical garb, is considered to be 'the fulfilment of a national desire to open the inhospitable Euxine.' Frequently too we are struck with what would seem an affectation of using obscure terms when more simple ones are at hand; and a fondness for new forms of phraseology without any obvious requirement. But we are bound to accept the individuality of Humboldt's style as it occurs throughout all his writings—one more picturesque and imaginative than is common in works of science, and abounding in original phrases fitted to express new collocations of facts or ideas. He has enough of the German temperament to take delight in these innovations, to which he is in truth fairly entitled by the many new relations he has himself indicated in every part of nature. And we would repeat again that there is very high merit in this part of the work; which designates, more clearly and compressedly than has been done before, the ages and races chiefly concerned in the progress of discovery, the events which have especially contributed to it, and the individuals whose ardour and intelligence have made them foremost in this great career.

As might be expected, from its forming the scene of his own earlier labours, the discovery of America has a strong hold on Humboldt's mind and imagination. He contemplates it as a natural result of the growing philosophy of the age; and in a disquisition of some length on the era of Columbus, we are amused by the scholastic turn given to the subject, and by finding not merely the names of the eminent persons antecedent to

to or contemporary with him—Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon, Vincent de Beauvais, Duns Scotus, Giordano Bruno, &c.—but also a consideration of the respective influence of the Platonic and Aristotelian philosophy, and of the long controversy between the Nominalists and Realists, on the men and manner of thinking of the time. He considers that the ‘*Imago Mundi*’ of Cardinal Alliaeo, which Columbus carried with him on his voyage, had a great effect on the mind of the illustrious navigator; and notices the curious fact, that the passage in this work which Columbus himself refers to as most deeply impressing him, is a transcription, word for word, made by the Cardinal from the *Opus Majus* of Roger Bacon!

But Baron Humboldt rightly assigns an earlier date than that of Columbus to the actual discovery of the American continent. Rejecting, as exploded, the tale of tribes speaking a Celtic dialect having been found on the coasts of Virginia, we are bound by very sufficient proof to admit that the coasts of Labrador and New England were known to the Icelanders and Norwegians, through their intervening settlements in Greenland, more than eight centuries ago—that they partially settled in Vinland, as they called the country forming the coast of the New England States—and that a bishop went on a Christian mission to the colonies thus established. These narratives, hitherto known and accredited by a few only, have of late years received ample confirmation from the researches of Rafn, the greatest Northern scholar of our times.* The documents which he obtained, and has published, attest not only the act of discovery, but indicate by the course and length of voyage, by the times of sunrise, and other curious particulars, the exact coasts discovered, including Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Massachusetts, &c.† Humboldt speaks of Leif as the discoverer of America; and perhaps he may so be regarded, from the extent of his southern course, though we find reason to believe that Labrador had already been visited, in A.D. 1001, by Biorn Heriolfson, an Icelandic navigator. The records of this event, both numerous and authentic, come to us from that extraordinary island of Iceland, which, during the 11th, 12th, and 13th centuries, created and maintained amidst its snows and volcanic fires, a literature which would have honoured the happiest climes of Europe. Succeeding the period thus signalized to us, a series of physical and social calamities

* In a Dissertation on the History and Literature of Iceland, prefixed to Sir G. Mackenzie's Travels in that island, Dr. Holland has examined the question upon the documents he himself procured in Iceland; and has stated his entire belief in the validity of the claim.

† Rafn, *Antiquit. American.*

extinguished this great northern light; at which later time, and in the same gloom, we lose sight of the land of Vinland, and all traces of this remarkable discovery disappear. Should we ever regain them, it must probably be on the American coast itself. But the simple Norsemen left behind them no temples or palaces like those of Nimroud, to be dis-entombed for the admiration and instruction of distant ages; and the written records alone remain to attest this ancient discovery.

We have already had occasion to notice the Introduction to the third volume of the *Cosmos*, and to quote some passages from it. The volume itself is occupied solely with the subject of Astronomy, under the title of 'Special Results in the Uranological portion of the *Cosmos*;' which cumbrous form of expression is an illustration of the remarks we have made on the phraseology of the work. As a treatise on the actual state of astronomy it is undoubtedly able and complete. Without entering upon demonstrations, it seizes all the salient points in this wonderful department of human science; and discusses, in a spirit of high philosophy, both the results hitherto obtained, and the great problems remaining open for future research. So much, however, has been written on this subject of late years, both for scientific and popular purposes, that we shall not follow our author formally through it; but merely make such comments as may occur to us on particular portions of the volume, and especially on those which relate to the progress of discovery among the fixed stars. This is the part of their vast domain in which astronomers have recently laboured with the greatest assiduity and success; availing themselves at once of the increased perfection of instruments, and of those improved methods which are best fitted to obviate all sources of error. The results obtained, and the inferences thence derived, are such as may well astonish even those familiar with such studies. Following the order of the volume before us, we shall advert to the points which may especially illustrate the latest progress of these researches, and convey to our readers some idea of their boldness and grandeur.

The first chapter, 'On Cosmical Space,' brings us at once into this great field. After remarking that only separate parts of this space are accessible to measurement, our author adds,—

'The results, which surpass all our powers of realisation, are brought together with complacency by those who take a childish pleasure in large numbers; and even imagine that, by means of images of physical magnitude creating astonishment, they peculiarly enhance the sublimity of astronomical studies.'

If we understand this remark rightly, it rather surprises us;—in
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the first place, because Humboldt himself and the best astronomers constantly employ such illustrations; and, further, because they do really in many cases convey to the mind larger and clearer conceptions of relative space. We admit at once that few of the distances expressed by astronomy are in any strict sense realised to the understanding, even by those most familiar with such contemplations. One of the smallest celestial admeasurements, that of the moon's distance from the earth, can only be appreciated by bringing in other more common relations of comparison. And when we learn that the star 61 Cygni is 592,000 times as distant as the earth from the sun, our reason, while satisfied of the certitude of the means by which this result is obtained, can raise no idea commensurate in any sort or kind with the vast array of numbers set before us. But we may aid ourselves in some degree by bringing in a new element—that of *time*—as a measure of space. We know from other sources that light is transmitted through space at the rate of nearly 12 millions of miles in a minute. The distance of the star just mentioned is such, that light proceeding from it, and travelling unceasingly at this rate, would require more than 9 years to reach the earth! Now this new mode of measurement is as incomprehensible as the other, in a strict sense of the term; yet the conception is felt to be enlarged by its use, and new relations are perceived, even by those who look on the mere surface of the science.

Another case we will put—because, amidst a like host of numbers, a practical conclusion is involved, in which we of this nether world are not wholly unconcerned. With his wonted sagacity, the elder Herschel obtained proof of what had been the prior suggestion of Bradley, that our Sun, with all his attendant planets, comets, &c., has a proper continuous motion in space; of which motion he himself indicated the course and direction. With the methods employed in this great research we have no present concern; but may simply mention that time and the observations of later astronomers have fully confirmed the fact, and demonstrated the motion of the sun to be about equal to its own semidiameter, or what is nearly twice the distance of the moon from the earth, every single day. Whither is this vast and unceasing translation in space to lead us? or what collision or other consequence may it finally involve? Certain answer there can be none; though perhaps we may admit the idea of revolution round some centre of gravity—visible or invisible, single or a system of bodies—as more consistent with the analogies of nature than any other. But against any sudden catastrophe from this movement of our system in space we are guaranteed by what we know of the distances of the fixed stars.

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The star we have already taken as an example, 61 Cygni, though not so near to us as α Centauri, and some others whose parallax has been obtained, is probably much nearer than the majority of those visible to the eye. Yet the sun, moving at the rate we have just named, would take nearly 400,000 years to accomplish this measured distance! Here then again we gather knowledge and light from amidst this *cloud* of numbers. We cannot comprehend the whole, but we gain certainty as to a part; and the general conclusion is one rendered accessible to all.

In this chapter on 'Cosmical Space,' Humboldt takes up the inquiry as to the existence of an Ether, or material medium, occupying and filling the great domain of the universe; but makes it rather a record of the opinions of others than any distinct expression of his own. It is in truth, in various ways, one of the most subtle questions which can exercise or perplex the human understanding. On one side it approaches the region of metaphysics—everywhere it passes beyond the dominion of the senses, and of those exquisite instruments with which human ingenuity has aided them. Modern science has thoroughly instructed us that matter and material organisation may exist, and molecular actions take place, demonstrable only in their effects, but through these effects demonstrable with mathematical certitude. The sciences of Optics, of Chemistry, and of Electricity, furnish us with numerous examples of this nature, had we room to quote them. Apart indeed from all direct proof, we see no difficulty in admitting an ethereal medium (we use this term in default of a better) as occupying the regions of space. Without such admission, in truth, it is hard to conceive how the physical forces or actions which we know to be transmitted to us from other bodies in the universe around, should have existence, or be capable of this transference. Whether gravity be a force *per se*—or, as Mosotti has sought to prove, a power residual upon the balance of other atomical attractions and repulsions—equally must we reason upon it as a *material transmission* of power, if we reason at all. The phenomena of light, on the emission theory, presume a luminous matter capable of pervading space from its uttermost depths—on the undulating theory, now generally admitted, they require, and are thoroughly consistent with, the notion of an ethereal medium capable of transmitting those waves, the relative magnitude, velocity, and interference of which produce all these wonderful results. Heat and light have close kindred in their physical conditions, and future research will probably render this association closer, in relation to a common cause. Though we have some observations from Bessel and Sir J. Herschel on the apparent subjection of the tails of certain comets to a polar force independent

dependent of gravitation, which *may be* electrical, we do not yet possess any certain evidence of electricity, under its magnetic or other forms, being transmitted to us through space. But the intimate relation, if not inutual convertibility, of all these great agents, makes it probable that time will disclose their common connexion with some intervening medium among the worlds which surround us. Modern science is thoroughly awake to all these points of high philosophic inquiry.

While upon this topic we must briefly advert to the seemingly more direct evidence of an ether, derived from the diminishing periods of Encke's comet, and from the zodiacal light. Upon the latter proof we cannot place much present reliance. But the observations on Encke's comet have high value from their uniformity of result; showing a tangential force acting constantly upon this body in its orbit, which can only well be explained by the supposition of its motion through a resisting medium. Here again time, and repeated observations, will probably give certainty to our final conclusions.

The second chapter, 'on Natural and Telescopic Vision, the Velocity of Light, and Photometry,' is associated with one of those valuable notes of Arago, to which we have already alluded, on the effects of telescopic glasses on the visibility of the fixed stars. He conceives that high magnifying powers facilitate the finding of any star, not by sensibly enlarging its image, but by bringing to the eye a larger quantity of light, and at the same time contrasting it more strongly with the aerial field through which the star is seen—the telescope magnifying, according to his view, the distance between the illuminated particles of air in the telescopic area surrounding the star, and thus giving a darker surface in contrast with the intense and concentrated light of the latter. There may perhaps be a little fancy in the latter part of this explanation; but we are not entitled to cavil at it, having before us the many extraordinary and complex phenomena of the visual power, as directed, aided or unaided, into these regions of space. We have always considered the original papers of Sir W. Herschel on this subject, the eloquent commentary upon them by Arago,* and the labours of Bessel, Struve, Sir J. Herschel, and Argelander, in prosecution of the 'same question, as among the most sublime efforts of astronomical science. They define the power of that wonderful organ the human eye over objects in a depth of distance which the human imagination strives vainly to reach—they indicate the increase of power gained by artificial instruments of vision—they show the relative depths in space at

* *Analyse Historique et Critique de la Vie et des Travaux de Sir William Herschel.*—*Annuaire pour l'An 1842, par le Bureau des Longitudes.*

which luminous worlds are visible to us—and they explain those irregularities which arise from the structure of the eye and imperfect methods of its use; from the faults of instruments; from atmospheric conditions; or, finally, from the properties of that marvellous agent of light itself.

It is easy to enumerate these particulars, but hard to convey an idea of the grandeur of the objects which are thus brought within the scope of human research, and of the speculations legitimately derived from them. When we are led to believe, on reasons scarcely admitting of refutation, that there are stars made visible to us, the light of which, reaching our telescopes at any given moment, must have been emitted from these stars nearly 2000 years ago, the result is one which no language can duly denote, and of which the simplest expression is the most sublime. Were it not for the infirmity of man's present state, which is ever dragging him downwards to the things of the earth, it might seem impossible for the astronomer, who has lived and laboured amidst these high objects, to submit himself to the common coil of worldly affairs. An eminent name is present to our memory when we make this remark. While lamenting, as all must do, the recent loss of Arago, to which we alluded in a note to our last Number, we must express our belief that he himself found the deepest cause to regret that change, which removed him for a time from the scientific labours of the Observatory and Institute to the revolutionary government of his country.

The ensuing chapter, 'on the Number, Distribution, and Colour of the Stars, and on the Milky Way,' has additional value in some numerical results of great exactness, furnished to Humboldt by that eminent astronomer Argelander, of Bonn. From various combinations of the data afforded by star-catalogues he obtains, as a mean number, from 5000 to 5800 stars visible to the naked eye throughout the entire heavens; while, carrying the list forwards to telescopic stars of the ninth magnitude, we have a total result in round numbers of 200,000 stars! And here again we come upon one of those curious relations, so frequent in astronomy, which frustrate all common calculation. The imagination, unaided by science, might well conceive that this host of numbers would crowd and cover every point in the sky, and hardly lend belief to the assertion that each of these 200,000 stars, if equally distributed, would occupy to itself an area almost equal to that of the full moon. Yet so it is; the fact being very precisely determined that 195,290 surfaces of the moon, in its mean diameter, would be required to cover the whole heavens. This relation is of course a mere accident; the stars being very unequally distributed, and their classification, by apparent magni-

tudes, an artificial one. But there is value in the illustration it affords; and legitimate pleasure, as well as instruction, in the results which these ponderous numbers thus place before us.

It becomes more difficult to obtain understanding or assent to the far higher numbers and relations which lie beyond. The stars of our sidereal system, down to the 9th magnitude, form but a small fraction of those which the space-penetrating powers of the telescope, in what have been very appropriately called *star-gaugings*, now render visible to the eye. Sir W. Herschel calculates that 18 millions may be seen in the Milky Way alone. Struve estimates for the whole heavens 20,374,000 stars. Allowing a large margin for these numbers, which can be but approximate, they yet possess certitude enough, from the methods of observation employed, to impress upon the mind the immensity of this system of worlds. It may be that the feelings receive more of this impression than the understanding. But there is one important fact which the intellect can scan, and which even in its simplicity has a grandeur commensurate to the magnitude of the objects concerned. Whatever be the actual nature of the two great physical powers, Gravitation and Light, we have absolute proof that these pervade and operate throughout the whole of the vast system thus disclosed to us. Gravitation acts by the same law among the double stars, as in the fall of an apple, or the flight of a stone on the earth. The solar spectrum on a skreen, and the ray polarized by a crystal, represent properties of Light, which we have every reason to believe identical with those of the same element, as transmitted to us from stars the most remote in space. Here then we attain at once the proof of unity of power, of design, and even of instruments, in the creation of the universe. It is an argument as clear and cogent as any that we habitually employ in the ordinary transactions of life—the marvel being that we, the feeble and short-lived tenants of a mere satellite in this system of suns, should reach by any road to these high conclusions, which everywhere border on infinity.

The labours of astronomers have of late been sedulously and worthily directed to the formation of catalogues and maps of stars; in which their places are fixed with accuracy enough to permit the recognition of any new phenomena, either of proper motion, or the appearance of new stars, or the disappearance of old ones—all objects of great interest to the science. These Star-Maps have already fulfilled another important purpose in aiding the discovery of planetary bodies belonging to our own system. Of the numerous planetoids now discovered between Mars and Jupiter, the greater number may be considered as due to this method of assisting and correcting observation. We have a
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more illustrious example to the same effect in the circumstances of the discovery of Neptune ; which we believe to have been aided by a sheet of the Star-Maps of the Berlin Academy, published but a few days before Galle directed his telescope in search for the predicted planet. This great Prussian work, representing the stars to the 9th magnitude inclusive, and many of the 10th, in a cycle of 15° on each side of the equator, is now approaching its completion. Bessel, Harding, Argelander, and others have laboured in the same vast field ; and the zone to which Argelander has extended his observations has afforded him already a list of more than 100,000 stars. Our own countryman, Mr. F. Baily, devoted the latter years of his valuable life to the British Association Catalogue, founded on those of Lalande and Lacaille ; and the Royal Observatory at Greenwich has largely contributed to the same department of astronomy. It is impossible to appreciate too highly the scientific value of these labours. Had we possessed catalogues, equally complete, of the time of Hipparchus, numerous facts would probably have been known to us which it may now take centuries to disclose.

After describing the distribution of the stars and the Milky Way, the great trunk of our sidereal system, M. Humboldt proceeds to treat of the newly appearing and vanishing stars ; and of those which exhibit variations, periodical or otherwise, in brilliancy or colour of light. This again is a part of astronomy fertile for both reason and imagination to work in. It records great mutations in the remote worlds of the universe—the causes known to us by hypothesis only. The new star seen in the time of Hipparchus led him to begin his catalogue, and suggested to Pliny the question *Stellæ an obirent, nascerenturve?*—an inquiry still unresolved, and which probably may ever remain so. Appearance or disappearance do not needfully imply creation or extinction ; as light is the sole medium through which we have intimation of these events ; and we know, by the instances of the planets of our own system, that these celestial masses are not necessarily self-luminous, and may be rendered so by reflection only. But the suddenness of the event in certain of these instances shows undoubtedly some mighty acts of change, which we can contemplate only in their results. The fact, long noted, that a large proportion of the new stars observed have appeared in or near the Milky Way, has done more to excite than aid conjecture ; and we must not stop to relate the speculations which have been hazarded on the subject, as none of them have any higher sanction than that of possibility. They are, however, in some degree justified by the limited number of contingencies open, and by the eventual verification of other con-

jectures in astronomy, which seemed almost as far removed from human research.*

Though it may seem rash to associate an anomaly in our own planetary system with these changes in remote sidereal space, we cannot forbear noticing again the wonderful group of small planets between Mars and Jupiter—the sole instance in our system, with the exception of comets, where it seems probable that some sudden *catastrophe* has occurred, changing essentially the condition of a great body revolving round the sun. We venture to use this word of *catastrophe*, because we can hardly refuse belief to Olbers's conjecture of the disruption of a planet in this region,—seeing the great number of these small revolving bodies, all located in the same part of planetary space; their highly inclined, excentric, and intersecting orbits; and other peculiarities, which render them wholly anomalous in the system to which they belong.† Disruption implies the action of a given force, either from *without*, or from *within*, the mass disrupted. We have no knowledge of any external agent (for comets would seem out of the question) capable of effecting this mighty dismemberment. If we might risk a conjecture on a point thus obscure, it would involve the idea of disruption, and unequal projection of the fragments into space, from some force *within* the body, acting when its primitive consolidation was yet incomplete—such force as, on a smaller scale, we must presume to have been concerned in raising the lofty mountains and forming the enormous craters which characterise the surface of the moon. Or might we further suppose it possible that the vast neighbouring mass of Jupiter, already consolidated, aided the action of internal forces in bringing about the anomaly in question?‡ We pause here, however; not solely from the uncertain ground on which we are treading, but because this instance was brought forwards merely as a pos-

* We believe the latest new star observed to be that discovered by Mr. Hind, in April, 1848, at the Observatory in the Regent's Park—a place which this admirable observer has already rendered eminent in the annals of astronomy. When discovered the star was of the 5th magnitude, but progressively lost its lustre; in 1850 was only of the 11th magnitude, and has now, we believe, disappeared altogether. That extraordinary Chinese document, the Ma-tuan-lin, to which we alluded some time ago in an article on Aerolites, contains many valuable notices of these new or temporary stars.

† When the first volume of *Cosmos* was published only 4 of these planetoids were known. In his third volume Humboldt records 14. The number, as we stated in a recent article on the French Institute, was at that date augmented to 26; and another has just been added by Mr. Hind, making NINE as the number discovered by that astronomer since he began, in 1846, his systematic search for these singular bodies, in Mr. Bishop's observatory.

‡ The celebrated Kant, in his '*Natur-Geschichte des Himmels*,' adopts the idea that the smallness of Mars depends on the prodigious attraction of the mass of Jupiter, acting when the planets were in course of formation.

sible illustration of the greater changes in bodies far more remote from us.

Closely related to the new and vanishing stars are those of *variable brightness*; of which our author treats at considerable length, and with the advantage of a very valuable communication from Argelander on the stars of *periodical variation*.* With our limited space we can refer to a few only of the facts which have been accumulated on this curious subject. The phenomenon of variability is more frequent in red stars than in white ones; it exists apparently in stars of every magnitude. The total number of variable stars, with determinate periods now known, is about 24. The periods of variation differ as much as in the ratio of 1 to 250. The period of β Persei, about 69 hours, is the shortest—one of 495 days the longest yet ascertained. In some stars the periods of increasing and decreasing brightness are equal—in several the light increases more rapidly than it diminishes. In certain stars, as Algol, Mira Ceti, and β Lyræ, the periods themselves undergo a periodical variation; and the last-named star is remarkable from having a double maximum and minimum in each of its periods of 13 days. Among the variable stars are some very familiar to us, as the Polar Star and two or three of the Great Bear. One of the most splendid examples yet observed is that of η Argus in the southern hemisphere, as described by Sir J. Herschel in his *Observations at the Cape of Good Hope*. The peculiarity and grandeur of the changes in this extraordinary star—raising it, though at irregular intervals, from the fourth magnitude to the vivid brightness of Sirius or Canopus—are recorded by a pen well capable of such delineation.

The facts thus briefly cited are prolific of speculations of the same character as those applied to the new stars, and equally incapable of present solution. The general inference of rotation on an axis, or revolution about a centre, rendered probable from other sources of evidence, is very directly suggested to the mind, especially in the case of the stars of periodical variation. The phenomena themselves, though far more remarkable in variety and degree, are not wholly without analogy in the conditions of our own central luminary. The solar spots, as more accurately observed by modern astronomers, indicate changes in the state of the Sun—or of the photosphere or luminous envelope surrounding

* We learn with great satisfaction that Argelander is composing a treatise on this very interesting branch of astronomy. It cannot possibly be in better hands. As an instance of his zeal in research, we may mention that he has succeeded in tabulating above 100 observations on Algol, including a period of fifty-eight years, during which there must have occurred not fewer than 7600 periods of variation of this remarkable star, each marked by equal times of decreasing and increasing brightness, with a stationary interval of nearly three days between.

it—which visibly affect the amount of light emitted, and might alter more or less its brilliancy, if seen from remote distances as a star. But we cannot carry the argument beyond a bare suggestion, for we are hitherto equally ignorant of the cause of these changes in the sun; as well as of that singular phenomenon of periods of temporary darkness or obscuration, independent of solar eclipse, of which we have authentic notices from various ages and parts of the world. Upon this latter fact, however, we do not dwell in the way of analogy, as we think it much more probably due to atmospheric or meteorological causes than to any actual changes in the sun itself.

Seductive as are these speculations, we must hurry on to other topics not less so. The next in order, however—that of the Double and Multiple Stars—is fast passing from the region of speculation into that of exact science; and the great law of gravitation is becoming, to our knowledge, absolutely co-extensive with the existence of matter in motion, at whatsoever distance in space. That mere points of light—many of them only visible by the telescope—or, from their distance, seen as single, though really including two or more stars—should be made to yield the same conclusions as the planets and satellites of our own system, is a marvellous instance of human prowess, and scarcely credible to those who have not familiarized themselves with the methods, as well as results, of this high attainment. The researches on the double stars, begun by Mayer in 1778, and since prosecuted with such admirable zeal and success by the two Herschels, Struve, and other astronomers of our own day, furnish a present record of at least 6000 multiple stars; of which number about one-third were discovered by Sir J. Herschel in the southern hemisphere. Of these very many are doubtless only *optically* double—that is, nearly in the same line of visual direction, but at very different distances, and having no actual relation to each other. But about 700 have been shown to undergo such changes of relative position as to prove their physical connexion in revolution; and binary star-systems are now recognized, not merely by proximity and by these changes, but also in many cases by actual computation of the elements of the orbits described by one or other of the connected stars. This computation, showing in some instances remarkable excentricities of orbit and long periods of revolution, has now been extended to about sixteen double stars. One of these, ζ Herculis, has already twice completed its circuit of thirty years under observation, and presented the actual phenomenon of the occultation of one fixed star by another—an eclipse as absolute as any of those of which we keep record in our own system. The calculation of two particular periods of
revolution

revolution of double stars at more than 500 or 600 years respectively, may give some idea of the scale by which are measured these remote movements in space; and we cannot better illustrate the grandeur and completeness of the research than by stating that Bessel, having determined the distance of 61 Cygni, a double star, was able, from this and from the orbital motions already ascertained, to deduce the mass and weight of the two stars thus connected by mutual attraction.

We can but advert, in passing, to the curious observations of Struve and Arago on the contrasted and complementary colours of many of the double stars, and must follow our author hastily through the further questions of the distance of the fixed stars—of the proper motion of our own sun and other stars in space—and of the existence of a common centre of gravity and revolution for the whole sidereal system, to which our Solar system belongs. To some of these topics we have already had occasion to allude in the way of illustration. The determination of the distance of certain of the fixed stars is one of the achievements of late years; fulfilling a desire of much longer date, which had been rendered unavailing by imperfection of instruments, the difficulty of separating the parallactic and proper motions of stars, and other causes. Abstractedly, the problem of finding the parallax is a simple trigonometrical one; and astronomers had already provided the measure of the diameter of the earth's orbit as a base for the operation. Yet even this vast base, of nearly 200 millions of miles, failed to render any assured angle of parallax to the earlier instruments employed in the attempt. And it was not until Munich had furnished its admirable refractors, and micrometers been added to them capable of designating the 60,000th part of an inch, that the great result was unequivocally obtained. After three years of patient observations, begun in 1837, Bessel announced the discovery of the parallax of 61 Cygni, and the wonderful conclusion as to distance founded upon it, to which we have before referred. The certainty of the fact was fully attested by the exact correspondence of the annual changes in the place of the star, the parallactic variation increasing and diminishing precisely as ought to happen in relation to the annual motion of the earth in its orbit. The variation thus certain in proof was so small in itself as to be measured by an angle of scarcely more than one-third of a second—a striking example of what is very common in astronomy, the attainment of results sublime in their magnitude by methods of the most exquisite minuteness and refinement. Even in this very minuteness of means there is something of grandeur, seeing what are the objects attained. He must be a man of obtuse mind who can regard
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with indifference the slender lines of spider-web intersecting the field of the telescope, to mark the exact moment when the star passes its axis—or listen without emotion, in the otherwise silent Observatory, to the measured beats of the clock, which records with unerring assurance these moments of transit.*

Other astronomers were at work at the same time, and with the same object as Bessel; and the labours of the last fifteen years, combined and compared with those of Struve, of an earlier date, have given the parallax and distance of upwards of 30 stars—not with equal certainty in every case, but continually approximating to it. Henderson and Maclear obtained a parallax of nearly one second for α Centauri, the finest double star of the southern hemisphere, thus placing it three times nearer to us than 61 Cygni; while α Lyrae, another bright star, yielded to Struve a parallax of little more than a quarter of a second, indicating thereby a distance of 771,400 times that of the earth from the sun, and a time of twelve years for the transmission of light to us. The most diligent and successful observer in this part of astronomy, M. Peters, has carried the determination of parallax in some cases even to the tenth of a second—thus indicating distances which we may well hesitate to translate into numbers either for space or time.† Such research is likely to be carried yet further, but the main results are probably now ascertained. We may name as one of these results, the proof of the great difference in the magnitude of stars, derived from the want of any proportion between their degree of brightness and their parallax. This difference might have been supposed probable, but it is thus rendered almost certain.

The actual magnitude, however, of any of the stars is a problem hitherto insuperable; and probably destined ever to remain so, seeing that the best telescopes do not give to them any real disk or angular diameter. The only approach to a solution is through comparative photometrical observations on the light of our own Sun, and certain conspicuous stars—a method open to various sources of error in its progress, and rendered doubtful in its results by our ignorance of the relative intensity of light emitted from these different bodies. The intrinsic brightness of

* We may mention here that Mr. Bond, by a happy adaptation of one science to another, has applied an electrical apparatus of admirable construction to the still more instantaneous and perfect registration of astronomical events.

† M. Peters's observations are recorded in Struve's '*Etudes d'Astronomie Stellaire*'—a work remarkable among all others of our time for its profound views in this department of the science. Had we room for it, we might give, what we do not find in Baron Humboldt's volume, an account of the refined method of investigation by which M. Struve obtains, first, the *relative mean distance* of the stars classed under different magnitudes; and then, by reference to the distances actually determined, the *absolute mean distance* of each of these classes of stars.

α Centauri has been estimated at $2\frac{1}{2}$ times, that of Sirius even at 63 times the light of the Sun; yet are we not entitled to draw thence any direct conclusion as to the comparative magnitude of these great globes. The only safe inference attainable is that stated above, of great diversity of size among them, corresponding in this respect to the conditions of our own planetary system. We do not find in the volume before us any explicit notice of this question; though much that is valuable in the account of the various photometrical researches recently applied to the stars.

The discovery of the translation of our own Solar system in space, and of the absolute motions of the fixed stars (as they have been termed), is another of the achievements of modern astronomy. We have hitherto, indeed, no proof that any body in the universe is *stationary* in the strict sense of the term; and all present evidence tends to establish the universality of motion, wherever there is matter in state of aggregation. We have elsewhere, for the purpose of illustration, spoken of that great and continuous movement of our own Sun (fully proved by observations in both hemispheres), which is carrying it in the direction of a point in the constellation Hercules, at the rate of more than 140 millions of miles every year. The absolute motions ascertained of many other stars—independently of the orbital revolutions of the double stars, and with deduction of all that belongs to the procession of the equinoxes, the nutation of the earth's axis, the aberration of light, and parallax—attests a great fact in the economy of creation, which one can scarcely regard without a certain feeling of awe, associated as it is with evidence, thus wonderful, of the number, magnitude, and distance of these surrounding worlds. The amount of annual motion now measured in different stars varies from 1-20th of a second to nearly 8 seconds, and without any relation between this amount and the brightness of the star. In the 2000 years elapsed since the time of Hipparchus, the proper motion of Arcturus must have altered the position of this star in the heavens $2\frac{1}{2}$ diameters of the Moon; while one of the stars in the Swan must have moved over a space of 6 diameters in the same period. In this part of astronomy especially, time cannot fail to confirm and extend the facts ascertained, and to enlarge the conclusions derived from them.

While treating all these topics with his wonted ability and care, we think that Humboldt somewhat too hastily passes over the question of a common centre of gravity and revolution of the sidereal system; seeing those vast labours of Mädler in the Observatory of Dorpat, which, even if not admitted to substantiate his opinion, do yet form one of the eras in sidereal astronomy, and a basis for all future inquiry. We cannot but admire the skilful approximations

approximations by which he narrowed the field of research for this great centre: limiting it first to the constellation Taurus; and finally, by testing the proper motions of each star in this region, locating it in the group of the Pleiades and in the star Alcyone, the centre of this group. Of the fourteen stars which the telescope shows to be clustered round Alcyone, all have their proper motions in the same direction and nearly of the same amount; and extending this remark to upwards of one hundred stars within 15° of this centre, Mädler found that all which had any certain proper motion moved in such exact conformity with his hypothesis, that he declared he would abandon it if one star could be found within 25° of the presumed centre, with a well-ascertained motion in an opposite direction. If we might allow anything of romance to blend itself with pure astronomy, this theory, which places amidst the Pleiades the centre of gravity of the universe of stars composing our system, might well lay hold on the imagination. It awakens the memory of the many passages of poetry of every age by which this beautiful group has been in some sort endeared to us. It recalls to mind the classic story of the lost Pleiad. In the aspect, too, of these stars there is much to engage the fancy. They are seen, in the midst of an almost starless space, a close and brilliant clustre—inviting the eye to number them, yet by their compression making it barely possible to do so. Nearly a century ago an old English astronomer, Mitchell, computed the chances as more than half a million to one, that the stars of the Pleiades could not have been thus arranged *by accident*; and the computation has been sanctioned by later authority. They are a system in themselves, and in their concentration and conceivable magnitude may possibly form a powerful centre of attraction to worlds around them.

While saying thus much of Mädler's theory, from the slight notice of it in the *Cosmos*, we are bound to add that a serious objection exists in the fact that the Pleiades lie 26° out of the plane of the Milky Way, and that it is scarcely possible dynamically to suppose any general movement of rotation out of the plane of this great stratum of our stellar system. To settle the arduous question, whether a rotation of the Galaxy in its own plane exists or not, Sir J. Herschel proposes the assiduous observation in right ascension and polar distance of a certain number of stars in the Milky Way, judiciously selected in both hemispheres, and including all magnitudes down to the lowest distinctly observable; and he asserts his belief that a strict perseverance in such research for thirty or forty years could not fail to settle the question. It is an object worthy of the labour thus suggested.*

* *Outlines of Astronomy*, p. 589.

The Chapter on the Nebulæ has all the interest which belongs to a masterly outline of the most wonderful department of human research. All the numerical measures of space and time, with which we have hitherto been dealing, dwindle into nothing when compared with those which the nebulæ place before us. Instead of numbering the stars of a system, we are here numbering *separate systems of stars*. The nebulæ, whose places in the heavens have been exactly determined, now surpass 3600; exceedingly various in outline, superficial extent, and intensity of light, but from their distance rendering it uncertain what are their true relations in these respects. This distance is one strictly immeasurable. The calculated distances of certain of the fixed stars, of which we have already spoken, enormous though these are, scarcely furnish a unit for the comparison. Approximations, indeed, have been made, but by methods which it would require more space than we can give to render intelligible. Without expatiating then on this point, of which neither language nor figures can convey any true conception, we may state generally that the observation of the nebulæ is every year affording facts and problems of higher interest. Here are separate systems of worlds, numerous as above described, and each comprising probably as many as our own vast system of suns. We have the common element of light, through which alone indeed we know of their existence. Observation has disclosed to us the most singular varieties—not merely in the visible extent of these nebulæ, which simple difference of distance might produce—but also in their configuration, and manner of condensation around centres; implying forces of attraction which, in default of knowledge from observation, we may reasonably from analogy suppose to be the same as those governing our own planetary system. Other direct means of knowledge regarding them we do not yet possess. But *time* (if it be still sufficiently allotted to the generations of man on the earth) and continuous observation by instruments of *large and well-defined power*, may give us somewhat nearer access to the physical history of these remote parts of the Universe. Every record of change here is a fact gained to science.

We have spoken of telescopes of large power, because such are essential to nebular astronomy. The great Reflector, for which Science is so deeply indebted to Lord Rosse, has, by its assiduous direction to the nebulæ, afforded three results, each showing the value of the vast telescopic power thus obtained. The first of these is the more correct knowledge of the true form and aspects of these wonderful aggregations of stars; a result well attested by the remarkable differences of certain nebulæ as seen through the telescope of six feet aperture, or through one of
three

three feet only. The second discovery due to this high power is the extraordinary tendency to a *spiral arrangement* in these nebular systems; so frequent and so distinctly developed, that it is impossible to attribute it to accident alone. When the volume of the 'Cosmos' before us was published, only one or two instances of this phenomenon were recognised. They have since been multiplied in the same ratio with the multiplicity and minuteness of observation; and the results make it needful to suppose a common physical cause for this remarkable effect. The exact and beautiful drawings of these spiral nebulae, which we owe to Lord Rosse's observatory, scarcely leave a doubt that some general law of aggregation and distribution has more or less governed them all. We are compelled, however, to rest here; for neither reason nor analogy gives us any knowledge of forces capable of fulfilling these physical conditions. If the attraction of gravitation be still the main element of power, as we have ventured to suppose, it must act under circumstances or in connexion with other forces, which control or otherwise modify its effects. But in pausing of necessity at this point, how sublime is the resting-place attained, and how far above the objects and contemplations which beset us in the ordinary course of human life!

The third great result derived from Lord Rosse's telescope, viz. the resolution into stars of many nebulae, before unresolved, bears closely on the question, so much agitated of late, as to the existence of a self-luminous nebular matter, diffused in different parts of space, and forming the material out of which worlds are aggregated, and systems of stars brought into being. This theory, sanctioned by eminent names, and plausible at least in its application to our own planetary system, found support in the aspect of such unresolved nebulous lights in the remote heavens. The simple fact that progressive increase of telescopic power has in the same ratio disclosed to us these luminous masses as clusters of innumerable stars, must be considered a cogent, though not decisive, argument against it; the nebulae still not analyzed presenting the same aspect as those which have been recently thus resolved; and awaiting, perchance, only a higher power given to the eye, to afford the same results. Furthermore, it may reasonably be doubted whether mere nebulous matter, yet uncondensed into stars, could, from distances like these, radiate light apparently equal in intensity to that of nebulae seen to be composed of stars throughout. The whole question, by the very terms of it, will be felt as one incapable at present of any complete solution. But the negative upon the modern nebular theory has been strengthened; and those bold speculations placed in abeyance, which

which dealt with the consolidation of worlds as if it were matter of familiar observation, and wholly within the compass and calculation of ordinary science. We acknowledge ourselves of the number of those who think this to be a salutary check, and in accordance with the true interests and most legitimate course of physical inquiry.

Our author discusses these subjects with his wonted ability; and also the collateral questions as to the existence of non-luminous bodies in space; and the possible, or probable, loss of light in a certain ratio to the length of line it traverses through the heavens, as inferred by Struve from some of his recent researches.* These loftier, but less certain, speculations of the *Stellar Astronomy* are followed by a series of chapters on our own Solar system; including the Sun, the planets and their satellites, comets, the ring of zodiacal light, and meteoric asteroids. This part of Humboldt's work is admirably executed; lucid in arrangement, ample in details, and suggestive throughout of those great relations and inductions which form the true philosophy of every science. The deficiencies are such as belong chiefly to the date of publication, recent though this is. The number of the small planets recognized between Mars and Jupiter has been nearly doubled since Humboldt's record of them. A third or inner ring of Saturn has lately been discovered; while the conjoint researches of Struve and Bond (the latter an astronomer of whom America may justly be proud) give reason to believe that the whole annular system of Saturn has, since the time of Huyghens, been approaching nearer to the body of the planet, and cannot, therefore, be considered in the state of stable equilibrium which Laplace supposed. The two new satellites of Uranus, discovered by Lassell in October, 1851, were unknown when this volume of the *Cosmos* was printed, but are noticed in an appendix to it. In the chapter on comets there is a full account of the extraordinary phenomenon witnessed in January, 1846,—the separation, or splitting, of Biela's comet into two distinct bodies, assuming different lines of movement; and Humboldt expresses the anxiety common to all astronomers, for the evidence derivable from the next return of these twin comets within our sphere of observation. The return took place, as calculated, in the autumn of 1852—the two nuclei were re-discovered, one of them three weeks after the other—much further separated in space, and affording a strong presumption that these two bodies are detached from one another for ever. The phenomenon, as regards our knowledge, is unique and not reducible to any ascertained law; though, perhaps, not

* *Etudes d'Astronomie Stellaire*, 1847.

wholly without relation to some of the aspects and changes noted in certain other comets of our own time.

We scarcely know whether to be satisfied, or not, with our author's account of Mr. Adams's participation in the discovery of the planet Neptune. The passages alluding to it, both in the text and notes, have obviously been carefully studied in the phrases employed; yet will be felt by many as hardly an adequate explanation of the peculiar circumstances. We quote the text as being the portion which comes more directly before the reader of these volumes.

'I think it right to forbear in this work from more than an allusion to the certainly earlier, but unpublished labours—not, therefore, crowned by recognized success—of the highly distinguished and acute English geometrician, Adams, of St. John's College, Cambridge. The historical facts relating to these labours, and to Leverrier's and Galle's happy discovery of the new planet, are related circumstantially, impartially, and from well assured sources of authority, in two Memoirs, by the Astronomer Royal, Airy, and by Bernhard von Lindenau. Intellectual labours, directed almost at the same time to the same great object, offer, besides the spectacle of a competition honourable to both competitors, an interest the more vivid because the selection of the processes employed testifies the brilliant state of the higher mathematical knowledge at the present epoch.'

We ourselves admit fully the difficulty of the case; but we are very solicitous that Mr. Adams's merits in the discovery should not, from any accidents as to time or public communication, be underrated either by the present generation or by posterity; recollecting especially the circumstance, unnoticed by Baron Humboldt, that the planet was *first* seen (though not at the time recognized as such) through a telescope directed by Mr. Adams's suggestion to that point in the heavens, which his calculations indicated as the place of the disturbing body.*

We do not find in Humboldt's account of this wonderful discovery any notice of the singular differences between the assumed elements of the orbit of Neptune, on which Leverrier and Adams founded their successful calculations as to its place; and the actual elements as derived from present observation, and from

* Without wishing to raise any question of relative merits, M. Leverrier's high reputation will admit of our stating, that the value which Mr. Adams affixed to the limits of the inferior axis of the presumed planet was considerably nearer the reality than that assigned by his competitor in this remarkable discovery.

We are happy to find that Mr. Adams is still directing his great mathematical powers to the advancement of Astronomy. In sequel to the correction of an error in Burckhardt's value of the Moon's parallax, he has given a paper to the Royal Society, affording a closer approximation than that of Laplace to the secular variations in the Moon's mean motion. The mere notice of these papers will show the extraordinary refinements now attained in all the methods of astronomical research.

comparison with its former position, when, seen, *without recognition of its planetary character*, by Lalande fifty-eight years ago. The detection of these discordances is mainly due to the American astronomers, Walker and Pierce; and they have led the latter to affirm that the planet Neptune cannot really be that indicated by the calculations of Leverrier and Adams!—a conclusion much too strange and startling to admit of easy acquiescence. Sir J. Herschel, in his ‘*Outlines of Astronomy*,’ has fully and happily elucidated the difficulty, and explained the error of this conclusion, by showing that the exact accuracy of the assumed or predicted elements was by no means necessary to the successful calculation of the place of the planet. Some points still remain open for solution; but they are such as future observations cannot fail to determine; and meanwhile all that is most essential in the question may be regarded as finally settled. The whole history of this discovery forms, beyond doubt, the most remarkable passage in the records of astronomy.

In closing this article, which we have sought to render a just and impartial review of the volumes before us, we may add that there is reason to expect the publication of the last volume of the ‘*Cosmos*’ in the course of the next few months. The specialty, as well as importance, of the subjects it will probably include, may well justify a separate notice at some future time. Meanwhile, we would express our hope that it may be presented to the English reader under the same auspices as the volumes already published; where all that is more purely scientific bears evidences of that clearness and accuracy which Colonel Sabine’s superintendence was sure to afford; while the translator has done ample justice to the peculiar and striking phraseology of the original. We would fain hope too that the translation may have the same advantage, of being submitted to the revision of the Chevalier Bunsen; whose affection for the venerable Humboldt renders it a labour of love, and whose knowledge of our language and literature has already been so eminently attested to the world.

- ART. III.—1. *Journal of a Cruise among the Islands of the Western Pacific.* By John Elphinstone Erskine, Capt. R.N. London. 1853.
2. *Four Years in the Pacific.* By Lieut. the Hon. Frederick Walpole, R.N. 2 vols. London. 1849.
3. *Adventures in the Pacific.* By John Coulter, M.D. Dublin. 1845.
4. *Friendly and Féejee Islands: a Missionary Visit to various Stations in the South Seas.* By the Rev. Walter Lawry. London. 1850.
5. *Second Missionary Visit.* By the same. London. 1851.
6. *Pitcairn's Island and the Islanders in 1850.* By Walter Brodie. London. 1851.
7. *Pitcairn: the Islands, the People, and the Pastor.* By the Rev. Thomas Boyles Murray, M.A., Secretary of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. London. 1853.

TWENTY-THREE years ago we called attention to the vast changes which the exertions of our missionaries were working in the archipelagos of the Pacific.* Since that time, the scene of action has become greatly enlarged; strange revolutions have occurred in the fortunes of the communities within the influence of Christian enlightenment; many marvellous successes have been achieved, and much painful defeat sustained. As far as mere statistics could make out a case of progress, there is ample evidence before us to satisfy the sanguine and astonish the sceptic. It was an old topic of personal argument on the Romish side in religious controversy, to contrast their vast though somewhat legendary Eastern and Western conquests, and their armies of confessors and martyrs, with the scanty results effected by the much-vaunted emissaries of wealthy Protestantism. If the comparison was ever unfavourable to us, it has ceased to be so for some generations. Our achievements in the Pacific will stand any test of figures—if such tests were so valuable as partisans in their zeal would seem to make them—against aught that Rome has to show of real progress in the East, even with the addition of what is now but matter of history—the successes of the Jesuits in South America. And the lives of many of our champions of the truth in Polynesia, from the voyage of the good ship *Duff* in 1797 to this day, would adorn a hagiology as well as anything that is honestly recorded of the successors of Xavier. But far better would it be for all to cease from such vain contests and to acknowledge the truth, that no party

* Quarterly Review, vol. xliii. p. 1-54.

has cause to exult in its missionary victories; that for reasons which have never been well studied or explained—though far be it from us to set them down as mere inexplicable mysteries of Providence—there has not been that measure of success accorded to the ‘foolishness of preaching’ among the heathen in these later times which attended it in the earlier ages of the Church. In many quarters, zeal, self-devotion, and martyrdom seem to have been expended for generations with little or no apparent result; in others, when the result has been great or sudden, it has shown but little sign of permanence. The tree, planted by modern missionary hands, though often fair and flourishing, has borne, and still bears, the character of a precarious exotic; multitudes, and even whole nations, have become Christians, and yet appear as if their Christianity could not live on without constant supplies of foreign teaching.

All this must be taken with much allowance; the exceptions, happily, are numerous; yet, upon the whole, it is vain to deny that many travellers chronicle with a kind of disappointment their observations on the present state of the most advanced regions of Polynesia. Something of this may be owing to over-wrought expectations and unreasonable fastidiousness, much to the mere lack of excitement, produced by contrasting the homely reality of the present day with the poetical narratives of the earlier periods; for the romance of the first conversions, at least in the well-known and classical groups of the archipelago, is past; the idols of old adoration are nearly gone; and their power, perhaps, was never so great over the imaginations of their excitable but fickle worshippers as among Pagans of more stubborn stuff. In some localities the ancient delusion appears to subsist solely as a bond of political union among the decaying heathen party, which still contests the last ground rather in obstinacy than belief; in others, it is cherished by a few aged survivors of past times; elsewhere, it haunts but as a pale and feeble spectre the secluded windward beach, or mountain lake, or volcanic crater. There are districts where its very memory seems to have perished, and the old tales of gods and monsters are preserved, we are told, only by the missionaries, who recount them to their pupils as amusing legends. The missionary crew of the *Duff*, the evangelizers of the Pacific, are dead and gone, their bones scattered over the countless islands of the great deep; and they have been followed by the first iconoclastic generation of their converts, zealous, pure, and self-devoted, many of them, doubtless, to be their teachers’ crown of rejoicing. The present race (in the islands of which we speak) are born Christians, and are for the most part an educated and a civilized people, as far as mere outward teaching

and demeanour can make them so. But with all this continued progress, though often such as seemingly to justify comparison between these islanders and ordinary European populations, there are many observers who come away with the conviction that much is wanting to place them really on or near a level—that the new Christians are deficient in the internal springs of action which belong to older communities, even though excelling them in many qualities of their profession; that they are yet in leading-strings, and must needs remain so until a generation of more solidity of will arises under missionary teaching.

We will not here pronounce on the amount of truth which there may be in these views, but rather refer our readers to the facts themselves, as we shall have more fully to detail them. There is in the mean time one circumstance in reading many of the narratives now before us which produces a very painful impression: it is the extreme unfairness which has been too commonly brought to bear against the missionaries and their proceedings, even by reporters whose substantial good intentions we have no right to controvert. Surely their work was one which, whatever exception we may take against particular views or instruments, ought to have excited the sympathies, not merely of those who belong to the 'religious party,' as it is commonly called, but of all who do not take a perverse pleasure in contemplating human degradation as a kind of moral necessity. The object of these devoted men was to redeem the nations from no mere speculative misbelief, but from superstitions the most sanguinary and licentious. Even those who were careless as to the great truths which the Polynesians had to learn must feel upon reflection that merely to unteach the brutal and defiling lesson of ages of darkness was to confer a priceless blessing. Every prejudice should surely be in favour of the men who have by general confession accomplished the first and apparently most laborious part of their task; instead of which a large class of writers find a species of satisfaction in thinking nothing but evil. Have the missionaries succeeded in enforcing severe laws against moral laxity? It is a proof of their tyranny and success in making hypocrites, whose 'morals,' as Captain Beechey phrases it of the Tahitians, 'have undergone as little change as their costume:' 'Un peuple sale, triste, paresseux, et dissimulé, qui ne danse plus, qui ne rit plus,' as M. Dupetit Thouars describes them, with a truly Gallic appreciation of 'what constitutes a state.' Have the missionaries failed? It proves that their religious teaching is a delusion or a pretence. Is it a mixed case in which the Christianised savages retain a leaven of the habits of Pagan times as partially in the Navigators' Islands and

and Marquesas? Then their conversion is a sham. Have the missionaries laboriously kept European traders and sailors from too close contact with their neophytes? They are guilty, like the ancient Christians, of 'hatred of the human race.' Have they relaxed these precautions, and has European contact brought its attendant disease and depravation? Depopulation and physical degeneracy are laid at the missionary's door. It is useless to criticise these and numerous other contradictory allegations, for all of which we could give chapter and verse, from the pages of honest but sorely prejudiced observers; but it may be said once for all, that the source of half the accusations against the missionaries may be traced to the grudge of men whose interest or passions have been thwarted by their success; and the currency of these accusations to their repetition by superficial observers, often imbued with prejudices against 'Methodism,' and proud of a supposed acuteness in pointing out failures under an outward appearance of success.

It is, however, with much satisfaction that we observe a marked alteration of tone in the better class of recent travellers, and especially those naval officers from whom we derive so much of our best information. The 'Narrative' of Captain Wilkes, for example, is singularly unprejudiced and modest in all that concerns the missionaries. The latest observer of all, Captain Erskine, in the very sensible and perspicuous work we have placed at the head of this article, may pass with many as almost too favourable to them; but how advantageously does his tone contrast with that of his predecessors at the head of British and foreign expeditions some thirty years ago! This change is mainly owing, doubtless, to some little progress which we have made since then in religious liberality; at the same time, we cannot but notice in passing, that it is oddly contemporaneous with the recent hostile proceedings of the French towards English and American missionaries.

*Happy would it have been, however, for the missionaries and the islanders if the misrepresentations of their enemies, and misunderstandings of friends, had been the worst evils they had to suffer at the hands of Europeans. But it is only too true that whatever shortcomings their labour may have exhibited are owing much less to errors of their own than to the constant interference and evil example of their Christian countrymen. Their history is full of instances where the struggle of years has been rendered to all appearance vain in a few weeks by the intrusion of some riotous fleet of whalers, or by the arbitrary interposition of some foreign 'Consul,' with his list of grievances and demands. It seems scarcely credible that in 1826 Lieut. Percival, of the

United States schooner *Dolphin*, demanded of the missionary Bingham, at Honolulu, the abolition of the existing law against the custom of the native women visiting trading vessels on their arrival, to traffic in their own degradation. His men raised a riot, in which Mr. Bingham was nearly killed.

‘In the evening,’ says Jarvis in his ‘History of the Sandwich Islands,’ Percival waited upon the chief, and declared his determination not to leave the island until the prohibition was repealed. Awed by his threats, and wearied by importunity, some of them gave a tacit consent. Numbers of women immediately went on board, and when the first boat-load pushed off a shout of triumph rang through the shipping. The delinquent chiefs were severely reprimanded by Kalar-moku (the regent). But the authority of the government had been overthrown by the national vessel of a powerful nation, and it was long before it could be re-established. Lieut. Percival expressed his gratification at the result, and his further determination to compel the rescission of the edict at the Windward Islands, where it still remained in force. His vessel remained at Honolulu ten weeks, in the full enjoyment of the immorality for which he had so successfully interfered. So odious was the example, that his vessel has ever since borne the *sobriquet* of “the mischief-making man-of-war.” —p. 242.

Nor let us flatter ourselves that the representatives of British power in those seas have less to answer for. We could cite too many instances to the contrary. It is with shame that we see enumerated among the measures of the ‘British Commission for the government of the Sandwich Islands’ in 1843 (during Lord G. Paulet’s ill-advised and disavowed occupation) ‘the licensing of a limited number of houses for the sale of spirits at the annual rent of 150 dollars,’ under the trivial pretext of putting down smuggling,—thus abolishing a prohibition which had been maintained for years by the Christian chiefs, and making it an act of the English power to supply the people with that which experience had proved to be the poison of their bodies, and the ruin of their religious training. Yet this point had been actually urged for years by a so-called British consul, and was accomplished by the fear of British cannon! Of the still more high-handed proceedings of the French in these seas, it may at least be said, that they were carried through with no hypocritical pretence of regard for the missionaries and their work. While the priests whom they conveyed came to declare war against pagans and heretics alike, the officers seem mostly to have been of opinion that what the interesting savages really required was a truce from their psalm-singing and praying;—

‘that this mild and amiable people (to use the language attributed to many Europeans by Captain Wilkes) had no need of instruction in divine revelation: that they would have been much happier if they had been

been left to follow their own inclination: and that they have been rendered miserable by being taught their responsibility as accountable beings.'

None who are familiar with the details of their history will wonder at the irritable fear with which the missionaries regarded such interruptions. The Jesuits of Spanish America were so much on their guard against the interference of private adventurers and well-meaning governments, that they carried out their great experiments in the untrodden forests, and kept intruders at a distance by a cordon of scouts and sentinels. The teachers of Polynesia, dwelling close to the highway of nations, had no such resources. They could only view, with impotent fear, the flags congregating in their harbours—the traders loaded with contraband goods and profligate visitors—the vessels of war arriving at the invitation of busy consuls, big with appeals to the law of nations—or, worst of all, conveying priests of another religion, and landing them in defiance of the 'persecuting enactments' of the authorities. For our own parts, we are firmly persuaded that interferences of this kind, even in political matters, were wholly unjustifiable, unless on stronger ground than has been urged for them in almost any instance with which we are acquainted. It is not that we have any special admiration for many particulars of the theocratic law, as at present administered with more or less success over a great extent of the Pacific. But the whole is a system consistent with itself, profoundly reasoned out on certain principles applicable to the treatment of unreclaimed human nature, and is at present, perhaps, the only plan by which the orderly and Christian polity now created can be maintained. He who interferes with what he may consider objectionable portions, breaks down the authority by which the whole is maintained, and we could wish that every such rash and inexperienced innovator were compelled to propound his amendments, as among the Locrians of old, with a rope round his neck.

It is, however, thought by many, that the missionary government must rapidly pass away; that the islands of the Pacific must shortly be filled with a motley European population, either governing, or extirpating, or producing a mixed race by amalgamation with the declining natives. For the present, there is exaggeration in the ordinary notions on the subject. Except at Woahoo and Tahiti, there is nothing in Polynesia (omitting New Zealand) resembling a colonization from abroad. There are indeed scattered wanderers from Europe and the States to be found on the shores of frequented and unfrequented islands, but they are men only; a white woman, except the wives and daughters of the few missionaries, is never seen. These male stragglers

stragglers intermarry with natives, and their children are undistinguishable from the indigenous inhabitants, except by a slight shade of colour. As yet, therefore, we must regard the white occupation of Polynesia as a consummation with which the future may be pregnant, but which need not enter for much into our speculations on the immediate destinies and progress of the little communities with which we have now to deal.

It is necessary, in order to form any clear conception out of the confused mass of ideas which, we suspect, the name of Polynesia suggests to most minds, to remember the distinction between the several races inhabiting these seas. The meridian 180° from Greenwich forms a kind of approximate division between the two races which have been respectively called Polynesian (proper) and Melanesian. All the groups inhabited by the former, except New Zealand, lie to the east of this line: all to the westward are peopled by Melanesians; until, in New Guinea and Australia, this lowest type of mankind appears to degenerate into the inferior family somewhat loosely denominated the 'Arafooras.' The great group of the Fijis, lying close to the 180th meridian, and in the very centre of the tropical group of archipelagos, is peopled by a tribe whose character is as yet somewhat problematical, and seems to partake of the character of both families.

The Polynesians proper, or Malayo-Polynesians, occupy all the groups of which the names have become so familiar to the lover of adventure, from the narratives of Cook, Vancouver, and their successors, and to the religious public as the scenes of missionary success. These noble islanders, who—at least, in their hereditary and numerous aristocracy—furnish the finest physical type of man, exhibit over a space of some 50 degrees of latitude and longitude (besides insulated New Zealand) a singular uniformity of habits, religion, polity, and national character, and have shown an equally remarkable resemblance in the rapidity with which they have received the truths of Christianity, the comparative ease with which they have thrown aside the usages of their former life, and (we fear we must add) the manner in which their progress seems hitherto to have been arrested at a certain point of development. Whether the New Zealanders—a people alleged to possess more stamina of mental constitution than their tropical kinsfolks—will exhibit an exception in this respect, is a question on which we must content ourselves at present with some favourable auguries: it cannot be said to be solved.

The SANDWICH ISLANDS, with which we commence, owe their Christianity to American missionaries. The first instalments of European

European civilisation were due, however, to Vancouver, who paid them more than one protracted visit, and who, of all the British officers who have been engaged in similar expeditions in these seas, deserved perhaps the highest character for humanity and policy. Kamehameha, 'the lonely one,' the then reigning sovereign at Hawaii (Owhyhee of Cook), and conqueror of the rest of the group, was in like manner the most remarkable among the many able chiefs who have figured in Polynesia since European intercourse began. He was great in all those points in which the epoch of transition to which he belonged required greatness; eminent as a statesman and a warrior; a quick observer of the novelties in which European supremacy lay, insomuch that 'nothing in intellectual or physical nature that arrested his attention proved beyond his grasp;' and a great performer withal in those physical feats which his subjects placed on a par with the highest mental gifts. At the festival of the New Year—a kind of saturnalia almost all over the world—he used to exhibit his dexterity in catching spears hurled at him in good earnest by the strongest of his warriors. In his later years he was advised to abolish a custom so dangerous to his person; but he answered 'that he was as able to catch a spear as any man to throw it.' He occupies in the history of his race the position of some of our later kings of the middle ages—connected on one side with the days of the strong hand, on the other with those of the politic head. He encouraged European advances, and the spread of Christianity, but never himself embraced it, regarding it apparently as an useful engine of policy. He died, says Captain Jurien, the 8th May, 1819, in his palace of Hawaii, consisting of six huts of straw. He was succeeded by his son Rio Rio (or 'Liho Liho,' according to the now fashionable spelling), otherwise Kamehameha II., whose power was miserably cramped by the claims of co-ordinate authority which many of the late King's relations, both male and female, possessed under the mysterious feudal system of the islanders. The principal of these was Kaahumanu, the dowager Queen—'the new and good Kaahumanu,' as she was affectionately termed after her reception into Christianity—the great protector of the American teachers sent by the 'Boston Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions,' who had by this time established themselves. Their historian calls her the rightful political guardian of the kingdom; the opposite, or consular, party style her an usurping old woman. At all events, her firm friendship with Mr. Bingham was the main cement of the Christian party in the troubled times which followed, and carried the cause triumphantly forward to its present supremacy. Poor Rio Rio himself, the 'fast' King of the Sandwich Islands, played

played but a secondary part in these transactions. He approved of Christianity indeed, but chiefly as conducive to what a native Sandwicher has termed 'the tide of free eating, which deluged the land;' as getting rid of all the vexatious taboos which prohibited particular aliments to this or that sex, or to both in common, or at particular seasons; and enabling him to enjoy his fish and 'poi' with his wives in a social way, without the constant dread of offended priests and divinities. Beyond this his conversion did not proceed. All he could be brought to do was to promise Mr. Bingham that, 'after pursuing his present course for five years, he would become a good man.' It was apparently to escape from the importunities of his spiritual instructors that he departed in 1825, with his favourite Queen and suite, to visit his brother, King George IV., in London. Many of us may yet remember the amusement produced by their dingy Majesties, and the crowds which used to watch their movements in the parks and theatres. Both King and Queen died in London of the measles;* the chief of their suite, Boki (brother of the 'prime minister' Kalaimoku, otherwise called Billy Pitt), with the survivors of the party, was conveyed with much honour back to Hawaii by Lord Byron, in the 'Blonde.' Boki, unfortunately, was little worthy of the attention he received, especially from his fellow minister, Mr. Canning. He was a restless intriguer, but of small capacity; early in life he had 'taken a turn' with the Roman Catholics, having been christened on board Captain Freycinet's frigate, but 'apparently with little knowledge of what was going on;' he had then adopted the orthodox or Bostonian religion; on his return from England he headed the British party (which we are sorry to say was the heathen one) in the minority of Kamehameha III., the younger brother of Rio Rio. But the cause had advanced too far for serious opposition. It was in 1825 that idolatry received the final blow which proved its destruction. The awful lake of boiling lava which is some three miles in circumference, and four hundred feet deep, is to every explorer of Hawaii a spectacle of terrific sublimity; to the natives it was an object of superstitious dread. At long intervals of many years the molten mass overflowed its banks. 'The track of the last fiery flood,' says Lieutenant Walpole, 'is now a vast plain of solid lava extending to the sea, in many parts three miles in breadth. It levelled forests, melted rocks, cleared all in its progress, and, pouring into the ocean, heated it for miles, and killed thousands of fish.' The people were accustomed to propitiate with offerings the great fire-goddess Pelé, who was sup-

* The particulars of their deaths, as well as several other circumstances relative to their visit to London, are related in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. xxxv. p. 430-433.
posed

posed to dwell in the tremendous crater. Kapiolani, a chieftainess of high rank, dared her vengeance by casting the 'sacred berries' into the lava, and the tame submission of the goddess to the insult was fatal to her power. Boki probably found that he had taken the wrong side, and ultimately, in imitation of American and British example, he seems to have felt it a duty to extend the supremacy of his people over inferior races, and at the same time to 'open up new channels of trade;' he set out on an expedition to 'annex' some of the New Hebrides, said to abound in sandal-wood, and he and his crew were never heard of more.

In 1827 the first attempt was made to introduce Roman Catholic priests. With vast archipelagos still lying in heathen darkness around them, it does appear the strangest perversion of religious principle which could induce the priests of Rome purposely to select the oldest seats of Polynesian Christianity, Hawaii and Tahiti, as the head-quarters for their operations, and to sow all the bitter seeds of controversy among a people just instructed in the elements of the Gospel. 'To those,' Captain Erskine well observes, 'who believe that the substitution of any form of Christianity for the former heathen superstitions and barbarities is a desirable consummation, it would seem almost superfluous to urge that the rivalries of two sects which the natives take for two distinct religions, cannot but weaken their confidence in both and retard materially the wished-for change.' As is well known, the governing party in the Sandwich Islands, no doubt under missionary influence, expelled the intruders. On the principles received among ourselves, there is of course no justifying the proceeding. But it is a very different matter to apply these principles to barbarous islanders just struggling into Christianity; much more to make such proceedings the ground of armed interference with a people whom the great Powers had formally admitted into the rank of independent communities; and whose rights we were as much bound to respect as those of the Grand Duke of Tuscany or the King of Naples. In 1831 was witnessed, what we must term, borrowing a once famous diplomatic phrase, the 'untoward' incident of a British officer, Sir Edward Belcher, joining with the Frenchman, Dupetit Thouars, to compel this independent people to admit the foreign priests whom they had three times resolutely declined to receive. We have learned better since: the proceedings of our French neighbours have at least cured us, we may hope, of this particular form of spurious liberalism.

In the mean time, the internal history of the islands, instead of the old heathen civil wars, is chiefly filled for many years with the endless opposition between the missionaries and the foreign residents,

residents, who were yearly increasing in power and numbers. The former, however, long succeeded in maintaining and strengthening their influence. Under the superintendence of Mr. Bingham, the heathen customs were superseded by Christian law, to which no other objection has been made than that of over-strictness. Education became generally diffused; the schools counted twenty thousand pupils; but these were instructed in their native language, not in English—one of the points in which the policy of their teachers has been most impugned, and which doubtless arose from their solicitude to keep their converts under their own discipline. The same course has been very generally followed by the missionaries throughout Polynesia, and even in New Zealand, where its expediency might appear most doubtful. In 1840 Mr. Bingham left the scene of his twenty years' labours, and returned to his native country; we know nothing of the subsequent fate of this remarkable personage, but he seems to have possessed the most organizing head of all the men whom the missionary institutions have sent to the South Seas, except perhaps John Williams, who died a martyr at Erromango.

We doubt whether the mantle of Bingham has fallen on any of his successors. As far as we can judge from the meagre materials before us, their interference with political affairs has been still more direct than his, and at the same time less sagacious. They should have better comprehended the times, and seen the impossibility of maintaining missionary institutions in their purity in a community so exposed to daily increasing foreign influences. The 'constitution of 1840,' said to be the work of the Rev. Dr. Judd and Mr. Richards, is a strange compound of old Puritan principles, modern Yankee notions, and the intricate feudalism of the natives. It establishes the hereditary royalty of Kamehameha III., in whom, moreover, it vests the ultimate ownership of all the soil; but his power is shared by a 'council of nobles,' and is subject to the strange provision that 'the king shall appoint some chief of rank and ability as his particular minister, whose title shall be "Premier of the Kingdom." The king shall not act without the knowledge of the premier, nor shall the premier act without the knowledge of the king,' and each, king or premier, may veto the acts of the other. This curious personage, who must live on singular terms with his sovereign, since neither can by any constitutional means get rid of the other, possesses in reality, under the absurd name of premier, that kind of co-ordinate authority which, through the rapid degeneracy of royal races, springs up naturally in semi-civilised nations, strongly attached to hereditary royalty, and which was exercised

exercised in other times and countries by grand viziers and 'mayors of the palace. Ladies are not only admissible to these dignities, but have some advantage in the line of descent. The premier in office in 1847 was Kekaohuli, 'the Big-Mouthed Woman,' the youngest of Rio Rio's queens, who must now (if still alive) be approaching a dignified and premier-like age.

In the Island of Woahoo is a school which must exercise an important influence on the destinies of the Sandwich Islands, for it is there that the heir to the throne, the future premier, and the successors of the principal chiefs are educated. The scholars, who at the time of Lieutenant Walpole's visit in 1847 were thirteen in number, are of both sexes, and of all sizes, from the full-grown man down to the little child of five. The education, which is excellent, is here carried on in the English language, and the elder pupils conversed intelligently with Lieutenant Walpole on the best productions of modern literature. 'The masters say,' he adds, 'that in all the early parts of their education they are exceedingly quick, but not in the higher branches; that they have excellent memories, and learn by rote with wonderful rapidity, but will not exercise their thinking faculties.' This is the barrier that it is so difficult for civilised savages to pass. In the island of Maui are two seminaries, one for girls, and the other for boys, which were set up with the avowed intention that the scholars of the respective establishments should ultimately marry each other. When Captain Wilkes was there in 1841, there were about eighty girls in the female school, and the first courtship was then going on by letter with an adventurous youth in the male institution.

The conduct of this Christian community, notwithstanding the corruption of the higher classes, would on the whole bear advantageous comparison with that of the best regulated societies of the old world. It were strange, indeed, if the success of the teachers had been greater than this, considering the influences so long at work against them. But the mixed European part of the community—not to speak of Chinese, and other strange visitors from remote parts of the Pacific, who help to constitute the medley—has long overpowered, at least in the Island of Woahoo, the native element. Honolulu, its capital, has been for many years the chief commercial station of Polynesia, and the head-quarters of the great annual whaling fleet from the States. It now boasts its theatres, churches, hotels, institutions, rival newspapers in the missionary and 'resident' interest, living by mutual onslaught; the 'best billiard-room in the world,' and all the resources of American civilisation. The 'ball of the minister for foreign affairs,' attended by Lieutenant Walpole, 'was very
gay:

gay : chiefs, in tight coats, looking hot and blown ; chiefesses, very much as if in prison in their white dresses ; and the poor king, excessively bored with himself and his minister, who stuck close to him.' The lower order of natives have not yet learnt to submit to the trammels of European clothing. They are forbidden to appear in the settlements without trowsers, but the instant they get beyond the full-dress confines they pull them off, and tie them by the legs round their necks. The chiefs again build stone houses in imitation of the Europeans, while the people appear to have improved little, if at all, upon their original habitations. Even the King escapes when he can from his state apartments to take his ease in a hut upon the primitive plan.

The ominous decrease, so long predicated, of the native population, seems to continue. We have, indeed, little confidence in the 'census' occasionally taken ;* but the returns of deaths and births tell a clearer story. The former seem generally to double the latter ; in 1849 the registered deaths were 4320, the births only 1422. In the past year (1853) small-pox, measles, and hooping-cough are said to have produced a fearful mortality. Profligacy has contributed to thin the highest ranks ; the 'house of nobles' had fallen in a very few years, according to one authority, from its sixteen original members to eleven. Meanwhile, in the prevalent dissolution of old ties and ideas, religious and political dissensions thrive abundantly. The Romanists—headed by an Abbé of great accomplishments and missionary merit—constitute a distinct party, though not, it is said, a numerous one. Paganism itself is thought to lurk once more in some of the nearly dispeopled tracts of the interior of Hawaii ; perhaps, too, portentous combinations of the old and new religion. A few years ago, we are told, a sect arose 'which promulgated that there were three Gods,—Jehovah, Jesus Christ, and Hapu, a former prophetess.' On the other hand, we read in the newspapers of this last autumn, of monster petitions addressed to the king, 'to dismiss the Judd and Armstrong ministry,' and threats of revolution if this demand be not complied with, followed, even since we began this article, by the strange homily in favour of annexation delivered by the American consul, Luther Severance. To crown the whole, it is seriously stated that a large immigration of Russians into the Sandwich Islands is in prospect ! We must leave these discordant atoms—brought so strangely together by the agency of modern zeal and modern commerce—to unite or jostle, as they may ; but it is probable that the missionary or Puritan element, introduced by the good Bostonians, will con-

* According to that of 1836, the population was 108,579, and it has considerably diminished since.

stitute for a long while a marked ingredient in the general mass ; and not impossible that it may continue to leaven the whole.

Tahiti, the principal of the SOCIETY ISLANDS, is the classical ground of missionary enterprise in the South Seas, but there, as in the Sandwich Islands, the period of conflict with heathenism has long passed by. Notwithstanding the outward peace of this little community, an opinion is rapidly gaining ground that the real life of Christianity is fast decaying among them. Some German physiologists believe in a recurring condition of the human frame, which they call 'entspannung,' or relaxation, in which the powers of life cease all at once to exhibit their ordinary vigour: the nerves are unstrung, the pulse languid, the strength diminished, the appetite precarious. This, they add, is but a temporary state; a provision of nature to strengthen the functions thus suspended by a transitory holiday. Something like this fancied 'entspannung' has come, as some think, over the Polynesian race, in Tahiti and elsewhere, after the strain of the first conversion—a recurrence to the dreamy slothful habits of the savage, without his intervals of fierce exertion, and a mechanical performance of the duties exacted by the new religion, without apparent zeal or interest. Nor do the missionaries themselves altogether oppose this view. Captain Wilkes observes that he found them at Tahiti far from disposed to overrate their own success. Their inclination has been rather to contrast the warm faith of the first generation with the deadness of their present flocks. But many have added worse features to the picture, and tell us that 'the manners and customs of the natives have lost all their originality, and that nothing remains but many, alas! of the vices of civilisation and most of the follies of the savage.' In short, Tahitian religion is represented to be something like the great Tahitian cathedral, which was the joy of King Pomare's heart—an edifice of splendid dimensions and fine though simple architecture, capable of holding 4000 people, but built of materials which could last for a few years only, and long since stricken with rapid tropical decay. Finally, the population has been represented as fearfully dwindled—sunk, in Tahiti, from the supposed hundred thousand of early times to a feeble remnant of 8000 or 10,000, who have partially drawn to the coast and left the interior deserted. The classical valley of Matavai, once the chosen dwelling of chiefs and their attendant multitudes, is now, they say, only a lovely wilderness; and the plaintive Sibylline proverb of the natives is approaching its completion: 'The hibiscus shall spread, the coral shall grow, but man shall cease.'

On this last head we will only observe that there seems reason to think that the decline of population is arrested, and is now on the

the increase ; and, at all events, the number of 8000, popularly assigned by the missionaries to Tahiti, must be much too small. But, as to the more general subject, we own that we receive the accounts of Tahitian immorality, and the reported failure of Christianity to purify the people, with very great allowances. We have rarely read a statement of this description in which the writer was not obviously under one or other of the distorting influences we have already mentioned. Most of the knowledge, also, of the objectors seems confined to the habits of the people at the few harbours of the islands. But when we can get hold of an unprejudiced observer—one, above all, who forms his judgment in the fair way, that is, by comparison, and is fresh from his disgust at the profligacy of South Sea ports and the heathen savagery of unconverted islands—we find him rather inclined to draw too favourable a picture of the people to whom he is introduced at Tahiti, Rarotonga, or in the Navigators' or Friendly Islands. Let us take, as one example among many, the following passage from the plain and very truth-like narrative of Dr. Coulter, late surgeon of H.M.S. *Stratford*. He visited Tahiti in 1836 :—

‘It is from such a transition as I have just passed through—from the heathen in all his naked barbarism to the mild, Christianized native—that one could at once feel and know where the missionary had been, and where Christianity was established. . . . Here all was peace ; man and nature were in harmony with each other. The power of religion had completely altered the naturally uncontrolled character of the native, and effectually subdued barbarism. The former history of these islanders is well known to all readers. They were guilty of every bad and profane act. Infanticide and human sacrifices, in all their horrid shapes, were common occurrences. Utter abandonment and licentiousness prevailed over these islands. What are they now ? The query may be answered in a few words—they are far more decided Christians than the chief part of their civilized visitors. It is not at all an unusual thing to hear a native at Tahiti lecture an European on his badness and want of religion. As usual in those seas, where the shipping lie is the worst. I have been all through Tahiti, and round the various stations, and I must say the only habitual wickedness I saw or heard of was at Papete. In other districts, far from the harbour, it was delightful to spend time with the natives. In fact, during my different visits to Tahiti, I avoided Papete as much as possible—I did not like it. The white residents there were a sordid, speculative set. The contrast was even greater on Saturday (for that is the Tahitian sabbath*) in the churches. In the native one there was a dense congregation ; every one occupying their respective seats : the English church, though very small, was not half filled.’—*Adventures in the Pacific*, p. 268.

* In consequence of the loss of a day by the missionaries in their first voyage. The French have now re-established the European Sunday.

Besides the mercantile whites of whom Dr. Coulter speaks, who prefer gain to godliness, Papete is the resort of runaway convicts from the English settlements, and of deserters from merchant-vessels,—men, says Captain Wilkes, addicted to every species of crime, and who exert a most pernicious influence on the population of the place. The morality of a nation is not to be judged by the conduct of its vagabonds.

Events were approaching which were to display the Tahitian character in a new light. It is needless to enter into the history of the establishment of the French 'Protectorate,' once the subject of such fierce debate. Public opinion, in France, as elsewhere, has, we believe, pronounced the verdict on it long ago. We cannot but regret that one of her most honoured statesmen should have been the instrument of it, and that he should have been seduced by the religious zeal of an admirable princess, and the national pride of unworthy politicians, into wasting life, and money, and credit, on the barren enterprise of establishing a 'political influence,' where France had neither political nor commercial interests. His own sagacity, unwarped by extraneous motives, would have easily foreseen that the hoisting the flag of his country on a few insulated points, and the occasional visits of her admirable men-of-war, in an ocean absolutely swarming with English and American commercial fleets, could have no effect but that of exciting against her the jealousy of the powers in whose hands the destiny of Polynesia was unavoidably placed; and that through their influence, and still more by the effect of the deeds of violence which were necessary to establish this local supremacy, a kind of unreasoning hate of the 'Wee-Wees' would become a prevailing feeling of the natives. It was in 1843 that the agents of his policy first resorted to force at Tahiti, in behalf of a 'jeune princesse, sans armes, sans conseil, abandonnée aux volontés d'une société ambitieuse et exigeante,' while poor Pomare herself, and nearly all her subjects, repudiated the proffered protection, and took up arms for what they deemed the cause of their religion and nationality. Then these brave islanders showed, that, while many years of missionary discipline had not unnerved in the slightest degree the warlike vigour of their race, it had substituted for the ferocity of old times that high-chivalrous sense of military duty—that almost timid shrinking from aught that could be construed into outrage or excess—which were equally observable in the gallant Maories during the last New Zealand rebellion. Five times, between March and May 1845, they engaged the French in no unequal conflict—once they carried a redoubt by dashing directly over the grassy bastions and overpowering the astonished garrison. Their favourite

favourite leader was a Maltese—once Victor—in whose name they seem to have fancied some good augury, from its resemblance to that of the British Queen. It is said that they often brought 2000 or 3000, once 5000 warriors into action—a thing obviously irreconcilable with the missionary supposition of a population of 8000, of whom a considerable number, moreover, was on the French side.

‘Several places were pointed out’ (to Lieutenant Walpole) ‘where the Frenchmen who fell in one of these actions had been buried, nor was one (asserted my informant, an Englishman) rifled or stripped; his arms and powder only were taken from him. Could any civilised country say as much? One only was buried in the road: “Over that let good men tread,” they said. “We killed *him*, our own countryman, who tried to betray us for money to the French.”’

And it must be said that the French met this generous hostility as it deserved. They seem in general to have spared the natives as far as they could, and to have employed their formidable powers of destruction with much reluctance. The Tahitians gave way at last; harassed by internal divisions, and hopeless of assistance from England. Lieutenant Walpole was present at the surrender, and describes, in his usual graphic and animated language, the rough warriors, who ‘seemed able to eat’ the little French soldiers at their side, and wept as they gave up their firelocks to Bruat: the more violent exclaimed—‘They are liars, the English!—had our mountains been gold, and our ground silver, we should have had help enough.’ To the French it has proved a very barren conquest. In 1848 it was proposed in the Assembly to get rid of it, and the accompanying annual ‘subvention’ of 50,000 francs; but the opposition of M. Mauguin prevailed. It is still harder for a nation than an individual to bate a single jot of false pride.

When the latest accounts left Tahiti, the Roman Catholics were without a single native proselyte, though they had won over several at a little island called Ana, in connexion with the Mission. Events, however, have occurred which leave the people more exposed for the present to the influence of the priests. The English missionaries, who officiate as ministers, have hitherto passed through the form of being elected to their office by the communicants of their respective churches. The Tahitian National Assembly, at the instigation of the French governor, transferred the appointment from the communicants to the chiefs of the district. Five out of the seven missionaries refused to recognise their new patrons, and they have in consequence been deprived of their chapels, forbidden to preach in their own houses, or to reside at any other place than the French head-quarters—
Papete.

Papete. Four of the silenced ministers have left the island to labour in other regions of Polynesia, pending the representations of our government with regard to what is alleged to be an infraction of the French treaty with Queen Pomare in 1842, by which it was stipulated that the Protestant missionaries should be permitted to 'continue their labours without molestation.' In the meanwhile the native pastors continue at their post, the Bible is in the hands of nearly all the people, and, such has been their eagerness to possess it, that within the last few years copies have been sold to the amount of upwards of a thousand pounds. The prospects of Tahiti have often been darker.

Five or six hundred miles to the west of Tahiti are the HERVEY ISLANDS, seven in number, which, like the Society Islands, owe their evangelisation to the agents of the London Missionary Society, and especially to the admirable John Williams, who undertook the task in 1823. The population of the group was then supposed to be from fourteen to sixteen thousand, but it is now said to be greatly diminished from the effects of disease. When Mr. Williams first visited Hervey Island, from which the cluster is named, he found that war had left only sixty inhabitants. Seven years afterwards he returned, and the survivors, by the continuance of their conflicts, were reduced to five men, three women, and a few children. A feud was going on at his arrival among this miserable remnant, and the bone of contention was which of them should be king! On all the islands, however, the people proved, when instructed, ready recipients of Christianity. One man in early days gave his idols a kick, saying, as he did it, 'There—your reign is over!' It was over so quickly and so completely, that, when a native visited London some years since, he saw for the first time, in the Museum of the Missionary Society, a specimen of the gods formerly worshipped by his countrymen. At Rarotonga alone—the principal island—the churches in 1834 were attended every Sunday by six thousand inhabitants out of seven, and the schools numbered no less than three thousand scholars. The people were equally quick in adopting many of the material improvements upon which their able and sagacious teacher laid great stress:—'It was my determination'—he says, in his delightful volume, 'Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands'—'when I originally left England, to have as respectable a dwelling as I could erect; for the missionary does not go to barbarise himself, but to civilise the heathen. He ought not, therefore, to sink down to their standard, but to elevate them to his.' The people have now the whole of the Bible in their own tongue, and at Rarotonga there is a printing press, and an institution for training native evangelists;

so that these islands, lately in darkness themselves, have now become a centre from which to diffuse light to other South Sea groups.

The fortunes of the little Anglo-Tahitian population of PITCAIRN'S ISLAND form but a trifling episode in Polynesian annals; yet the subject is in itself so interesting, and so much of sympathy has been excited by the accounts which we have from time to time received of the progress of these insulated children of nature, purified by religious teaching, that we must linger in passing. The history of the family, for the first thirty or forty years after the occupation of their secluded rock by the nine mutineers of the *Bounty*, is too well known to need recapitulation. It rests, however (as has been observed) on the statements of John Adams alone. Good old man as this reclaimed patriarch was, it has been reasonably doubted whether his recollection of events after the lapse of years, and affected, moreover, by the instinct of self-excuse, and the fear which he long entertained of being punished for the mutiny, is a sufficient guarantee for the accuracy of his recital. Sir J. Barrow has pointed out that Adams gave different accounts of the character and fate of Fletcher Christian, the ringleader, to Sir T. Staines and Captain Beechey. On this doubt was built the surmise that Christian was not killed on the island at all; and a romantic story got into circulation of his having been seen in Fore-street, Plymouth, by his former comrade, Captain Peter Heywood. But the little circumstance recorded in the early annals of the island, of the women having been seen with *five* skulls of white men in their hands, at a time when four were certainly yet alive—Young, M'Coy, Adams, and Quintal—seems on this point a strong corroboration of Adams's story.

Adams died in 1829. His destined successor had arrived in the island in 1828, had pleased the old man, and been adopted by him, and introduced to his flock as their future teacher. He had also become one of themselves, by marrying a grand-daughter of Fletcher Christian. This was Mr. George Nobbs, whose early career certainly gave little indication of the part he was to act in life. He was a midshipman in the British navy—held a commission under Lord Dundonald, in the Chilian service—was present at the cutting out of the *Esmeralda*, and other feats of the War of Independence—was made prisoner by the ferocious Benavides, after an action, in which forty-eight of his party, out of sixty-four, were killed and wounded. All the survivors, except himself and three more, were shot in cold blood. We know not whether it was under the influence of any strong religious impulse, often aroused by pre-
servations

servations like this, or simply from that longing for a peaceful retreat in some lovely recess of the Pacific, which so often besets the youthful adventurer in that region—but after quitting the Chilian service, and having been four times round the world, he formed the design of settling among the people of Pitcairn's Island, whom from that time he has served in the capacity of 'pastor, surgeon, and schoolmaster,' to his own and their great happiness and advantage. The only other European residents at the time of his arrival were Evans and Buffitt, chance settlers, and both men of a harmless disposition.

In 1831 the Pitcairners were removed to Tahiti, by the British Government, in the barque 'Lucy Anne;' the cause being an apprehended dearth of water; but the apprehension proved imaginary, and the emigration a total failure. In a few weeks an epidemic raged among them, and many died. They neither liked the food nor the soil of Tahiti, still less the coarse fashions of its people, and the profligacy of individuals; above all, they pined for their solitary home with that intensity of longing which belongs to people of few ideas and natural impulses. They returned, after some months of absence, with their numbers reduced to little more than sixty. From that time they have lived undisturbed in their former seat, and their number has risen, by natural increase only, to nearly one hundred and seventy. Their removal, however, had for a time distracted their simple train of thoughts and habits, and deranged their patriarchal government. They were further perplexed soon after their return by the arrival of an 'illustrious stranger,' who exercised for some time an evil influence on their destinies. This personage, Mr. Joshua Hill, represented himself as an envoy of the British Government; and, to recommend himself further, drew up a long and ludicrous list of the sights he had seen, and the distinguished persons to whom he had written or spoken in the course of his life:—

'After all, he concludes, what does the above amount to? Vanity of vanities. I will merely add, that I have had a year in the Church of Christ, and that I am a life member of the Bible Society.'

Before the magnificent pretensions of this Polynesian Count de St. Germain, those of Lieutenant Nobbs, of the Chilian service, sank into insignificance. The Pitcairn's Islanders were effectually dazzled by the magnificence of their visitor, and began to discard their former humble friends, as a village maiden in a play cuts her rustic lover for some outrageous pretender to town fashions. He 'divided their little society into two factions, one siding with him, the other with the constitution as it was.' Ultimately he compelled Mr. Nobbs to leave the island, subjugated the

other two Europeans, it should seem, by a liberal application of the cat-o'-nine-tails, established a constitution of 'elders, sub-elders, and cadets,' and reigned for some years triumphant among them.

It was during this anti-papacy of Joshua Hill that rumours representing Mr. Nobbs as an unprincipled adventurer became current in England, and made their way into works of authority. We merely notice them to say that his subsequent life has amply refuted them. His refuge for some time was, we believe, in the Gambier Islands, where he employed himself as a teacher. Happily, and to complete the dramatic justice of the story, Hill at length exposed himself, even to his own simple-minded subjects, so undeniably that his sovereignty could no longer be tolerated. He fortunately gave out, among his other vaunts,—

'that he was a very near relation of the Duke of Bedford, and that the Duchess seldom rode out in her carriage without him! But whilst the people listened to his magnificent account of himself and his noble friends, who should arrive on their shores, in H. M. S. *Actæon*, in 1837, but Captain Lord Edward Russell!'

The star of Hill declined from the moment of this awkward visit. Shortly afterwards Captain Bruce carried him off in H. M. S. *Imogene*, and landed him safe at Valparaiso in 1838, where, we have heard, he induced the British merchants to get up a subscription to send him to England; but we know nothing of the farther fate of this amusing and half-deranged pretender.

From the date of the deposition of Hill to Admiral Moresby's visit in 1852, there is little to note in the peaceful history of the Pitcairners, which is carefully preserved in a 'register' kept by the teacher. They have lived on under the government of their annual magistrates, chiefly occupied in composing the petty disputes* which must needs arise among a community who sedulously preserve the rights of property, and to whom Socialism is only known in its rational development, as imposing the duty of mutual assistance and forbearance, not as extinguishing the relations of the family or the notion of private wealth. On the contrary, when a ship is signalled—affording the only prospect of disposing of the surplus produce of the island by barter—it is the business of the magistrate to decide which of the householders are to go on board her with supplies of their own, and how the proceeds are to be divided. We feel

* On one occasion in the little chronicle of the island, we find such an occurrence duly noted for the reprobation of future times:—'May 2, 1840. A serious altercation took place between Edward Quintal, senior, and John Evans, senior. The latter received several bruises on his head, back, and throat, and several scratches on the throat.'

naturally suspicious of the uniform 'descriptions of peace and good-will which voyager after voyager brings from this secluded shore, but it is difficult to resist the evidence :—

‘ From the date of the first intelligence respecting them (observes Mr. Murray), there has been no variation in the character given of them. As they were in purity and peace, those two great essentials of human happiness, when Sir Thomas Staines visited the island in 1814, so they are now, in 1853, the same contented, kind, and God-fearing race. Inquiry having been made of Mr. Nobbs, a few years since, as to instances of sudden and extraordinary conversion which might have fallen under his notice, he replied that his experience did not furnish any such cases from Pitcairn. But he added, “ had inquiry been made for examples of happy deaths, I could have replied with unmitigated satisfaction ; for I have seen many depart this life, not only happy, but triumphant.” ’

Meanwhile, their strict religious discipline has neither diminished their habitual industry (to which indeed the narrow extent of their island, and its light volcanic soil, necessarily condemn them) nor the dexterity with which they address themselves to more adventurous displays of energy—clambering the rocky precipices which encircle them, and braving the dangers of the deep-sea fishery, the only one which the steepness of their coast allows. The women, tall and graceful in figure, vie with the men in strength and agility. Lieut. Wood, of the *Pandore*, in 1849, found a girl of eighteen accustomed to carry 100 lbs. of yams over the most precipitous tracks of the island ; and another carried the gallant lieutenant himself, on her shoulders, up the steep ascent from the landing-place, with the greatest facility. ‘ In the water (according to Captain Belcher) both men and women are almost as much at home as on the land, and can remain nearly a whole day in the sea. They frequently swam round their little island. When the sea beat heavily on the island, they have plunged into the breakers and swum to sea beyond them. This they sometimes did, pushing a barrel of water before them, when it could be got off in no other way.’

In 1850 three English wanderers, of whom one was Mr. Walter Brodie, and a Frenchman, the Baron de Thierry, were left behind on Pitcairn's Island, by accident or wilfulness on the part of their Sydney skipper. They did not come there, like visitors on purpose, prepared to admire, and seem to have thought their detention, at first, a matter of much annoyance ; but they were soon altogether captivated by the charm which nature and social happiness have thrown round that solitary spot. Mr. Brodie, who has given us the most interesting account of the island and its people which we have yet seen, was first attracted by the conduct
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of a half-naked islander, who came on board to sell his vegetables. A child having fallen overboard, the Pitcairn costermonger jumped in and rescued it, and then refused all reward; behaviour which, in a man who had 'come on board to make money,' caused an Australian crew to open the eyes of astonishment. On landing, and 'whilst feasting on cocoa-nuts,' Mr. Brodie soon fell to appropriate small talk with the demure damsels of the island.

'I spoke to them about their beauty, when one of them observed she did not think I was an Englishman. I asked, with some curiosity, what could have led her to such a conclusion, and was informed by the fair damsel in question that I flattered too much to be British born.'

Charmed with the good-humoured hospitality which they received, the visitors lingered on through many pleasant weeks of durance: and fortune enabled them to remunerate their entertainers in no common way. Mr. Carleton, one of the Englishmen, was musical, and he soon noted the deficiencies of Mr. Nobbs's flock in psalmody. He got up singing-classes of young women and young men; and was rewarded by discovering that some of his pupils possessed an admirable ear, and most of them fine voices. He left their choir in high order: and when a stray vessel took him and his comrades away at last, great was the mourning of their loving hosts.

'The poor girls clung round us as we stood upon the beach; but more especially did they cling round my friend Carleton, who had taken so much trouble in teaching them to sing; many of them with their handkerchiefs thrown round their heads, and all in floods of tears. . . . Carleton tried to get up a chorus, but it broke down, and only made matters worse.'

Nothing can exceed in strength the mutual attachment of these people, and their common attachment to home. Mr. Brodie was witness to the general consternation, when one of their number, a young Quintal, was carried away privately by an American ship, though he was probably an accomplice, often saying how much he wanted to see California, 'provided he could be blown off the island in some vessel, so as to spare him the pains of taking leave of his friends and family.' In 1848 Mr. Nobbs despatched his son, Reuben, a youth whom an accident had partially lamed and rendered less fit for active work, to earn a livelihood among his own old friends in Chili. The teacher made over to him all the money he possessed—eight dollars. 'All the families joined in fitting him out to the best of their power, furnishing him with a supply of clothes, and making up altogether a purse of more than 40 dollars, several contributing every cent. they had.' By the last accounts, the youth was doing well at Valparaiso; but it

it was thought that the passionate longing of his island mother, and his own home-sickness, would prevail, and that he would soon return.

In August, 1852, Rear-Admiral Moresby, Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's forces in the Southern Pacific, arrived at the island, and his visit will form a very important epoch in its little history. He sent Mr. Nobbs to England (with the consent, though sorely reluctant, of his flock) to explain more fully the state and requirements of the islanders, and to obtain ordination. Some of our readers may, like ourselves, have had opportunity to judge of the demeanour and information of this remarkable visitor by personal acquaintance during his stay in England. Both his objects have been satisfactorily accomplished, in great measure by the aid of the Society to which Mr. Murray, the compiler of the interesting volume before us, officiates as Secretary, and he has returned safe to the sphere of his duties. In parting with him we will only express a hope that the interest which he has been the means of exciting may not evaporate in a vague disposition, on the part of the British public, to pet and caress his islanders, as good children who have deserved kisses and presents—than which nothing could be devised more destructive of their self-reliance, and of their other virtues along with it.

The Admiral, however, has taken in hand a project for their ultimate benefit, which requires more deliberation, and introduces us to some remarkable topics of thought, not only as regards this but other Christianized communities of the South Seas. It is his opinion, we are informed, that the population of 170 souls is nearly or quite as much as the island can maintain, and that, considering their remarkable rate of increase, it is necessary that the whole, or a part of them, should speedily be removed elsewhere. Mr. Nobbs, we believe, controverts this opinion. He thinks there is room for multiplication for some time longer; and we find that other observers estimate that the island—four miles and a half in circumference, or rather more than the size of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens together—might well support 400 persons—such is the prolific return to tropical cultivation. But be this as it may, there are other considerations besides that of mere numbers, which lead us to the belief that some such measure of expatriation should not be long delayed.

The present Pitcairners are all (with the exception of the three Englishmen, and their children by island wives) descended from five couples of English and Tahitians, and bear five surnames only: Adams, Christian, MacCoy, Quintal, and Young. But, great as the multiplication has been, and particularly of late years, it appears to proceed wholly from
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numerous births and early marriages, not from the longevity of the adults. Christian and his companions landed with their Tahitian wives in 1789; and already, in 1852, there were only two survivors of the first generation, the children of the mutineers. Indeed, Mr. Nobbs has himself informed us that there is scarcely an islander above the age of fifty. Now, if these facts be accurate, and if they do amount to evidence of any general law, it becomes a curious problem to trace the cause of this premature decay among a people apparently so favourably circumstanced for longevity. It cannot be hereditary predisposition: their Tahitian mothers belonged to a race in which long life, in the absence of violent deaths or epidemics, was the rule and not the exception. Fletcher Christian's widow lived till 1841; she was thought to have remembered Captain Cook: and the last of these original female emigrants died as late as 1850. Mr. Nobbs seemed inclined to seek the reason in insufficient or too little varied nourishment; but even his authority and experience cannot reconcile us to the explanation. Were it so, they would be feeble as well as short-lived, but the evidence shows that there is no degeneracy among them—

‘ And tall and strong and swift of foot are they,
Beyond the dwarfing city's pale abortions,’

who, nevertheless, outlive them in the ordinary course of life by many years. Others may possibly consider it the result of constant intermarriages—but here again the deleterious result would be perceptible in the physical inferiority of the race, and not be confined in its effects to the abridgment of life. Nor do we believe in the general sufficiency of this cause—unless in combination with others imperfectly known to us. There are many village communes in the Alps, and in Norway, in which cousins have gone on marrying cousins ever since their first foundation, from the very necessity of the case, and yet Europe cannot show more robust or long-lived folks.

Some other cause would seem to operate: is it to be found (that we may briefly indicate considerations which require far more ample development) in the fact—painful at first thought, yet by no means inconsistent with what we know of the natural government of the world—that a state of monotonous peace and contentment, preserved by careful vigilance, or by mere absence of temptation, is not the normal state of man, nor one in which his energies have that healthy play which secures their durability? The civilised men of modern times, high and low, with all their burden of cares and passions, wasting strifes and grinding ‘competition,’ have no cause to believe in a general shorten-

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ing of their span of life. Neither is the savage liable to this complaint. If he escapes casualties and epidemics, he is rather apt to live long. The wild tension of his energies in passion—the sharp spur given to his faculties by the constantly-exercised instinct of self-preservation—these seem to keep up the vigour of his stamina, and to counterbalance the results of his habitual sloth and frequent excesses. But where the constitution lacks one or the other stimulus, there seems a tendency to early decay. It is not absolutely intellectual exercise that is wanting—this is given by education—nor bodily exercise, of which our islanders have fully enough. It is the exercise of other mixed powers implanted in us: the passions of hope and fear, the desire of achievement and the triumph of success. The mere animal enjoyment of life is for a while a substitute for these; but this cannot outlast growth: and in the mere mechanical prolongation which follows, the faculties seem to collapse in gentle decline.

This would be a wild conclusion to draw from so insulated and peculiar a case as that of the Pitcairn's Islanders; but it is strangely corroborated by what has happened in more extensive fields of experience. The same phenomenon occurs in the history of the Jesuit missions in Paraguay, where the system of discipline and management were so perfect that 'the Indian never knew, during his whole progress from the cradle to the grave, what it was to take thought for the morrow.' The flock thus carefully tended wasted by constant internal decay; their lives were shortened by natural decline, without apparent disease. Precisely the same observation has been made by the Wesleyan missionaries in the Friendly Islands.

'I was surprised,' says the Rev. Walter Lawry, 'to find how quickly they spring up, and pass away. Several of those whom I knew by name twenty-eight years ago, when they were mere children, now rank among the "madua," or old people; yet cannot be more than 37 or 38 years old. We can clearly ascertain that the females are women at about thirteen, and grow old women before thirty.. Their food is very simple, and mostly vegetable; but in size they far outstrip Europeans, so also, as they think, in personal attractions and beauty. But, alas! they quickly pass away, and are gone.'—*Second Missionary Visit*, p. 26.

The good Jesuits distressed themselves but little about this ill return to their exertions. Whom the Gods love die young, they thought, but with better than Pagan warrant. They regarded, says Father Charlevoix, every simple Indian who perished as an additional intercessor above for them and their labour of charity. And we have heard similar language held by

by religious men among ourselves, when speaking of the alleged depopulation of Polynesia. But we need not waste words to show that this is neither sound philosophy nor true religion. Unless we can guard our converts against premature physical decay as well as moral corruption, our efforts are still wretchedly defective.

It is with this view especially that we think the project of an extensive emigration from Pitcairn's Island as one to be regarded with favour. Such a step cannot be accomplished without awakening a new class of energies, and we would willingly make such an experiment, even at the risk of evil. A singular chance, not to use a stronger word, seems just now to have placed at the disposal of the British Government a spot peculiarly suited for the purpose: a speck almost answering to Pitcairn's Island itself on the map, though in reality of considerably larger dimensions, lying under the same latitude and climate, in Western, instead of Eastern, Polynesia: possessing the same peculiarity of an absence of harbours and anchorage, so that ships can only lie off at certain seasons, thus insuring an almost perfect protection against intrusion: uninhabited, or likely to become so, and yet fully prepared for human habitation. This is no other than Norfolk Island—a name suggestive of all that is hideous in human depravity, and fearful in the stern Nemesis which avenges it. But the recent alterations in our penal code have rendered its establishments unnecessary—they are rapidly in process of breaking up—and a few months will see the island of crime, unless it is used for some new purposes, abandoned to Nature, as it was before the foot of European first landed on its shores, and as if its history of the last thirty years had been only a nightmare dream. It would be a strange dispensation which should make this polluted soil the abode of those who are described as the purest and simplest of the children of men. Yet all is prepared for it—we have seen reports on the subject from the government of Van Diemen's Land, which prove ample room for a far larger number than the expected visitors, and even show how the last remaining convicts, if the orders arrive in time, may leave the land in crop, ready for the incoming tenants. There are obstacles which may yet prevent the transfer from taking place: the natural reluctance with which Mr. Nobbs appears to regard it, and his people's love of their home, are not the least; but we cannot disguise our hope that these may be overcome, and this little essay in colonization effected with the success which it deserves.

Eastward and windward of the groups hitherto described, lie the MARQUESAS, which, though more easily reached from the
South

South American coast than any other part of Polynesia, present to this day an aspect of barbarism contrasting strongly with the change which has taken place in other quarters. Some of these volcanic islands are large and mountainous, and divided into narrow valleys, holding little communication with each other, and inhabited by fiercely hostile tribes. Here civil war, and superstitious cruelties, and licentiousness, prevail as unrestrainedly as ever; and cannibalism is in full vigour, although not pursued with the horrible avidity which characterises the Fiji islanders. Savage as the Marquesians are, their islands are the refuge of many wandering whites of the lower classes, who have been received as sojourners, protected partly by the dread entertained of their superiority, partly, it may be, by their unpopularity for culinary purposes, the flesh of whites being esteemed, as Dupetit Thouars tells us, '*fade et désagréable*,' while, strange to say, the people of Fiji object to it as tasting of salt and tobacco. The Marquesians are physically a noble race. Cook, who had made his observations in every quarter of the world, deliberately pronounces that 'for fine shape and regular features they surpass all other nations.' The women are smaller than in some other parts of the archipelago, but renowned for their charms: '*prettier than our prettiest Limeñas*,' says the old chronicler of Mendana's voyage—no trifling compliment for a Spaniard. The popular works of the American writer, Mr. Herman Melville, have made many of us better acquainted with these islanders than more authentic narratives might have done; for, whatever amount of romance there may be in '*Typee*' and '*Omoo*,' their author describes scenes and life with which he is evidently familiar.

The Marquesians are specially famous throughout the South Seas for their skill in enhancing these natural advantages by the national ornament of tattooing. The chiefs of Noukahiva '*appear*,' we are told, '*as if dressed in a justaucorps of different stuffs, or a coat of mail decorated with quantities of precious chasing*;' but the ladies generally display only a coquettish little fringe on the wrists and ancles, '*like a laced glove or stocking*.' Mr. Melville's island beauty Fayaway, if we remember rightly, exhibited only a pretty pair of epaulettes. But our friend Dr. Coulter has had the honour of undergoing in his person a complete tattooing, and is in all respects an adopted Marquesian chief; we will therefore allow him to describe this primitive ceremony of investiture, which appears to be at least as disagreeable as the most ascetic initiation into mediæval knighthood:—

'The instruments used for inscribing the colouring matter into the skin are made of pieces of bone made flat, and serrated at one end, like
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either a comb or saw. The breadth of this end differs from the eighth of an inch to one inch, according to the variety or minuteness of the work—some having only two teeth, some a dozen. The other end is brought to a blunt point, and inserted into a small cane about six or eight inches long, at right angles. The stick for beating this into the flesh is long or short, according to the fancy of the operator. The piece of cane is held between the finger and thumb of the left hand. There is a roll of fine tappa round the three remaining fingers of the same hand, to wipe off the blood, in order to see if the impression is perfect. The marginal lines of any figure are first marked out with a very small stick, the remainder is executed without a guide. The hitting of the stick is so very rapid, that it resembles nothing that I know of more accurately than a trunk-maker driving in his nails. This incessant hammering at the skin, or into it, with considerable violence, irritates the whole frame, and the constant wiping off the blood with the tappa is worse. However, as the work proceeds, the flesh swells up, which gradually benumbs the part during the continuance of the operation. . . . Sometimes the person operated upon does not recover for weeks; and, when the tattooing goes on anywhere in the neighbourhood of glands, often, in irritable constitutions, forms large tumours and abscesses. . . . The vaheinas, or women, are often in faint after faint, and are obliged to be held firmly down; yet they wish to be tattooed, and voluntarily submit to this pain, for, as they (poor things!) imagine, grandeur and beauty. I was four hours under the operator the first day, and three hours the second, which time sufficed to mark on my skin the delineations and characteristics of a chief.’—*Adventures in the Pacific*, pp. 210-213.

The history of the efforts of the London Missionary Society in this quarter, from 1798 downwards, is only a narrative of repeated failures—one party after another having been driven away by the natives, or having retired in despair. The French government a few years ago contemplated the formation of a penal settlement in this quarter of the world; and we believe it was with this view that they established a ‘protectorate’ at Noukahiva; but they, too, seem to have been baffled as yet by the habits of the people and the inaccessible nature of the country. Their influence, though one drunken savage of a king owns their supremacy, seems hardly to extend beyond the range of the guns of their blockhouse; and the acquisitions of their missionaries in 1849 (according to Father Honoré Laval) amounted to ‘seven or eight neophytes and as many catechumens, whom the Fathers lodge in their courtyard, in order not to lose sight of them.’ But we lack newer intelligence.

In the Gambier Islands, and other small neighbouring groups, the priests appear to have met with more success. It was in 1833, we believe, that Pope Gregory XVI. solemnly invited the ‘Pères du Sacré Cœur,’ commonly called ‘les Picpus,’ and the ‘Marists.’

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or fathers of the Order of Mary, to take charge of the vast heathen and heretical domains of the South Seas, divided by their arrangements into Central Oceania, Melanesia, and Micronesia. According to the general report of Mgr. Bataillon, Vicar-Apostolic of Central Oceania, in 1852 (which we find in the '*Annales de la Propagation de la Foi*,' in that year), his vicariate reckoned in all 6000 or 7000 converts. The good ex-Queen of the French was a very zealous supporter of these missions in the time of her power. The Gambier islanders, according to Captain Beechey, are among the mildest and least sensual races of the Pacific. In 1840 the little community of the principal island were already Romanist, and (according to our missionaries) 'drove away Protestant traders.' Another little spot, called by the priests Mangahewa, is reported to exhibit results as encouraging as the best authenticated instances of Protestant success. They have set up there a convent for native females, who take, however, no vows: and Père Cyprien reports that, although the mortality has been great among these caged wild creatures, few or none have been found willing to leave their retreat and return to 'the world'—their world!

Returning to the westward from this digression, we arrive at the little group of SAMOA, or the Navigators' Islands, so called from the superior skill of its inhabitants in nautical affairs, who are still the best native canoe builders and sailors of the Pacific. The population is roughly estimated by Captain Erskine at 38,000. Less advanced in polity than the Sandwich islanders, and with less of refinement (if such a word may be used) and the poetry of savage life than the Tahitians and Tongans, they appear to possess some sterling qualities in which the others are deficient. It was on one of these islands that the massacre of part of La Pérouse's crew took place, which (as Captain Erskine observes) influenced not only La Pérouse himself in his judgment respecting the mode of dealing with the natives, but to a certain extent that of his countrymen ever since. But La Pérouse, who bewailed his murdered friend Captain Dclangle's over-confidence in savage virtue, was himself mistaken in his opinion of the people with whom he had this unfortunate collision. They were, after their fashion, a generous and a highminded race, possessing a sense of honour peculiarly their own, and were comparatively free from superstitious influences. According to their great instructor, John Williams, they had a character for freethinking and 'godlessness' among their neighbours; possessing neither maraes, nor temples, nor altars, nor offerings, human or other. Cannibalism, though no doubt occasionally practised in some violent access of hatred and revenge,

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was generally held in abhorrence. 'To speak of roasting him is the worst language which can be addressed to a Samoan. If applied to a chief of importance, he may go to war to avenge the insult. Sometimes a proud chief will get up and go out of the chapel in a rage, should a native teacher speak of hell-fire.' This sensibility to insult, though it may savour of the natural man, serves as a motive to religious duty in the Christian part of the community. The Americans of the Expedition were informed that being put out of church, or excommunicated, was the severest of punishments at Samoa; and that 'the fear of public opinion was found to be sufficient to deter from the commission of crime and immoral practices.' Captain Erskine bears testimony also to the 'remarkable cleanliness and habits of decency, which these islanders carry to a higher point than the most fastidious of civilised nations.'

Samoa has been a principal station of the London Missionary Society since 1837, and, owing to the recent occurrences in Tabiti, may be now regarded as their head-quarters. Here, in the island of Upolu, is the residence of the once world-famous Mr. Pritchard, as British consul. Great progress has been made towards the conversion of the people: the character of their instructors, chiefly Scots Presbyterians, stands deservedly high: and the Romanists, in the usual spirit of rivalry, have lately detached some of their ablest champions to the same promising quarter. There is a missionary press, from which the 'Samoan Reporter' issues, or lately issued; a periodical containing much valuable ethnographical matter. Since 1849 the islanders have had the whole of the New Testament in the vernacular tongue—they had previously possessed several detached portions—and the Old Testament is now in the process of being printed at the local press, many of its books having already appeared in a separate form. A considerable demand for secular instruction has also arisen among the natives, as might be expected from their comparatively steady and persevering character. Bearded chiefs submit, with stately humility, to the discipline of the 'Normal School.' Arithmetical studies seem to have particular attraction for them.

'Of an evening,' says Lieut. Walpole, 'when taking advantage of intervals of fine weather, we went for a ramble in the delightful woods, the quiet of the grove was often disturbed by a ruthless savage, who would rush out on you, not armed with club or spear, but with slate and pencil, and thrusting them into your hands, make signs for you to finish his exercise or sum. The multiplication seemed always to be with the hardest figures, 7 and 8, and difficult to do without a miniature calculation on your fingers, or by dots; the savage looking on all the while as if he would eat you.'

Another

Another favourite accomplishment is oratory. When Christianity was first preached to them they debated for several months the expediency of receiving it. Mr. Williams has given an abstract of one of these discussions :—

‘It is my wish,’ said a venerable chief, on rising, ‘that the Christian religion should become universal amongst us. I look at the wisdom of these worshippers of Jehovah, and see how superior they are to us in every respect. Their persons are covered from head to foot in beautiful clothes, while we wear nothing but a girdle of leaves. Their knives, too, what valuable things they are; how quickly they cut up our pigs compared with our bamboo knives! Now I conclude that the God who has given to his white worshippers these valuable things must be wiser than our gods, for they have not given the like to us. We all want these articles; and my proposition is, that the God who gave them should be our God.’

This appeal to things temporal produced a powerful impression, and a chief of the opposite party rose to reply.

‘The people,’ he said, ‘who have brought us this religion may want our lands and our women. I do not say that such is the case, but it may be so. My brother has praised the wisdom of these white foreigners. Suppose, then, we were to visit their country, and say that Jehovah was not the true God, and invite them to cast him off, and become worshippers of Tangaroa, of the Samoa Islands, what reply would they make? Would they not say, Don’t be in haste; let us know something more of Tangaroa, and the worship he requires? Now I wish the Samoans to act just as these wise English people would, under the same circumstances, and to know something more about this new religion before they abandon that which our ancestors venerated.’

Their discussions are not often so pithy. Their rhetoric is ordinarily as discursive as it is vehement, and besides the length of the speeches, their assemblies are sometimes protracted by interludes of silence which surpass anything recorded of a Quakers’ meeting.

‘Great importance,’ says Captain Erskine, ‘is attached and attention paid to precedence, each district having its assigned place, although the order is sometimes disputed; and we were told that, in the event of two rising to speak at the same time, the rivals will remain standing for hours, and no business can go on until one yields, with the consent of his friends, the right of speech to the other; the meeting remaining perfectly quiet all the time, and no apparent acrimony being exhibited on either side.’

Great fluency, and a kind of factitious energy of elocution, disproportionate to the real interest of the subject, are common among the Polynesians; but the influence of political institutions here, as elsewhere, is felt in restraining or promoting oratorical license. While at Samoa, with its democracy of chiefs, the
privilege

privilege of debate seems to be boundless, in oligarchical Tonga the space allowed for 'political explanations' is discreetly limited to the time required for preparing the kava, or national beverage, which is to circulate round the council board.

The chief obstacle to the total defeat of the heathenism of certain districts seems to lie in the peculiar institutions of these people, who are governed by a very numerous class of chiefs, on whom, collectively, no hold is to be got, and among whom one party is always ready to set up the ancient faith as a political engine against the other. There are three orders of hereditary chiefs or nobles, 'a whole host of highborn beggars,' says Lieut. Walpole, all as haughty and punctilious in their way as the Hobercaux and Hochwohlgeborens of Christian Europe.

'Proud,' adds the lively Lieutenant, 'as the Samoan is, he does not consider it any want of dignity to beg. A native would stop us as if something important was to be communicated, and coolly ask for any article in our possession that caught the eye or took his fancy. On meeting a point-blank refusal he expressed no anger; and on being questioned, "Did you expect it?" "No, but I might have got it: as I asked I had a chance; had I not asked there was none."'

'The forms of Samoan politeness,' according to Captain Erskine, 'are as numerous as the Spanish, and often resemble them.' This was the only cluster of islands visited by Mr. Williams, where the natives had a word for 'Thank you.' No such form of courtesy was known at the Sandwich, Tahitian, or Hervey groups. It is in Samoa also that the curious Polynesian peculiarity of the 'language of politeness' especially prevails: not only different phrases, but different names for the same objects are used, in addressing chiefs or plebeians.

These islands were the first group touched at by Captain Erskine, in the cruise of H.M.S. *Havannah*, in 1849, of which the interesting narrative is now before us. He found them engaged in an endless series of petty civil wars, the several tribes conflicting for the possession of a certain abstract political honour, which they call the 'Malo;' the idea conveyed by which Captain Erskine confesses his inability to explain, and which appears to us somewhat to resemble the notion of a 'Hegemony,' entertained by a Greek republican. But whatever privileges belong to the title, this much is certain, that the people of Manono—a little island that is connected with Upolu by a shoal and reef—claimed a superiority over two districts of the mainland, which the latter resisted. Captain Erskine did his best to appease the feud, but with little success, and left the islands fatigued and disappointed. After three years of conflict, in which the Missionaries attempted to mediate in vain, the
Upolu

Upolu party, who are favourers of Christianity, prevailed, in April 1851, and the Manono or pagan party, succumbed. This alone shows that the energy of idolatry is dwindling away in its last stronghold, for in every former contest, from time immemorial, the people of Manono had vanquished their enemies and had gained, in consequence, a certain degree of political supremacy over all the islands of the group. There are symptoms that the defeated faction are watching an opportunity to renew the contest, and there will probably be at least one more civil war before the remnants of heathenism are finally overthrown.

Following the westward course of Captain Erskine's vessel, we next touch at the remarkable group of the TONGA, or Friendly Islands; after Tahiti, the most classical region of the Pacific, and celebrated for many years among the wandering Europeans for the loveliness of its scenery, and those qualities of its inhabitants from whence it derives its popular name. According to such vague history as their traditions afford, corroborated by the accounts of travellers, the Tongans had been a peaceful and happy race until the latter years of the last century—denominated among themselves, says a French missionary, the 'malaia,' or evil season—when a series of destructive civil wars commenced among them, which decimated their population, and reduced the survivors to the worst conditions of Polynesian life. In 1797 they were first visited by agents of the London Missionary Society; but ultimately, under a judicious division of the field of labour, which was made about 1827, the Tonga islands and the Fijis were handed over to the Wesleyans, whose missionary institutions in these seas are under the control of a superintendent established in New Zealand; a post now worthily filled by the Rev. Walter Lawry, whose two interesting volumes are among the list of works at the head of this article. We should judge the author to be a man of a kindly and practical as well as religious spirit, in whom the peculiar views of the missionary have been a good deal tempered by considerable shrewdness of observation, by advancing age, and by that experience of the world which renders men at once more indulgent and less sanguine. The character of the individual who fills this post is of no small importance to the welfare of a certain portion of the earth's surface; for, not to mention the other successes of the Wesleyans, they have established at Tonga a more complete system of religious government than is now to be found anywhere else in the South Seas. Nearly all the population are converted; heathenism lingering only, if it can be said to linger, in a decaying political sect. Great strictness, both

of moral discipline and religious observance, are generally established. And the result is seen in an orderly and tractable Christian population, among whom the grosser vices of savage life seem nearly extirpated; polygamy has been abandoned; the ordinary habits of the men are peaceable, and of the women modest. We need not go further with Mr. Lawry, who boldly declares, 'I speak of the general state of public morals, when I say that I have never seen the wheat so free from chaff in any part of the world, as I have seen it in these islands.' The population is numerous, and, contrary to ordinary* Polynesian experience, increasing, the number of children being particularly remarked.

These successes have been by no means obtained without the aid of the temporal power. The wars between the Christian and heathen factions were fierce and long. The great supporter of the Christian cause of late years has been an eminent chief, baptised by the name of 'George,' who now, according to the Wesleyans, reigns over nearly all the islands 'et par droit de conquête, et par droit de naissance;' and we are concerned to hear, on the same authority, that our old friend Finow, the hero of Mariner's interesting semi-romance, was, in reality, not only an impostor, but 'a designing, murderous rebel.' King George, who triumphed over him, is at all events no common personage. 'That he was an ambitious man, and not a very scrupulous one, cannot be doubted,' says Captain Erskine; but he has held, with vigour and sagacity, the power thus dubiously won. 'He is a fine person, about six feet four inches high, and well proportioned, with a fine glow of comeliness, intelligence, and Christian benevolence;' but this stature by no means gives him the ascendancy of Agamemnon among his gigantic chiefs and councillors. Mr. Lawry, who evidently 'loves to look upon a Man,' and has taken some pains in recording the dimensions of several of these, notices one Sampson Latu, 'local preacher and teacher,' who stands six feet five and a half; Jeremiah, local preacher in Fiji, 'a man of a fine mind,' attains the same height: Adelaide, whose marriage to William, the son of the Tui Tonga, was witnessed by Mr. Lawry, was 'a fine girl, with long floating hair, and her stature of the full size: she measured five feet ten inches, and I am quite sure she would weigh two hundred pounds; but

* We have said but little of the common belief in the rapid depopulation of Polynesia, because we feel much difficulty in forming any general opinion on the subject. Suffice it to say that this decay, where it exists, is something quite distinct from the shortness of life of which we have spoken in particular localities, and seems to proceed from deficiency in the number of births. Some readers may recollect Count Strzelecki's singular and important theory on this subject, which, so far as we know, has neither been confirmed nor refuted. (Quart. Rev. vol. lxxvi., p. 517.)

it so happens there are no weights in Tonga sufficient to weigh her!' Many anecdotes are recorded of the daring and policy by which King George paved the way for the introduction of Christianity among his people. Once—to recount a story which savours a little of tradition—'One of the chief priests told George, that now he had abandoned their gods there was none to defend him, and one day the sharks would eat him, if he ventured into the sea—a thing which he knew George was very fond of doing. Instantly George challenged this priest to swim with him into the open ocean' (that is, beyond the reefs, within which the sharks rarely venture), 'which was accepted; the result was that George came in, after a long swim, in perfect safety, and the other was so torn by the shark's teeth that he soon died.'

George is now in pretty constant practice as a preacher, and, as may be supposed of so great a monarch, an extremely 'popular' one. 'In the pulpit,' says Mr. Lawry, 'he was dressed in a black coat, and his manner was solemn and earnest. He held in his hand a small bound manuscript book, but seldom looked at it. . . . It was affecting to see this dignified man stretching out his hands over his people, with one of his little fingers cut off as an offering to a heathen god.'

But however dignified in the pulpit, he can descend on proper occasions, like an Homeric sovereign (we are really ashamed of a comparison which the habits of these races so constantly bring to mind), to evince his superiority in the use of very different language, and scold his subjects in the roundest vernacular.

'Addressing poor Silas,' a dismissed teacher, who had raised a party in one of the islands, 'the Sovereign said, "Why do you mention your paltry island here, and who made it yours? Who are you, and who were your fathers? I will tell you who my fathers were," and he then enumerated them. "These were my ancestors; but who were yours? I will tell you who they were: they were my father's cooks. Why, then, do you set up a claim to the insignificant islet which you call *yours*? Why did you not put it into a basket, and send it on board the canoe, and take it with you to Fiji?—then we should never have heard any more of you or your islet." By this time Silas was holding down his head, glad to be hid, and praying to be forgiven.'

The head of what we must call the Heathen party, though it is now so reduced in numbers, and broken in power, as hardly to deserve the name, is the Tui Tonga, an hereditary chief, of divine origin, and with family precedence over 'George' himself, but whose rank, strange to say, seems eclipsed, according to the intricate etiquette of his country, by that of his own elder sisters and aunts. In the decline of his

authority he took up with the Romanists, and was a kind of Giant Pagan and Giant Pope in one. In the last volume of the 'Annales de la Propagation de la Foi' there is a letter from Père Chevron, one of the priests, dated August 1852, announcing the recommencement of religious wars, the forced conversion of most of their flock, and the straits to which the remainder were then reduced in the siege of their last fort by a heretic chieftain of singular ferocity, meaning the royal preacher King George. A few days afterwards this last fort was taken by the king's army, and we have the testimony of an eye-witness, Captain Sir Everard Home, of her Majesty's ship *Calliope*, that this 'singularly ferocious chieftain' behaved with the utmost clemency, and successfully exerted himself in the fray to save the property and lives of the priests. After they fled from the island they lodged a complaint with Captain Belland, of the French ship-of-war *La Moselle*. He arrived in November, read the correspondence between George and the priests, acquitted his royal highness, acknowledged his supremacy, and received assurances in return that religious toleration should be the law of the land. Many of the vanquished chiefs renounced heathenism after their defeat, though the war is said by the Missionaries not to have been religious in its origin. The probability is that the motive of the Tui Tonga was to extend his rule, and the object of the Romish priests, who encouraged him, to extend their faith. When Captain Erskine was at Tonga the pagan party had not engaged in the contest which has proved so fatal to them, and that he found this fraction of the population less upright in their habits than the Protestant community, sufficiently shows that the Christianity of these islands has been something more than a name.

The Missionaries aver that they stood neutral in the quarrel, though their sympathies were of necessity with the king. Nevertheless the Wesleyans in these islands have been often accused of too great a reliance on the arm of flesh in their warfare against idolatry, we believe without much foundation, at least in later years. We need hardly refer to the stories of their cruelty towards heathen chiefs and their women, circulated by M. Dupetit Thouars and repeated by Sir Edward Belcher, except to express our entire disbelief in them; but it is not unlikely that they have been rendered responsible in public opinion for some of the deeds of violence committed by their associates in these religious wars. Thus much is certain, however the fact may stand as to the Wesleyans, that the signal inefficacy of the temporal arm in giving real aid to the establishment of religion has been nowhere more strongly evinced than in Polynesia. As among the barbarous races of Northern Europe fifteen hundred years ago, so in the Pacific

Pacific at the present day, the rejoicing of the missionaries over the conversion of a potent sovereign is always soon followed by complaints either of the spread of a mere nominal belief, or of bitter dissensions, re-action, and decline. It is so natural, in a path beset with danger and trial, to lean on the first strong staff that offers itself, that these good men might be forgiven if they did sometimes forget how certain this one is to break, and wound the hand of the holder. In earlier times the missionaries, to keep their flock in order, would sometimes allude to the possible visit of a ship of war in the event of any outrageous disobedience.* On this head, it is to be trusted, we have at last become decided in our views. No instance of armed interference on the part of British officers in the religious dissensions of the natives can be cited since the unhappy attack on the heathen fort of Bea, in these very Tonga islands, in 1840, by a gallant commander, whose life paid the forfeit of his error. The failure of the French is sufficient to teach us wisdom: the habit of their officers of constantly threatening the visit of armed forces to protect their missionaries in these seas, has involved the nation in an unpopularity which no exertion of the priests has hitherto been able to overcome. It is satisfactory to observe the perfect appreciation of his duty in this respect which characterises the narrative of Captain Erskine, and how sedulously he avoided all intermeddling with the concerns of the many tribes whom he visited, except in the way of mediation and advice. In one direction only does it seem to us that the employment of armed authority might be judiciously extended, and that is in controlling the excesses committed with impunity by lawless Europeans.

But the missionary whose heart is in his work must do more than abjure recourse to external protection—he must (still harsher trial to flesh and blood) abjure also the use of the ordinary means of self-defence. Natural instinct is at hand to tell him that the display of a force which he never means to exert may be of the highest value in securing for him at the outset the respect and attention of the fierce race among whom he is sent; but passive as such a display may be, it seems to be infallibly injurious to his cause. The collisions between natives and Europeans will almost always be found to arise from some exhibition of force on the one side, exciting alarm or passion

* ‘A missionary,’ says Dr. Russell in his ‘Polynesia,’ in ‘endeavouring to convince some natives of their sin, said, “friends, your deeds are written in a book.” Interrupting me with impatience, “what book?” cried the chief speaker. He feared that the Europeans had been writing to King William. His impatience was wrought up to the highest pitch; and I was obliged to assume a serious air, and say, “the book is in heaven.” “Oh, very good,” he replied, seeming to be visibly relieved by the explanation.’

on the other. Remove the possibility of resistance, and even the wildest savages will respect the hero who trusts himself among them unarmed and undaunted. The Wesleyans in the Fiji group have now dwelt for years among the most sanguinary barbarians of the earth, wholly defenceless, and as yet, says Mr. Lawry, no injury whatever has been committed on them. In one instance, recorded by Captain Erskine, two ladies, wives of these missionaries, went in a canoe, in their husbands' absence, to an adjoining island, having received information that a party of captured native women were being slaughtered and eaten. Ten had already been consumed at the feast—three alone remained, and the ladies entered the scene of these cannibal orgies, and boldly demanded that the survivors should be spared. The presiding chief, filled with wonder at their temerity, granted the request, saying, 'Those who are dead are dead, those who are alive shall live.' The Bishop of New Zealand (we are told by Captain Erskine) will not allow a weapon of any kind to be taken on board the little vessel which carries him on his voyages of conversion; and, although his life has been once or twice in danger from outbursts of unpremeditated violence, he has as yet incurred no malicious hostility.

Captain Erskine charges the missionaries at Tonga with the exhibition of a rather 'dictatorial spirit' towards the chiefs and people. 'The missionaries seemed to live much more apart from the natives than at Samoa, where free access is allowed to them at all times.' Nor must we permit ourselves to exaggerate the benefits which their instruction has imparted; proud as they may justly be of their victories over heathenism, the work is as yet essentially incomplete. It has been hitherto a defect in the Methodist training, that it cultivates the spiritual to the neglect of the intellectual part of man; that it encourages the dreamy indolence and self-abandonment of the savage; that, except in religion, the Tongans are scarcely at all advanced beyond their heathen fathers, and show neither aptitude nor desire for civilisation. 'They can subsist upon very little,' says Mr. Lawry, 'and prefer idleness and poverty to labour and plenty.' He laments the fault, ascribes it to the heat of the climate, and thinks that wants will gradually spring up which will give a stimulus to exertion. The chance of a change should not be left to the course of events, but every effort should be made to combat a propensity which must prove the canker of Christianity.

'Very little progress,' Mr. Lawry elsewhere admits, 'has been hitherto made in the civilisation of the South Sea tribes, in the Friendly Islands and Feejee: nor are the signs at all encouraging in that matter. The expectations

expectations entertained in England are by no means realised on the spot; at least not with the rapidity which hope had painted, but left experience to correct. I am of opinion that the probable working out of the problem will be this:—That the Gospel preached by our devoted countrymen will save the souls of multitudes in these isles; that this grace will soften their hearts, and change their national character from warriors to men of love and peace; that the tide of emigration will sooner or later flow to their shores, and that a fine new race of civilised, mixed people, will cover this part of the earth. Thus, while a remnant of them shall be saved, God will show mercy to all who will accept it; and his retributive providence will be seen in the extinction of a nation (as such) that has been so deeply stained with the orgies of idolatry and with blood.'—*First Visit*, p. 136.

Education, he acknowledges in his second visit, had been too long neglected, and that the utmost exertion must be made to supply it. We augur the best results from the confession. Every fresh progress brings new duties, and nowhere is it so necessary as in Polynesia to forget the conquests achieved, and grapple boldly and speedily with the evils which survive.

In one respect the Wesleyan system accommodates itself remarkably well to the tendencies of Polynesian converts: namely, in the ready provision which it makes for receiving them into the active service of the Church. These islands swarm with 'local preachers,' of which there are now 487, besides 726 day-school teachers. The attire of the inhabitants is a garment which reaches from the loins downwards, leaving the upper part of the body uncovered, but many of the preachers add a shirt, which they carry on their arm during the warm walk to chapel, regarding it exclusively as an official robe and not as an article of dress. They sometimes forget to put it on before ascending the pulpit, and then they perform the operation in the presence of the congregation, without its being thought to derogate in the least from the dignity of the preacher, or the solemnity of the occasion. Simple, however, as are the notions and requirements of the auditors, the easy admission to the office of religious teaching is an advantage not unattended with danger: for it flatters not only the vanity of the natives, but that addiction to loose and exaggerated talk which is one of their besetting sins. The missionaries themselves complain of the difficulty of distinguishing between true earnestness and a child-like ambition for exhibiting an intense interest in matters into which they do not really enter, and playing, as it were, at being religious. They find that too many of their most specious converts resemble Mr. Talkative, the son of one Saywell, of Prating Row: 'all he bath lieth in his tongue, and his religion is to make a noise therewith.' This fluency is a characteristic of the race in other matters besides religion.

religion. We have already alluded to the Samoan taste for political oratory; in New Zealand Sir George Grey has informed us that the first result of general education among the chiefs was found to be a passion for letter-writing, and that they were constantly engaged in correspondence on trifling or imaginary subjects. In the same country the endless discussions between High Church and Low Church natives became at one time almost an obstacle to improvement, and the arguments occasionally ended, we believe, in an appeal to the old club-law.

It is another and a more serious question, whether the tendency to asceticism which has distinguished the training of Protestant missionaries among these nations, and of the Wesleyans more especially, has or has not been productive on the whole of benefit. Common opinion is undoubtedly against it. The ordinary complaint of casual visitors is, that the religious instructors of these reclaimed savages have endeavoured to strain the bow too far in the new direction; that they have destroyed the elements of manliness and cheerfulness in their national character, and substituted for them a slavish spirit of submission, or, at best, a hopeless apathy. Nor are the arguments used by many of the missionaries themselves in this controversy calculated to attract impartial judges to their side of the question.—‘To be happy, a man must be solemn; and the difference is small between mirth and madness!’ Not so, good Walter Lawry, and, if it were so, what are we to think of various anecdotes distinguished chiefly for their quiet drollery which agreeably diversify your demure pages? But the missionaries have far stronger grounds to rest on, when they point to the peculiarities of native life and habits with which they had to contend. In this warfare, they say, there can be no compromise between light and darkness, Christ and Belial. The savage must break wholly and without reserve the chains which attach him to his former creed, or he must remain for ever a slave to it. Now the force of association is such, that what is in itself harmless or even commendable, becomes most mischievous, as being inseparably connected with what is evil. His case is that of St. Augustine’s friend, the fiery neophyte Alypius, when one glance into the amphitheatre roused up again his fierce Pagan propensities, and extinguished the work of grace. The manly games of the warriors are inspiring and invigorating, but the slightest indulgence in them is enough to awaken the slumbering Até in the soul of the chief. Sweet are the moonlight dance and song under the cocoa-nut grove, but the feelings which they recall are but a bad preservative for the island maiden against the seductions

tions which encompass her Christian career. The savage can no more be reclaimed from his idolatries to a course of decorous and temperate worldly enjoyment than the confirmed drunkard to moderate indulgence. In such cases one line only is free—resist the evil one, and he will flee from you; negotiate and make terms with him, and he is your master for ever.

This is the logic of Puritanism; and although Puritanism has long ceased to exhibit itself on a great scale, as formerly, among the nations of Western Europe, we must not therefore deceive ourselves as to the real power or value of this awful agent, for grinding to powder old and tottering institutions, for rending in pieces the crust of prejudices and inert habits which accumulate round the human heart, for re-invigorating a stationary age with new and sometimes perilous spirit. It is still among us and around us, and performing wonders which seem only to prefigure greater events to come, before which the petty and balanced agitation of our ordinary religious and political parties becomes as nothing. In America the people of Massachusetts, the most sagacious in the world, have just submitted themselves to the yoke of the 'Maine law,' which makes the sale of fermented liquors an indictable offence, and this with the marked assent of public opinion. Do we suppose that their legislators were ignorant of the maxims, common to triviality, about the danger of re-action, and the danger of hypocrisy? Do they believe that the ordinary propensities of man can be controlled by the enactment of a republic, any more than by the ukase of a Czar? Not so; but they see all around them the devastations of an enemy who threatens not only to corrupt their society, but the very physical constitution of their race. They know that against such an antagonist half measures are of no earthly avail—that it must either be left unopposed, or grappled with as a mortal foe; and while numbers content themselves with the firm conviction that this is an immediate and pressing duty, and purposely refuse to look further, the more far-seeing are disposed to agree, though with doubt and trembling, because they believe that, although abuse will doubtless recur in its own time, the temporary shock may suffice to turn back thousands who are now on the high road to destruction. Thus is Puritanism acting now, in the commonwealth of the old Blue Laws and witch persecutions, and with more or less energy over the whole of the vast continent which that little commonwealth has leavened. And the great movement now in progress in China, whatever other elements it may possess, is assuredly in part a phenomenon of the same order—a fierce blaze of Puritan zeal, not chiefly against effete idolatries, but against that dominion of
monstrous

monstrous profligacy which signalizes the decline of a nation. Amidst events of such magnitude, the theocratic development of society in Polynesia sinks into insignificance. But it must be taken into account with other symptoms of the re-appearance, in this world's affairs, of that mighty influence which modern philosophy had imagined buried with the desecrated corpses of Cromwell and Vane, and which is destined perhaps to play no ordinary part in the next great stir of the elements of society among ourselves.

Here we take our leave of the Eastern Archipelago of the Pacific, or Polynesia Proper, unless the questionable Fiji group is still to be ranked as part of it. Melanesia lies before us, the youngest quarter of the world, and as yet the least visited, but likely soon to add contributions of no common interest to the history of Christian enterprise. It is in this region that the Bishop of New Zealand, interpreting, as we have been told, into a kind of call from above, a singular official mistake, by which his episcopal diocese was made to spread over some thousand leagues of ocean, has commenced his most remarkable career of missionary activity. To these subjects, and to the still more important topics afforded by the religious progress of New Zealand itself, we trust to take an early opportunity of introducing our readers.

ART. IV.—1. *Biographie de M. Guizot.* Par E. Pascallet. Paris, 1841. 8vo.

2. *Notice Biographique sur la Vie et sur les Travaux de M. Guizot.* Par Felix Droüin. Paris, 1841. 8vo.

3. *Biographie de M. Guizot.* Par Th. Deschères. Paris, 1842. 8vo.

4. *M. Guizot.* Par un Homme de Rien. Paris (sans date). 8vo.

M. GUIZOT has shared the usual fate of eminent persons in France, where it is much more common than with us to publish biographies of living men, in being made the hero of numerous narratives, not one of which gives a tolerable account of his motives and actions. Such ephemeral productions are below criticism, and even where they have a temporary life they may be safely left to perish from their inherent feebleness. It is with a far more important purpose than to rescue M. Guizot from the vapid perversions of bad biographers that we are about to attempt a review of his distinguished career. From the hour that he entered into public life he has been an influential actor in the great events which were passing around him, and for many years he was, in power as well as reputation, the leading statesman of France.

France. The objects at which he has steadily aimed, and the reasons why he failed to attain his ends, are little understood; and as the history involves the causes of the frequent revolutions which have distracted his country, and a description of the evils which still lie at the root and corrupt the tree, we know no better method of indicating the political errors and prospects of France than in connexion with the persevering but fruitless endeavours of this illustrious statesman.

It was on the 3rd Germinal, an II. (5th April, 1794), the very day of the execution of Danton, that the national guard of Remoulins seized a gentleman, who said his name was François Giraud, of Nîmes. The capture took place in the middle of the night at the *ci-devant Croix de Ledenon*—*ci-devant*, because the very name of the Cross was then forbidden by a republic which had proclaimed unbounded religious freedom. The next day the prisoner was interrogated by the *Comité de Surveillance* of the commune of Remoulins. Having been conveyed to Nîmes without delay, he was on the 19th of the same month condemned to death by sentence of the judges of the Criminal Court, and immediately executed. He had originally been suspected of undefined conspiracies against the unity and indivisibility of the Republic, but as he did not think proper to obey the summons the court paid no attention to the charges. He was condemned solely for his contumacy, and *ipso facto* outlawed and executed,—a proceeding similar to what the French judges still call a *condamnation par contumace*. The original sentence, of which we subjoin an extract, may still be seen among the archives (*greffe*) of what is now the Imperial Court of Nîmes:—

‘ The tribunal, having heard the public accuser, pronouncing judgment without any appeal whatever, according to the powers conferred on it by the *Représentant du Peuple* on the 8th of the present month, and according to the law of the 23rd Ventose last, which says,—

‘ “ Every one accused of any conspiracy against the Republic, who will not obey the summons, shall be put *hors de la loi*,”—

‘ Has declared and declares that the accused is *hors de la loi*, and consequently orders that the said accused shall be delivered within twenty-four hours to the executioner and put to death.

‘ Further, according to the 2nd article of the law of the 4th of September last (old style), which says,—

‘ “ All the property of individuals who at Marseilles, or in the neighbouring departments, rise against the National authority is to be confiscated, and *specially* applied to the indemnification due to the *persecuted patriots* in the same localities,”—

‘ The tribunal orders also that the property of the said accused shall be confiscated for the benefit of the republic, and specially applied to the indemnification due to the persecuted patriots in these districts.

‘ And

‘And in consequence of the said confiscation the tribunal orders, according to the law of the 19th Brumaire last, that the children of the said accused, if he has any, shall be received into the Foundling Hospital, and brought up according to the law of the 1st of July last.’

This document is not an exceptional one, and thousands of the same kind may be found in the *greffes* of the Courts of France. The country—*La Vendée* and the *émigrés* excepted—was not then, as many contend, labouring under the convulsive agitation of a revolutionary agony; but was, on the contrary, strongly supporting the government, and the more illegal and tyrannical it became the more the enthusiasm increased. France was fighting *en masse* against Europe on behalf of these rulers. The populace were butchering the élite of society for the glorification of the Convention, and cheering the members of that assembly who were inaugurating the guillotine in the provinces. In the language of a clever and courageous author, M. Vitet, the people seemed only to employ their voices to vituperate, and their hands to throw mud at, their victims. It was in a word a nation which, several months after the fall and death of Robespierre, ordered the apotheosis of the execrable Marat, and erected public altars to him in Paris.

The gentleman who called himself Giraud, in order to prevent the friend in whose house he was found from incurring any danger, disclosed his true name as soon as he was in the hands of his judges, and, refusing the generous offer of a compassionate gendarme, who volunteered, at the peril of his own life, to contrive his escape, marched to the scaffold. His true name was Guizot, the father of the celebrated statesman, whom, as we have just seen, the merciful republic ordered to be thrown into a foundling hospital, there to receive such an education as might suit the authors of the tragedy.

M. Guizot is descended from an ancient family, which was divided into two branches. The Catholic branch was established in Limousin and at Toulouse, and in the sixteenth century, furnished several *Capitouls*, or chief civic magistrates, to that town; the Protestant branch had settled at Nîmes, where, amongst his numerous ancestors, we shall mention only the illustrious Castelnau family, with which the family of Sir J. Boileau, Bart., is connected. The Boileaus (who left France for England at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes) derive their descent from the celebrated Etienne Boileau, who was *prévôt des marchands* under the reign of St. Louis, and was the author of an exceedingly interesting work called the *Livre des Métiers*.

M. Guizot, who perished from the revolutionary mania in 1794, was a lawyer, and, though only 27 years of age at his death,

death, had earned a high reputation in his native town. He had married, in 1786, Mademoiselle Elizabeth Sophia Bonicel, whose father was a respectable Protestant vicar. Her rare worth, and her attachment to the memory of her husband, whom she mourned at the end of her life, after 54 years of widowhood, almost as deeply as on the day of his death, inspired every one with admiration. She never parted for a single moment with the last letter which she received from him, and always wore it, enclosed in a case, next her heart. At the period of the birth of the future statesman (4th October, 1787) the French Protestants had not acquired the civil rights which, but two months after, Louis XVI. conferred on them. They had no churches, no public worship, no recognised marriages; they were hardly reckoned amongst moral beings. Even in the towns where, as at Nîmes, they formed a large and respectable body of many thousands, the French Protestants, notwithstanding the eloquent denunciations of Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, and other enemies of persecution and intolerance, were not allowed to offer in common their prayers to the Almighty. In order to hear the exhortations of their pastors, they were obliged to repair to some remote and concealed spot—they called it the *Desert*—to which they were frequently tracked by the police, who dispersed them by firing at them as if they had been wild beasts. In her youth, Madame Guizot, who all her life was conspicuous for her firm attachment to her religious principles, had often joined the congregation at the *Desert*, in defiance of the *fusillades* by which the meetings were constantly terminated. Persecution indeed never fails to increase the devotion of high-minded persons to the faith of their fathers, and it is evident how hopefully the French Protestants must have received the announcements of the reforms which were promised in 1789. But as their religious and moral principles were still unimpaired, while those of the Catholics had generally given place to sceptical or atheistical notions,* they

* It is to Voltaire and his coterie that the infidelity of France in the eighteenth century is generally ascribed; but it must be remarked that amongst a truly religious people these attacks upon Christianity would have excited disgust instead of sympathy. Voltaire was really the child of an antecedent infidelity as well as the parent of much of the subsequent license. Sceptical notions had already spread widely over France in the beginning of the eighteenth century; and there is extant a letter of the Princess Palatine—the mother of the *Regent Orleans*—in which she expresses herself thus:—‘I do not believe that there are at this moment in Paris—counting ecclesiastics as well as laymen—one hundred persons who hold the Christian faith, even to the extent of believing in the existence of our Saviour! I shudder with horror!’ A whole century before, the Père Mersenne, the celebrated friend of Pascal and Descartes, had stated in his *Commentary on Genesis* (printed in 1623) that Paris alone contained 50,000 atheists; and that sometimes twelve of them were to be found together in the same house.

took a much less prominent part in the horrors which succeeded. Some even tried to resist, and, like M. Guizot's father, perished in the attempt.

After the dreadful catastrophe the unfortunate widow displayed a Roman firmness. Left with two infants (M. Guizot had a younger brother, who died about fifteen years ago), and surrounded with implacable foes, she never lost her presence of mind. She saw that henceforth her duty in life was to devote herself exclusively to the training of her children, and believing that France could not afford them a religious, moral, and intellectual education, she collected all the pecuniary means which remained to her, and, as soon as she was permitted to leave Nîmes, went with her children to Geneva, where she remained for six years superintending their studies. The young Guizot made rapid progress in classical studies, in philosophy, and in mathematics, to which latter science he applied himself with ardour,* under the celebrated professor Lhuillier. His aptitude for acquiring languages was astonishing. We have ourselves heard him reciting the most beautiful Canzoni of Petrarch, which he had learned by heart at Geneva more than forty years before; and he was so familiar with German, that his first historical essay (on the study of history) was originally written in that language, and printed in the *Morgenblatt* in the year 1809. But what conferred more honour upon him than even his literary progress were the regular habits of life, the reflective mind, the philosophic views, the feelings of impartiality and justice, and, above all, the moral courage, which we consider to be the distinguishing features of his character. All who have known M. Guizot intimately have observed how little there is in him of the peculiar French element. In his speech, in his writings, in his countenance, in his conduct, there is a steadiness and seriousness which is the reverse of national, and which, doubtless, he owes to Geneva. This peculiarity, while it was one of the causes of the esteem with which he was regarded abroad, did not contribute, we suspect, to make him popular in France, where *esprits* and volatile characters (*bons enfans*) are often more appreciated than strong, reflective minds, and stern, inflexible dispositions.

In the year 1805 M. Guizot left Geneva and went to Paris to study jurisprudence. There the steadiness of his conduct and the precocity of his talents gained him the friendship of several

* M. Thiers was also very skilful in mathematics; and we have been assured that in his early life he composed a treatise on trigonometry, which has never, however, been published.

eminent men, and among them of M. Stapfer, formerly Minister Plenipotentiary of Switzerland in Paris, who acted the part of a father to him, and under whose direction he applied himself to German philosophy and theology. M. Suard, who, with his learned circle, then exercised a great literary authority in Paris, no sooner became acquainted with the young *étudiant en droit*, than he proposed to him to furnish some articles to the *Publiciste*, a periodical which two years later was suppressed by the imperial police. After contributing to the *Publiciste* and *Les Archives Littéraires*, M. Guizot in the year 1809, published a *Dictionary of Synonymes* in two volumes, which is still a standard work in France, and has frequently been reprinted. In common with nearly all men who have become distinguished as authors, he paid a passing tribute to poetry by writing a tragedy, *Titus Sabinus*, the subject of which he borrowed from the Fourth Book of Tacitus. It has never been published. It is a curious fact that a man who has placed himself at the head of the modern historical school of his country did not, at the beginning of his literary career, show any strong predilection for the study. While he applied himself to almost every other branch of knowledge, the pursuit to which he was to owe so much of his fame was rather neglected. The reasons which finally induced him to turn his attention to it are stated in a letter which he addressed some years ago to a friend, and which now lies before us :—

‘ It was in Paris in the year 1808, when I began to think about a new translation of Gibbon, with notes and corrections, that I became interested in historical inquiries. The history of the establishment of Christianity inspired me with a passionate interest. I read the fathers of the Church, and the great works of the German writers relating to that period. Never did any study more captivate my mind. It was by those researches, and by the philosophy of Kant, that I was led to the study of German literature. As to my investigations into the history of the ancient legislation of Europe, I undertook them when I was appointed in 1811 professor of modern history, at the Faculty of Letters in Paris, and with a special view to my lectures on the origin of the modern civilisation of Europe. I then plunged into the original chronicles, charters, the civil and ecclesiastical laws of the barbarians and of the middle ages. The works of the modern historians, especially the Germans, helped me much, but, while studying them, I always consulted the original documents, and verified the accuracy of their statements. I thus learnt to entertain the greatest esteem for the German historians, but not to follow them implicitly. They have great knowledge and much penetration, but not always accurate views, nor sufficient political intelligence. They seldom depict correctly the characters and manners of different nations, and they do not even follow with complete exactness the order of events.’

The translation of Gibbon,* which gave birth to such important results, was published, in thirteen volumes, in 1812; and the new commentary of M. Guizot was received with considerable favour. It is characteristic of the youthful annotator that with all his admiration for the great historian, he emphatically censured the predilection shown by Gibbon for material grandeur over moral fortitude, as evinced in his depreciation of the heroic courage of the Christian martyrs, and his exaltation of the ferocious exploits of Tamerlane.

We have seen that M. Guizot was a contributor to one of the few periodicals which the Buonaparte government allowed to exist. These journals afforded some slight resource to several distinguished persons whom the Revolution had ruined. Among them was Mlle. de Meulan, whose family had been formerly wealthy, and who now contrived, by great talent, and still greater courage, to eke out her means by the use of her pen. This was a harassing life, and her health soon failed. On becoming acquainted with the fact, M. Guizot, to whom she was scarcely known, sent to the *Publiciste* several articles in her name. She at last discovered the friend who had so delicately assisted her, and the consequence of the intimacy which resulted was, that, though Mlle. de Meulan was much older than M. Guizot, and might almost have been his mother, a marriage ensued. The union proved a happy one; and, what was of no slight importance, Mme. Guizot, whose moral tales and educational writings are among the best French works of that description, repaid to some extent the original obligation, and was a literary as well as a domestic helpmate to her husband.

Though M. Guizot was already considered one of the future luminaries of France, he was never employed by the Imperial Government. Baron Pasquier, then *Préfet de Police*, and who, under Louis Philippe, we have seen at the head of the Chamber of Peers, wished to have him appointed an *auditeur* to the *Conseil d'Etat*, which was a sort of nursery of the imperial functionaries. He spoke of him to the Duke of Bassano, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, who in the year 1810 directed M. Guizot to draw up a memoir on the exchange of the English prisoners at Morlaix with the French prisoners in England. All the necessary documents were put into his hands, and he digested

* The first French translation of Gibbon was published by Leclerc de Sept-Chênes, who was the instructor of Louis XVI. in the English language. It is now a well-authenticated fact that Louis XVI. was the translator of a portion of the first volume, and that he only desisted from his task when he reached the chapter where Gibbon attacks the historical foundation of Christianity. This translation of Louis XVI. makes part of the publication of Leclerc de Sept-Chênes, and was adopted in a revised form in the edition of M. Guizot.

a paper which was submitted to Buonaparte, who undoubtedly was not pleased with it, as the author never heard anything more on the subject. The plan of M. Guizot was devised with the *bonâ fide* intention of facilitating the exchange, while Buonaparte only wanted to impress the French public with the belief that he was making pacific offers to England, and that England rejected them. About the same time M. Guizot, who, through the influence of the then grand master of the university, Fontanes, had been elected a professor in the Faculty of Letters of Paris, received an intimation that his introductory lecture was expected to contain an eulogium on the master of France. The lecture was delivered without the panegyric, and M. Guizot had thenceforth nothing to hope from the Imperial Government. From what we now know of the philosophical turn of his mind, and his habit of developing general principles, it is evident that he could never have found much favour with Buonaparte, who always discountenanced speculative men.

It was not until the Restoration that M. Guizot entered into political life, and he was still too young to take a prominent part, because, by the *Charte* of 1814, no one could be elected a member of parliament under forty years of age. It was not easy to put in practice the Constitution granted by Louis XVIII., for constitutional liberty was a boon to which the bulk of the nation were strangers. There was neither political education nor political ideas among the people. The few true constitutionalists of 1789 had either perished on the scaffold or died in indigence and exile. The Republicans had generally bowed to the imperial despotism; and, under any circumstances, it was not amongst the partizans of the government of 1793 that the supporters of rational freedom were to be sought. There was, indeed, such a perversion of ideas on the subject, that in the eyes of the masses the soldiers of Buonaparte represented the liberal party, from the mere fact that they were engaged in defending the national independence against foreign armies. The *émigrés*, the natural and legitimate supporters of the new *régime*, were so totally unacquainted with the existing state of France, and were so disliked by the nation, that, instead of adding strength to the government, they were a source of excessive embarrassment. Their habits and claims, their political and religious prejudices, were looked upon with suspicion, while their antiquated costume and demeanour were the theme of general ridicule. Above all, a rejected dynasty, brought back by foreign bayonets, and princes whose very names were new to the majority of the people, rendered every possible course unpopular. Buona-

parte was hated, but the Bourbons were not loved, and affairs had arrived at that condition that no ruler or system was left which had the confidence of the country. Manifestations, to be sure, of the most enthusiastic nature took place at the downfall of the imperial power, but the restored princes remembered too well the still more enthusiastic fêtes which, twenty years before, had celebrated the destruction of the French monarchy, to attach much importance to the rejoicings. They were aware that all the speeches emphatically delivered by the corporate bodies to every successive government were only a sort of canvassing for places. Their esteem for the nation which they saw prostrated at their feet was not likely to be increased by the sight of persons fastening their crosses of the Legion of Honour to the tails of Cossacks' horses, while others attached themselves to the ropes by which the mob attempted to pull down from the column of the *Place Vendôme* the Emperor's statue, which they had previously all but worshipped.

The nation was worn out and impoverished by perpetual wars, and with a diminished population it wanted only repose and peace. The little political vigour which remained was exerted in securing personal interests, or took the form of a pervading discontent, which was directed to no well-defined end. Those who clamoured for securing the *conquests of the Revolution* were much more anxious to preserve the conquests they had made of the estates of the upper classes, than to promote the public liberties; while the grand aim of the *émigrés* was naturally to obtain the restoration of the property of which they had been despoiled. It was amidst these difficulties, and exposed to the indifference and even dislike of the great majority of persons of all descriptions, that a handful of highminded men, headed by the king himself, endeavoured to establish in France a constitutional government. In spite of every obstacle the attempt succeeded for a longer time than could have been anticipated—thanks to the honest and liberal feelings of Louis XVIII., to whose memory France ought not to be ungrateful—and thanks also to a small but strong phalanx, such as Professor Royer Collard, Marshal Gouvion Saint Cyr, the Abbé de Montesquiou, and Camille Jordan, all of whom have passed away. Though still very young, M. Guizot had a prominent place in this first constitutional party, of which he is now one of the last conspicuous survivors.

Of all the impediments which the founders of a liberal government had to encounter then and afterwards, the most difficult to surmount was the contempt for legal restraints which years of arbitrary

arbitrary government had produced. The majesty of the law had been so incessantly violated by the tyranny of mobs, or the tyranny of their rulers, that a disrespect for its provisions became, and continues, an habitual feeling among the French, and this with regard to private as well as political affairs. A single example, which occurred at the moment, will serve as a type of the mode of procedure which was in favour on the other side of the Channel. The *Journal des Débats*, managed at the period of the Revolution by two clever brothers of the name of Bertin, was exposed under Buonaparte to the most savage persecution. In 1801 the Bertins were prohibited from writing in their journal, and one of them was exiled to the island of Elba. Afterwards, in spite of the title it assumed of *Journal de l'Empire*, the newspaper got again into disgrace, and was transferred, according to imperial usage, to more Buonapartist authors.* At the fall of Buonaparte the natural course would have been to obtain an order for the restitution of the property. But this course was too complex for Frenchmen, and a more summary mode of proceeding was adopted. The two Bertins, who were men of almost gigantic stature and strength, accompanied by M. Armand Bertin, the present editor, also a very powerful man, armed themselves with bludgeons, and, entering the office of the newspaper, drove away, cudgel in hand, the imperial *rédacteurs*. The *Journal des Débats* supported monarchical principles, and such were the editors to whom the constitutional party was obliged to intrust the hard task of impressing daily upon Frenchmen the respect due to the law of the land.

* The decree by which Buonaparte confiscated this newspaper in 1811 is worth giving, as an instance of the flimsy pretences which he had the courage to put forth as his justification for violating the rights of property and the freedom of the press:—‘Seeing that the proceeds of a journal can only become property by an express grant made by us, seeing that the *Journal de l'Empire* has not been granted by us to anybody, and that the present proprietors have realised considerable profits in consequence of the suppression of thirty newspapers,—profits which they have enjoyed for a great number of years, and which have more than indemnified them for any sacrifices they can have made in the course of their undertaking—seeing moreover that not only the censorship, but even every species of influence over the *redaction* of the journal should exclusively belong to safe men, known for their attachment to our person, and for their independence (*éloignement*) of all foreign influence and correspondence, we have decreed and do decree as follows.’ This singular state document then proceeds to divide the property into twenty-four shares, eight of which are to belong to the government, and sixteen to be distributed by Napoleon among individuals who have done him some service. When a shareholder died, his portion was to revert to the emperor, to be conferred upon another convenient tool. The shareholders were to manage the paper, and Napoleon, in consideration of his eight shares, was to be represented at the office by a *Commissary of Police*. The whole is signed by himself, and was so rigorously executed that the Bertins were compelled to give up the balance they had in hand, while those who had lent considerable sums upon the security of the paper were refused a single sou of principal or interest.

This state of affairs could not fail to lead to a catastrophe. A military revolution brought Buonaparte back to Paris, and compelled Louis XVIII. to seek shelter at Ghent. All Europe again took arms against the great disturber of the public peace, and France thenceforth could expect nothing but a fresh invasion and numberless calamities. The natural result of the event was to weaken the influence of the constitutional party and to give more credit to the absolutists who surrounded Louis XVIII. at Ghent, and who, headed by the Duke of Blacas, impressed the king with the idea that every attempt to establish a constitution would unavoidably lead to new revolutions. M. Guizot, who had censured Gibbon for his admiration of Tamerlane, and his indifference to moral principles, soon perceived that Tamerlane was at Paris, and that the germ of all the liberty feasible was at Ghent. Accordingly he accepted the task of pleading in the name of the constitutional party the cause of freedom before Louis XVIII. Happily he succeeded, and this step, with which he has been so bitterly reproached, was in reality the first great political service he rendered his country. He took the measure openly and courageously, according to his habit, while many others played a double game, and awaited in silence the issue of the contest. He would have preferred the peaceful establishment of a constitutional government, without being driven to purchase it by the blow which his country received at Waterloo, but for a liberal mind there was no choice between freedom and Tamerlane, and it is not our province to complain if France was emancipated by the Duke of Wellington and a British army. It would not be difficult to prove that the men who then remained in Paris to watch events in order that they might make a display of their national feelings, or welcome the victory of the allies, according to circumstances, did not possess the patriotic sentiments of the *men of Ghent*. An anecdote which, several years since, was related to us by the present Nestor of French science, M. Biot, will illustrate the comparative patriotism of the respective parties. At the Restoration, while the army of the allies was still encamped in the suburbs of Paris, Louis XVIII. made a short stay at St. Ouen, before entering his capital. Numerous distinguished persons proceeded there to pay their respects to the prince who had just proclaimed the basis of constitutional liberty. One day M. Biot, M. Royer Collard, and M. Guizot, on going thither in a carriage, had to pass through the camp. At the sight of the foreign soldiers M. Guizot looked sternly mournful, and M. Biot was so much affected that, seized by a species of nervous fit, he began to sob. Upon this Royer Collard pointed at M. Biot in a satirical manner

manner and said, 'Then you have still a French heart? I have long since lost mine!' A few years afterwards a body of French liberals and Buonapartists made a hostile demonstration on the left bank of the Bidassoa against the army which was about to invade Spain, and for his participation in the movement, Armand Carrel was twice condemned to death, as a traitor. The sentence was annulled, and this alliance with foreign troops against his own countrymen did not prevent him from being, after 1830, the favourite leader of that very republican party who were constantly hurling anathemas against the *men of Ghent*.

To explain thoroughly the various phases of the life of M. Guizot from 1814 to 1830, it would be necessary to sketch the political history of France. But without entering at large upon so extensive a subject, it is at least indispensable to remember a few leading particulars. Before the *Cent Jours* an attempt towards the fusion of the different parties was made under the ministry of the Abbé de Montesquieu. After the battle of Waterloo, under the ministries of the Duke of Richelieu and of the Duke Descazes, the constitution was endangered from two opposite quarters—the Ultra Royalists, and the secret societies composed of Republicans and Buonapartists. The influence of the *ultras*, as they were then called, produced the reactionary chamber called the *Chambre introuvable*, which Louis XVIII. had the good sense to dissolve on the 5th of September 1816. On the other side the influence of the secret societies brought about the assassination of the Duke de Berri in the year 1820. This crime proved a heavy blow to the establishment of liberty in France, which was still further impeded by three important events: the formation of the Villèle ministry, the invasion of Spain, and the death of Louis XVIII. Under Charles X., who, during his brother's reign, was considered the true leader of the absolutists, reaction made such rapid progress, that within three years it provoked the liberal elections of 1828, and led to the appointment of the Martignac ministry, which, in spite of its good intentions, was not strong enough to check the backward tendencies of the Court on the one hand and the excited feelings of the nation on the other: At last Charles X. drew the sword and threw away the scabbard, by appointing Prince Polignac his prime minister. The Revolution of 1830 was the answer to that provocation.

It is almost needless to say that M. Guizot was a supporter of the government under those ministries with which he had at least a general community of opinion, and that he was in the opposition under anti-liberal administrations. In 1814 he was appointed Secretary-General to the Minister of the Interior, an office . .

office analogous to that of our Under-Secretary of State. By putting a liberal, a protestant, and a *bourgeois*, as was M. Guizot, at the side of a royalist, an ecclesiastic, and a nobleman, as was his chief the Abbé de Montesquieu, Louis XVIII. gave a proof of his sincere wish to effect a fusion between all that was best in the nation.

After the *Cent Jours*, M. Guizot held a similar position, but retired when the ministry of the Marquis Barbé Marbois was overthrown. In 1816 he presented a memoir to Louis XVIII., urging him to dissolve the *Chambre introuvable*, and, on his courageous advice being accepted, he was appointed *Conseiller d'Etat* by the new ministry, in conjunction with several of the strongest supporters of parliamentary freedom. Under the reaction which took place after the death of the Duke de Berry, the well-known liberal principles of Camille Jordan, Royer Collard, and the Baron de Barante, caused them to be dismissed from the *Conseil d'Etat*, when M. Guizot voluntarily resigned. From that period up to his election in 1830 to the Chamber of Deputies, he held no political office whatever.

In the administration as well as in the *Conseil d'Etat*, M. Guizot, in conjunction with his party, continually exerted himself, in spite of great difficulties, to impress upon the government the necessity of giving honest and regular motion to the new constitutional machine. And whenever, by the rapid turns of politics in those days, he was out of office, he commenced with his pen the struggle against the retrograde system. His political pamphlets published between 1816 and 1822—On Representative Government; On the Government of France; On Political Justice; On the Mode of Conducting Government and Opposition; On Capital Punishment for Political Offences—were filled with true constitutional ideas, and, appearing at the critical moment, were received with immense applause. By his frequent appeals through the press, he was one of the most influential causes of the re-awakening of the freedom of thought and opinion, which had slumbered during the Empire, and which a few years after acquired dictatorial power in France. This double and alternate action of M. Guizot upon the government and upon the public is thus stated by himself in one of his pamphlets: 'When I was in office I did my duty; and the proof of it is, that I am in a private station: now I use my right by addressing myself to the nation at large.'

All these political manifestoes furnish important evidence of the state of parties at the period. But pamphlets are more adapted to pull down than to build up. M. Guizot wanted to raise the edifice of a constitution and to impress the younger
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part of the nation with the true principles of that form of government. With this view, in 1820 he took as the subject of his lectures on Modern History at the Faculty of Letters, 'The Origin of Representative Government in Europe.' His success was wonderful. All Paris flocked to hear him, and the largest Hall of the Sorbonne was not sufficiently spacious to accommodate the thousands who besieged the doors. The crowd was so dense, and the difficulty of getting a seat so great, that many persons in the neighbourhood obtained a living by the sale of places which they secured by coming several hours before the time. The enthusiasm of an entire population of students, the cheers with which the professor was received, the reverent attention paid to his words, call to mind the ten thousand youths of all ages and nations who in the thirteenth century surrounded in the open air the pulpits of the most celebrated teachers of the University of Bologna. At the end of the darkness of the middle ages the Italians sought instruction with the same irresistible eagerness with which Frenchmen in 1820 sighed for freedom. These lectures, of which the topics are chiefly taken from the histories of England and France, were only known through the imperfect reports of short-hand writers. They have been recently published by their author in a complete form, and, though they are separated by thirty years from the circumstances to which they owed their origin, and have no longer that peculiar political significance which gave them such potent meaning at the time of their delivery, they are still among the most instructive works of M. Guizot.

The extraordinary success of the Lectures was not allowed to pass without notice, and the professor was soon abruptly deprived of his chair. The pen which M. Guizot had hitherto employed chiefly in galling his enemies, now enabled him to supply the domestic necessities in which his dismissal had involved him. Without ceasing to labour at the construction of the constitutional edifice to which he had devoted the energies of his life, he published an immense variety of works, of which we will only mention his great collection of original memoirs on the history of France, from Gregory of Tours to William of Poitiers, and a similar collection on the history of the Revolution of England in the seventeenth century. A short time afterwards he undertook the publication of a new periodical, the *Revue Française*, in which, with several of his most distinguished friends, he again became the advocate of constitutional liberties. Amongst the contributors who were then his disciples and admirers, some, like Armand Carrel and Godefroy Cavaignac, became, after 1830, his most irreconcilable enemies; and by
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their articles in the *National* aided in preparing the overthrow of the government of Louis Philippe. The *Revue* was addressed principally to the higher class of readers, while another periodical, the *Globe*, conducted by the younger and more active members of the party, appealed to the multitude.

There is a unity and consistency in the efforts of thoughtful, sagacious, and upright men, which is often disregarded in the struggle of parties, and which only becomes manifest in looking back on their career. It will readily be inferred from our narrative, that the peculiar merit of M. Guizot and his followers consisted in the unceasing efforts they made for the political education of France, and for the introduction of the constitutional principles they had derived from the history of England. Keeping aloof from popular passions as much as was practicable amidst the convulsive agitation of parties, their views assumed a philosophic form, and from the didactic nature of their writings they were called *doctrinaires*. This *sobriquet*, applied to them at first by the Royalists and afterwards by the ultra-liberals, and generally understood in a contemptuous sense, is of itself a proof that the nation never possessed an adequate notion of constitutional government, the very nature of which involves a rational framework, and not a mere assemblage of crude empirical ideas.

Never was the struggle more animated and interesting than in 1825, which was the year of the coronation of Charles X. The hopes of the retrograde party were elated by the bigotry and absolutist principles of the new king, while the repugnance of young France to the old ideas was daily increasing. It was in this year that the great indemnity to the *émigrés* was decreed, and that another bill, much less necessary, the law against sacrilege, was passed. It was in this year also that General Foy, the famous popular orator, flashed the last lightnings of his burning eloquence. A young traveller, who spent several months in Paris at the time, kept a journal, from which he has permitted us to make extracts, and they present such a lively picture of the political passions which then pervaded society, and such curious traits of national peculiarities, as well as of many of the celebrated men of the day, that we are persuaded they will be read with universal interest.

‘ 1825 : *January 6th*.—Baron de Humboldt has introduced me to the Thursday evening parties of M. Arago at the *Observatoire*. It would have been difficult to meet a larger gathering of celebrated *savans*. I saw Gay-Lussac, Thénard, Poisson, Ampère, Dulong, Fresnel, and many others, all of about the same age, from forty to fifty; Fresnel, to whom optics is indebted for so many brilliant discoveries, is the youngest, but

but he looks delicate. I am told that his health has been impaired by the labour of the examinations in the Polytechnic school. What a pity if such a man should be sacrificed to the toils of a secondary position! Thénard and Gay Lussac, on the other hand, are wealthy, chemistry having been for them the source of riches. Dulong—so amiable and modest that he is sometimes called Mademoiselle Dulong—has lost an eye and two fingers, by the explosion of some fulminating substance which he discovered. The great geometrician Poisson is as witty and cheerful as Ampère, who is older, looks heavy and dull. The most extraordinary stories about Ampère's absence of mind have been related to me. He had expressed a wish to be introduced to a celebrated lady, Mlle. Germain, well-known for her high mathematical attainments. At one of the evening parties of M. Arago, Mlle. Germain was announced. Ampère hastened to take her hand, led her to a corner of the drawing-room, and, sitting down by her side, entered at once upon a mathematical discussion. The lady replied very skilfully, and the whole company gathered round them to listen to the dialogue, till suddenly the conversation was interrupted by a burst of laughter. The lady turned out to be M. Poisson, whom Mme. Arago and the other ladies had induced to put on a bonnet and a shawl. His face, which is very little feminine, had not been recognised by M. Ampère as that of his intimate friend.

‘Though this *reunion* was ostensibly scientific, there was more political than scientific discussion. The men stood in groups in the middle of the room, while the ladies were sitting and talking round the fireplace. Humboldt was alternately flirting with the ladies, and slyly aiming some malicious shafts at his good friends the French *savans*, whom he constantly ridicules, notwithstanding that he professes to consider France as his adopted country. The whole company, although paid by the government, were unanimous in condemning it. Buonapartist, republican, or quasi-republican sentiments were to be heard on every side. M. Arago is neither a Buonapartist nor a Royalist. He described with great vivacity a visit which Buonaparte paid one day to the Observatory, accompanied by the Empress Marie Louise. Having requested M. Arago to show them any curious phenomenon which might be visible in the heavens, he directed their attention to some spots which were then to be seen on the sun. Buonaparte perceived them distinctly, but as Marie Louise, who wore a large bonnet with a heavy veil, could distinguish nothing, Buonaparte, in his impatience, tore off abruptly the offending bonnet. Even M. Arago, though a republican, considered the proceeding rather unceremonious towards the *daughter of the Cæsars*, as Buonaparte used to call her.

‘M. Arago spoke much of the poverty of the Papal States, which he attributes to the immense cost of the building of St. Peter's! Rather a stale source of complaint! While he indulged in animadversions on the prodigal fancies of the popes and despots who built St. Peter's and Versailles, he left out of sight the still more ruinous caprices of the mob, which in a day of *émeute* (to say nothing of revolutions) sometimes destroys more property, and contributes more to impoverish a nation,
than

than a king can do in a lifetime. What astonished me most was to see Marshal Marmont, a man invested with one of the highest offices at court, not only silent under the political attacks, but even assenting to them by his countenance and gestures. He is a great friend of Arago, and seems anxious to shield himself under the ægis of the celebrated astronomer's popularity against the odium attached to the recollection of the surrender of Paris.

January 26th.—I was present to-day at a sitting of the Chamber of Deputies. General Foy delivered a short but animated speech on the claims of the members of the Legion of Honour. He is at present the idol of France, where perhaps, within a few years, his name will be hardly remembered. He is a fine man, and a powerful orator, with a military tone and bearing. They say he never delivers any speech extempore, but first dictates and then learns it by heart. If this is true, he acts his part very well, as he expresses love of country, indignation, and the other political passions, without the least apparent preparation. He chiefly stands up for the military glory of France, and his speeches are admirably suited to flatter the pride of a nation so fond of conquest. But with General Foy that nation seems only to consist of the favourers of the revolution, and of those Frenchmen who after the overthrow of the throne invaded almost all the states of Europe; and who, it must be added, indulged a little in persecuting, spoliating, guillotining, and massacring another very large portion of their countrymen. The thousands of victims of the *noyades* of Carrier, the inhabitants of Lyons destroyed by grape-shot, the peasantry of *La Vendée*, who so heroically fought for their God and their king, and, above all, the immense multitude of *émigrés* who, escaping the guillotine of Robespierre, were starving for twenty years in every corner of Europe, were not Frenchmen at all in the eyes of the gallant general, who always speaks *of them* with sovereign contempt. It is interesting to see the liberal party, composed, perhaps, of a dozen members, who sit together on the left side of the Hall, resisting the whole of the Chamber. I saw there several celebrated men—Benjamin Constant, with his long hair; the old General Lafayette, with his rather insignificant face; the stout banker Lafitte, who looks like a man equally pleased with his popularity and his millions; and Casimir Perier, whose speeches, though very vehement, seem to me the most conclusive and practical of all. This small group of able men shows great firmness in fighting so courageously against an overwhelming majority; but in point of fact they speak to the nation at large, by which they are cheered, and not to the chamber.

February 15th.—Baron Maurice, of Geneva, introduced me to the celebrated historian M. Guizot. We found him breakfasting with his wife, who is well known for her writings on education. His domicile in the Rue St. Dominique is of the most modest description. He is a little thin, nervous man, but with an expressive physiognomy, and a bold and penetrating look. He is now publishing a large collection of memoirs on the revolution of England; and he spoke of his desire to procure from Florence a copy of some rare political tracts relating to

Charles I.

Charles I. and Cromwell, which are in the collection on English history in the secret archives. Though a strong opponent of the Villèle ministry, he is a steady supporter of the charter; and he maintains that, except in the case of irremediable faults committed by the government or the opposition, the parliamentary *régime* may be established in France under the house of Bourbon. I was extremely pleased with my visit, but rather astonished to see Mme. Guizot taking so active a part in the dialogue, often answering for her husband, and even interrupting him in a tone of superiority which I was not inclined to admit, but which seems rather a matter of course with M. Guizot.

' *March 8th.* —Dined at the Count of Mosbourg's. Both he and the countess are very kind persons. He was minister at Naples under the Buonaparte dynasty, and I am told is very skilful in finance. The party was numerous and brilliant, and consisted principally of Buonapartist celebrities. I was seated at dinner between the Princess of Wagram—widow of Marshal Berthier—and General Belliard, late of the Imperial Guard. He is a little man, full of fire and vivacity. Opposite was General Excelmans, tall, fair and pale, and looking more like a German than a Frenchman. During the whole dinner I pitied the poor Countess of Mosbourg, who, being obliged, according to the French custom, in her capacity of hostess, to carve every dish, was perpetually addressing the several members of the company with "Madame so-and-so, will you allow me to offer you a bit of pheasant?" —"General so-and-so, shall I send you some turbot?" This seems to me an insupportable duty, particularly at large dinners. Still, they say that French ladies like a custom by which they are made so prominent, although it prevents them from eating a single morsel.

' After the dinner I witnessed a curious scene. Some visitors having arrived, one of them, a French gentleman of rank, who, during the emigration, had been an officer in the Russian army, alluding to an action at which he had been present in that capacity, and speaking of his regiment, made use of the expression *we did so and so*. Instantly Excelmans, who is ordinarily polite and quiet, interrupted him sharply, saying, "Sir, *we*, in the mouth of a Frenchman, means French soldiers, and none but an *émigré*—and the *émigrés* are not French—could have applied it otherwise." I did not understand the answer of the other. This looked rather like the beginning of an affair of honour. But I was told, before the end of the evening, that the matter will be settled by mutual friends without fighting.

' *March 28th.*—Dined at the Marquis of Pastoret's magnificent hotel, Place Louis XV. Though nearly seventy, this celebrated jurist is still very hale. He is a peer of France, and, being one of the guardians of the children of the late Duke de Berry, is one of the leaders of the Royalist party. I met at dinner the great naturalist Baron Cuvier and the celebrated Chinese scholar Abel Rémusat. Cuvier is a stout, strongly built man, with a very large head. He speaks with equal superiority on every subject. He holds high offices in the government, and, though expressing himself with reserve, he shows his tendency towards absolutism. He said that mankind was composed of hammers and

and anvils, and that it was much better to be a hammer than an anvil.

' *April 25th.*—I paid a visit to the Abbé Grégoire. I never saw a man in such a fit of passion. It was extremely curious to see that fine, tall, powdered septuagenarian in his white woollen morning-gown, with a bishop's golden cross on his breast,—he is never without the insignia of his bishopric of Blois—literally jumping with rage like a madman. The cause of his anger was the *Loi du Sacrilège* (the bill against sacrilegious crimes), which was published to-day in the *Moniteur*. "They are ruining religion, they are destroying Christianity," cried he, as soon as he saw me. "Though they have expelled me as *indigne* from the Chamber of Deputies, they know not what are the true interests of religion. When that wicked Gobel, the constitutional bishop of Paris, followed by all his clergy, made his appearance at the bar of the National Convention, in order to abjure the Christian religion, declaring publicly that he renounced a religion of error and duplicity which he had taught all his life, who refuted him, who exposed his life for the vindication of Christianity? I was the man, and the next day, going to the sitting of the Convention, I saw the walls of the *Rue du Bac* covered with pasted bills, in which the *grande trahison* of the Abbé Grégoire was denounced to public vengeance. Where were then the present champions of the altar and the throne? They were concealed in cellars, and now they are extorting from the Chambers atrocious bills, the least inconvenience of which is that they will never be carried into operation. And this is not all! They are, besides, torturing the consciences of a few poor old priests, who, thirty years ago, thought that it was better to accept the civil constitution of the clergy than to abandon France to infidelity and atheism." Here I was much impressed to see the venerable old man sob and weep bitterly. But while I was admiring the courage he displayed under the reign of terror, I could not help reflecting that at the time to which he alluded the French priests were not lying concealed, as he said, in the cellars of Paris. They were much more effectually hidden in the immense holes into which the corpses of the victims of the *Massacres de l'Abbaye* were cast, like dead dogs, in September, 1792. What a nation, passing suddenly from one excess to another, and always joking and laughing! A gentleman of respectable character and of considerable learning, M. Benoiston de Châteauneuf, told me, that only a day or two after the massacre of the Abbaye, he was at the *Théâtre Français*, which was not, as it is at present, in the *Rue Richelieu*, but was still, as in the time of Voltaire, in the *Rue des Fossés St. Germain*. In the middle of the performance a loud rolling noise of carts was heard outside the theatre, and the audience became aware that the corpses of the victims butchered at the neighbouring Abbaye were on their way to the burial-grounds. Immediately all the spectators, and even the actors in their dramatic costumes, ran out of the theatre into the street to contemplate the more amusing spectacle of several hundred mutilated bodies. When this sad and atrocious procession had passed actors and audience re-entered

re-entered the Theatre; the performance was resumed, and the assembly witnessed with customary mirth the drolleries of a lacquey and the intrigues of a soubrette.

May 11th.—The fine morning induced me to take a walk through the garden of the Luxembourg. I met there the celebrated mathematician Laplace, who, tired with the sitting of the Chamber of Peers, had left the hall to stroll in the adjoining garden. This little thin old man, with his long stick and his violet silk overcoat, looked like a person of another age. His physical strength is gone, but his mental powers are still unimpaired. He allowed me to take a short walk with him. He is a Royalist as he has been a Buonapartist, being pre-eminently a man of order. But all his royalist feelings have been unable to shake his well-known infidelity. In the course of our stroll we saw many young clergymen crossing the garden towards the ecclesiastical school of St. Sulpice. I remarked that Laplace seemed much agitated at the sight. At last he asked me, "What do you think, sir, is the grossest absurdity that men ever uttered?" I was surprised at the question, and acknowledged myself baffled. "It is the doctrine of transubstantiation," said he, "because it violates the laws both of time and space." I doubt (said I mentally) if the government of Charles X. will get any very strong support from Royalists like him.

May 15th.—To-day Charles X. held a great levee. I was introduced with a host of other foreigners, who were presented by the diplomatic agents of their respective courts. These introductions are a necessary preliminary to receiving invitations to the *fêtes*, such as balls, theatrical performances, &c., which will take place at court in honour of the *Sacre*. There was a considerable crowd, and, as we remained standing for five hours, every one was tired out. The spectacle was very brilliant, all the men being in their national uniforms, and the ladies in gorgeous court-dresses. The king looked cheerful, and was exceedingly courteous. He is a tall man, about seventy years of age, of aristocratic manners and benevolent, but insignificant, countenance and looks, more like a Romish ecclesiastic of high rank than the chief of a martial nation. I was struck with his exact resemblance to the sculptured portraits of the ancient Aztec kings, which are still to be seen amidst the ruins of Palenque. He has the prominent aquiline nose, the turgid lips, and the other distinguishing features of those mysterious American monarchs, whose history, and even names, are extinct, while they themselves live in sculptured effigies preserved in a desert. In leaving the presence-chamber we were ordered to walk backwards, with our eyes directed reverentially towards the king—a regulation, which took most of the persons who attended the levee by surprise. This odd custom, with which very few of the present generation are acquainted, requires a little drilling to be dexterously performed. So embarrassing a mode of retreat, added to the other obstructions of a crowd, produced great confusion, and much suppressed merriment. For my part, I trod on the train of the superb lace-dress of an English dowager. A large hole was

was the consequence, in which my foot got entangled, as in a sort of trap, from which I could only extricate myself by increasing the ravages I had made in the *toilette* of my right honourable neighbour. Rather confused at the event, I quickened my backward walk, and came plump upon the toe of a prince of Salm, a sort of German giant, who, imprisoned in a stiff uniform, swore at me in a tone of concentrated anger, but without changing a feature of his immovable countenance.'

'May 16th.—I heard to-day a lecture of M. Villemain. He is a man of great learning and taste, and I am told his style is the most classical of any living French author. The hall was thronged to excess, and the professor was cheered enthusiastically. In the course of the lecture two young ecclesiastics endeavoured to enter the crowded hall. All the audience rose at once, and screamed with tremendous roars, "Down with the priests! down with the *calottins*!" M. Villemain exerted himself to the utmost to quell the disturbance, and to restore silence, indicating by his gestures that he had something to say. When he was able to make himself heard, he said that the lectures were open to the public, and that ecclesiastics had as much right as other people to enter the hall, adding with a delicate irony, "and let them come here to acquire instruction." Long cheers and laughter proved to the celebrated professor that the audience well understood his malicious remark.'

'June 8th.—The great ball given to Charles X. by the city of Paris, in honour of the coronation, took place last night at the *Hôtel de Ville*. The crowd was immense, and the etiquette was far from being so rigid as at the Tuileries. In fact, it was the *fête* of the *bourgeoisie*, with a sprinkling of the classes above and also of those below. It is so difficult to draw the line where the grades from the wealthy banker down to the obscure wine-merchant pass almost insensibly into one another, that, in spite of the attempt to be select in the invitations, it was impossible to avoid an incongruous mixture of dresses, manners, and conversation. A good deal of the behaviour was by no means aristocratic. Some of the incidents were all the more *bizarre* that the actors in them were dressed in the ancient *habit à la Française*, or court costume of a marquis of the last century—viz., silk or velvet embroidered dress, and sword. As the large temporary room which had been erected for the entertainment was entirely of wood, a basin, filled with water, was placed at each of the corners, to be ready in the event of a fire. The crowd was dense, the heat oppressive, the thirst great, and the moment a servant attempted to enter with ices or other refreshments, he was surrounded at the door, and everything disappeared in the tumultuous scramble. A few ices were conveyed in safety to the ladies, but they had to be escorted by Guards with fixed bayonets. Even this special convoy was, for some reason or other, not accompanied by the requisite spoons—it was rumoured, from the fear of the thieves who, in the costume of marquises, might have gained admittance to the ball. At last the thirst became insupportable, a rush was made at the guarded attendants for the empty cups, and hundreds in succession

sion drank deep potations of the water contained in the firemen's basins, which was none of the purest. The king traversed the *salons* amidst an escort of courtiers and generals, and retired early from the disorderly assembly. For the rest of the company the retreat was not easy. The immense multitude of carriages took the guests up slowly, and at broad daylight a great many ladies were to be seen in a state of exhaustion, on the steps of the *Hôtel de Ville*, waiting for their *voitures*. Worn out with fatigue, I imitated several others by walking home in my antiquated marquis's dress, to the great amusement of the peasants and workmen, who were now on their way to the neighbouring market.'

'June 14th.—While breakfasting this morning with a friend, at the *Café Tortoni*, several gentlemen, near us, were speaking upon politics. Their conversation was animated, and we overheard nearly all they said. I was astonished at the unreserved manner in which they spoke of the most delicate matters—for instance, schemes of conspiracies, with names, plans, and all other circumstances. They talked as if they were alone in the middle of a desert. When their company broke up, one of them, a splendid specimen of manhood, at least six feet three inches in height, came to shake hands with my friend. By the usual introduction I learnt that his name was Laberge, and that being a physician he had acquired a great influence over workmen and low people. He spoke at considerable length about secret societies, which he maintained were able to overthrow the government. He added that there had been a project of stabbing the *Procureur-Général*, M. Bellart, well known for his dislike to the liberals, and that several members of a secret society, himself being one, had their names drawn to determine which of them should do the deed. He assured us that the accomplishment of the murder only failed from accidental circumstances, and would, no doubt, be undertaken again. When he left us, I asked my friend if all that I saw was a masquerade, or if true, whether it was possible that such things could be revealed in a public coffee-house? "Of course," answered he, "there is always great exaggeration in such cases, but it is not improbable that the main point of what Dr. Laberge has told us is correct. Frenchmen, and chiefly the people of Paris, do not know what it is to keep a secret; but as rumours of every kind, many of them of the most absurd description, are continually propagated from morning to night; truth is almost as effectually concealed amidst the endless variety of reports, as if it had never been whispered to a soul."

'June 20th.—It is a curious fact that several of the most eminent men now in Paris are all of the most diminutive stature. Laplace, Poisson, Guizot, are hardly, I think, five feet high. To-day I dined *tête-à-tête* with another celebrated man, Fourier, one of the secretaries of the Academy of Sciences, and he is as short as the others. Last week, while I was passing by the office of the *Constitutionnel* newspaper, a friend showed me another little man, M. Thiers, who is acquiring great celebrity by his spirited articles in the newspapers, and chiefly by a history in glorification of the French revolution, of which the

the opening volumes are just published. If, as they say, he is one of the future great men of France, he has at least the requisite small stature.*

'The life of Fourier has been filled with remarkable vicissitudes. He was born at Auxerre, and educated by the Benedictine monks. At the revolution he was obliged, like his learned teachers, to conceal himself. He was *préfet* of Grenoble, and in that capacity the *ci-devant* Benedictine was directed to receive Pope Pius VII., whom Buonaparte arrested at Rome, and afterwards sent disguised in the uniform of a *gendarme* (to prevent any popular demonstrations in his favour) from Italy to France. The illustrious prisoner was transmitted under escort from one station of *gendarmes* to another, and at each stage a receipt was given for the prisoner by the officers who received him to those who consigned him to their care. It is said that so disrespectfully was the pope treated by these successive relays of guards, that the receipts were usually couched in the words, "Received a pope in good condition."

'Fourier is a wit and a most amusing talker. "You do not know this nation, sir," said he; "they are cheerful and witty, but restless, and without any steady political sense. They like change for the sake of change itself, and they do everything by impulse, passing suddenly from one extremity to another. They now seem infatuated with the charter, but the fact is, that, the *doctrinaires* excepted, who are men of great talent but not numerous, every one wants to have it destroyed. The conduct of the liberals, who have the immense majority of the nation with them, evidently tends towards another revolution, and indeed they infer, from the instance of England in the 17th century, that the restoration must be followed by a change of dynasty, while the Royalists speak every day of the necessity of tearing the charter to pieces in order to check the progress of democracy. I witnessed the first revolution, and to me there are infallible signs of another; but I am an old and worn-out man, and I shall not see my countrymen falling again into the pit which they are cheerfully and blindly approaching. A catastrophe is unavoidable, the immense majority of the nation being against the government, which has only a nominal power, while the true power is in public opinion, which is led by the newspapers. Look everywhere, and you will observe the omnipotence of the liberal newspapers. Even the Academy of Sciences, which by the nature of its studies you would think free from the influence, is overruled by the journals. As Laplace is a Royalist, the public is taught, and with success, that he is not a good mathematician, and, the *Constitutionnel* newspaper having insinuated that M. Biot was a sort of Jesuit, nobody now gives him any credit for his discoveries in optics. Even Cuvier is sometimes silenced by Geoffroy Saint Hilaire, who has secured for himself the support of

* This will recall what Lord Clarendon has said of the persons who flourished during the Civil Wars; when, after remarking that Chillingworth was of small stature, he adds, that it was "an age in which many great and wonderful men were of that size."

the liberal party, and we have recently seen the most eminent medical man on the continent (Dupuytren) rejected by the Academy, only because he was said to be supported by the king. Ah, sir, we are a singular nation! You are young, but before the end of your life you will have learnt that men do not deserve that truth should be spoken to them.”

‘*July 9th.*—I have been this evening at a small party at General Desprez, Director of the *Ecole d’Etat Major* (the staff), who is, I am told, in favour at court. The company was select and cheerful; Madame Desprez introduced me to several ladies, with whom I began to speak of Jocko, just now the talk of Paris. Jocko is a drama, which derives its name from a monkey, whose part is represented by an admirable actor of the name of Mazurier, who wonderfully imitates every movement and gesture of a real ape. Poor Jocko, who is of course a miracle of intelligence and good feeling, and who is particularly attached to his master’s son, perceiving an enormous serpent on the point of springing upon the child, catches him up and ascends some rocks to save the boy from the monster. At this moment the master comes back, and, as he does not see the serpent, he supposes that the monkey is running away with his child, and shoots poor Jocko, whose melancholy death moves the audience to tears. My fair companions seemed so much affected at the remembrance, that, with the view of enlivening the company, Madame Desprez proposed a little music, and asked a gentleman to sing. He sang the “Complaint of Papavoine.” This personage is either a criminal or a madman, who, without any imaginable motive, lately murdered two children in the neighbourhood of Paris. As usual a *complainte* was composed on the subject. This is so full of fun, that the whole company, and especially the ladies whose compassion had been so moved for Jocko, were convulsed with laughter. As Papavoine is a murderer, he must of course be a Royalist, and the laughter rose to its highest point when the singer came to such verses as the following:—

“ Je suis bon Royaliste,
Catholique et pensant bien
J’ai voté loyalement
Et consciencieusement.
C’est par distraction seulement
Que j’ai tué deux enfans.”

‘At the end of the soirée I could not help thinking that in Paris it was better to be a monkey than a man, but that the safest thing of all was not to be a Royalist.’

These quotations, in addition to their general interest, are sufficient to show that the establishment of a parliamentary government in France was almost impossible at the very moment that the nation seemed enthusiastically disposed towards it. Fourier was not the only man who foresaw a stormy future. When in 1828, after the general election and under the Mar-

tignac ministry, the whole of France was in ecstasies at the victory of the liberal party, M. Guizot, who had been restored to his chair, opened his admirable course on the history of civilisation by advising an immense and enthusiastic audience not to be intoxicated with their great success.

‘Good fortune,’ he said, ‘is hazardous, delicate, and fragile; hope ought to be moderated as well as fear; convalescence requires almost as much care as the approach of disease.’

During three years M. Guizot continued, with increasing success, to set forth in his lectures the progress of civilisation. When they were afterwards published they were immediately translated into almost every European language. Though compelled to restrain his subject within narrow limits, the sagacity of the author is so penetrating, his erudition so vast, and his philosophical method so accurate, that by a happy selection of important facts, grouped round a single idea, each lecture becomes a vivid picture of one of the most striking features of general civilisation, while the reunion of the parts forms a homogeneous and connected history. One capital merit of the work is that the facts are neither disfigured nor selected with a view to confirm some preconceived theory, but the theory is honestly deduced from the facts. This would have been more apparent if M. Guizot had added to the lectures when he published them some of the most important of the documents and quotations upon which his views are founded. Every student of history knows the necessity of these appendages. We are inclined to think that in the *History of Gibbon*, for instance, the notes are hardly less valuable than the text; and we are persuaded if M. Guizot would annotate with extracts from his authorities a new edition of his work, that they would not only illustrate but confirm his conclusions, and facilitate the inquiries of those who wish to follow in his footsteps.*

The freedom from fanciful speculations, which distinguishes the work of M. Guizot, has been rendered more conspicuous by the subsequent extravagances of what has been called the French philosophical historical school, which has proved so mischievous to the excited minds of modern Utopians. This spirit of system has led men who are in many respects persons of uncommon talent into the grossest absurdities. M. Michelet, who has long been considered by the republicans among his countrymen as the dictator of philosophical history, paid a few years

* If the other works upon which he is engaged are a bar to the undertaking, his son, M. Guillaume Guizot, who has started so propitiously in his literary career, could find no worthier or more appropriate task than to supply the deficiency under the direction of the author.

ago a short visit to England. At that time a sharp discussion was going on in the French newspapers with respect to the duty which was paid on the foreign cattle imported into France, and which, it was contended, prevented the lower classes from obtaining a sufficient quantity of animal food. As soon as he returned to Paris M. Michelet hastened to publish his opinions on the state of England, and acknowledged—an extraordinary confession for a Frenchman—a sort of superiority of the English over the French. With his mind full of the cattle controversy, he maintained that this superiority was solely due to the larger quantity of meat eaten by an Englishman than a Frenchman, and in proof of his assertion he added—‘It must be remembered that Shakspeare, the most eminent genius of England, was a journeyman butcher.’ His solitary fact is probably as fictitious as his theory, and we are surprised when he set about mystifying his republican friends, that he should have been so modest in his assertions, and not have told them at once that Bacon, Newton, Pitt, and Wellington, all belonged to that grand school of genius, the corporation of butchers.

As soon as M. Guizot had attained the age required by the charter he was elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies. He was returned for the town of Lisieux, and succeeded the celebrated chemist Vauquelin. He took part in the struggle of the liberal party against the Polignac ministry, voted for the celebrated address of the 221, and being absent from Paris at the appearance of the famous ordonnances of July, 1830, he hastened back in order to resist them. Some of the leading republican celebrities are said to have exactly reversed the operation, and to have hurried from Paris at the critical moment. The result is well known. An ancient dynasty was again overthrown, and Charles X., with the royal family, set out for a new and sorrowful exile. This time they at least received in their journey all the marks of respect which France so seldom pays to its fallen princes.

The political parties of France have been often severely censured abroad for the change of dynasty which was the result of the revolution, and Louis Philippe has been especially blamed for taking possession of a throne which belonged to his young relation the Duke of Bordeaux. Viewed in itself the act was certainly illegal, and an infraction of the charter in favour of which the nation professed to rise. But subsequent events have induced most reflecting men to modify their first impressions, and to adopt a more favourable and, we think, more just opinion on the subject. The resistance to the ordonnances in July, 1830, was not a mere deliberative act. It was effected by an armed multitude against

the soldiers who fought in support of the government; and as the victory was chiefly due to the mob, the mob designed to reap the benefit of it by proclaiming the republic. Unless Louis Philippe had been raised to the throne, the revolution of 1848 would have taken place in 1830, and France would have been deprived of the eighteen years of peace, prosperity, and reasonable liberty it enjoyed under the King. The adoption of the new sovereign was not, as has been often asserted, the result of a long-prepared conspiracy; it was the unavoidable, and, we might almost say, the reluctantly-accepted consequence of the popular triumph. In a word, it was a compromise between the royalists and the republicans. Even supposing that in 1830 the Duchess of Berry had exhibited, in the support of the right of the Duke of Bordeaux, the same heroic courage that the Duchess of Orleans displayed in 1848 on behalf of the Count of Paris, the result must have been the same in a country where, from the absence of a real aristocracy, the royal power is at the discretion of the *outriers* as soon as it ceases to exercise a despotic mastery over them.

• As the great powers (England perhaps excepted) looked with distrust and suspicion on a dynasty founded, as they deemed, not only on a revolution but on usurpation, the French government had to contend, at once, with internal foes and foreign ill-will. From the first day the basis of the future policy was settled by Louis Philippe and his advisers: at home the faithful execution of the new constitution and respect for the laws; the development of all the moral conquests of the revolution of 1789, coupled with a firm opposition to the war party, and to any further extension of democratic principles; abroad, peace upon honourable terms; observance of treaties, and, above all, an intimate alliance with England. It was principally because M. Guizot was known to be a great admirer of English institutions and a supporter of the English alliance, and because at the same time he was a man of liberal principles, whom the revolution of 1830 had taught the necessity of resisting the popular passions (*de faire volte-face*, as it was then termed), that he gained from the first the confidence of the king. After the events of July he was appointed Minister of the Interior. He subsequently held for several years the Ministry of Public Instruction. From 1840 to 1848 he was Minister of Foreign Affairs; and while retaining that office he became Prime Minister in September, 1847, on the retirement of Marshal Soult.

As Minister of the Interior, and while the workmen of Paris, intoxicated with their recent victory and excited by revolutionary leaders,

leaders, were daily parading the streets by thousands, he took decisive measures against the republicans, who still hoped to confiscate the constitutional government, for their own exclusive advantage, and who were burning to fight against the whole of Europe, in order to recover all the conquests of Buonaparte. The National Guard having spontaneously suppressed the republican club of the Manège Pellier, in the Rue Montmartre, M. Guizot strongly supported in the Chamber this decisive act. The result was, that the popular societies, which were then threatening and alarming Paris, were completely crushed. In 1831 M. Guizot contended with all his might against the abolition of the hereditary peerage; but though he was aided in his opposition by the eloquence of M. Thiers, their efforts were vain. An act which was a severe blow, not only to the monarchical principle, but to the establishment of any durable government whatever, was resisted by only 86 votes, which occasioned the remark, that France possessed one man of good sense for each department.

In 1833, when Minister of Public Instruction, M. Guizot introduced a bill on popular education, which was adopted by the Chambers. This bill, by which, for the first time, education was made obligatory in all the 39,000 communes of France, and rendered gratuitous for the poor, was exclusively due to the man whom his political antagonists accused of opposing everything which was for the advantage of the people. The truth is, as this bill proved, that he was as much the friend of the moral and intellectual progress of the lower classes as he was hostile to the exercise of their brute force. A measure so eminently democratical was, however, beyond the intelligence of the French democracy, by whom it was resisted, and in a great number of *communes* they rendered its application almost impossible, by refusing to allow an adequate salary to the masters. Hence thousands of the unfortunate elementary teachers, most of whom had undergone a long probation in the normal schools, were obliged for years to work at the most fatiguing farm labour, in order to eke out their miserable pittance of 12*l.* per annum. Several other bills on the press, on juries, and particularly on communal organisation, introduced or supported by M. Guizot, proved on trial to give more power to the people than they could use with discretion.

In the few first perilous years which followed the revolution of 1830, all the most conspicuous partisans of parliamentary government united their energies and their talents in support of the Orleans dynasty. They worked and struggled together without displaying any visible rivalry; and in order to secure the triumph

triumph of their cause, they even submitted to the imperious rule of Casimir Perier, who may be said to have sacrificed to the public good a life which was abridged by the envenomed attacks of the extreme parties. Subsequently France became less agitated, the fear of new disturbances diminished, and security being almost re-established, the jealousies of the leaders began to revive. The origin of the struggle which broke up the conservative party may be traced to the attempt of Louis Napoleon at Strasburg in 1836. Louis Philippe, who was remarkable for his clemency, decided, with the approbation of his ministry, not to send the imperial adventurer to trial, and accordingly Louis Napoleon was conveyed to America, while his accomplices, soldiers or civilians, were brought to trial before the juries of Strasburg, who, as is well known, took offence at the favour shown to the principal offender, and acquitted the prisoners *en masse*. A bill introduced by the government, providing for the separate trial in all cases of soldiers and civilians, was rejected, M. Guizot resigned, and Count Molé remained prime minister. The situation of a ministry from which men like M. Guizot and M. Thiers stood aloof, was delicate enough, but was rendered more precarious still by the false supposition indulged in by its members that all danger was passed. In consequence of this delusion M. Guizot and his adherents were reproached with having wantonly exaggerated the difficulty of affairs by groundless suspicion and unnecessary severity. The accusation led to that formidable coalition which, in overthrowing the Molé ministry, broke and dissolved the conservative majority, to the irreparable injury of the government of Louis Philippe. This must undoubtedly have been one of the most painful periods in the life of M. Guizot, seeing that the counter section of the conservatives rivalled the most impetuous republicans in their assaults upon his reputation. It was not only in private conversations or in anonymous pamphlets, that the accusations were promulgated. In large, and professedly sober works—for instance, in the great biography of the men of the day, by Messrs. Sarrut and St. Edme (a Republican and an ultra-Catholic)—the aspersions were repeated; and M. Guizot, who under Louis XVIII., had voluntarily retired from high offices to live in poverty, was charged with committing the most shameful acts, in order, as they said, to retain a small office in 1815, during the *Cent Jours*.

While the clamours were going on, M. Guizot published his well-known essay on Washington, which was received with such applause, even on the other side of the Atlantic, that the portrait of the author was ordered by the Americans to be hung up in the

the library of Congress. To show by a signal example what calumnies await every political leader, who does not succumb to all the caprices of the mob, and the dignified contempt which men of elevated mind oppose to the inventions of faction, M. Guizot adduced the unpopularity in which Washington was involved by opposing, at the French revolution, the radical party, who wanted to declare war against England, and quoted these significant words, addressed to Jefferson by the founder of the American Republic:—

‘ To this I may add, and very truly, that, until within the last year or two, I had no conception that parties would, or even could, go the length I have been witness to; nor did I believe until lately that it was within the bounds of probability—hardly within those of possibility—that, while I was using my utmost exertions to establish a national character of our own, independent, as far as obligations and justice would permit, of every nation of the earth, and wished, by steering a steady course, to preserve this country from the horrors of a desolating war, I should be accused of being the enemy of one nation, and subject to the influence of another; and, to prove it, that every act of my administration would be tortured, and the grossest and most insidious misrepresentations of them be made, by giving one side only of a subject, and that too in such exaggerated and indecent terms as could scarcely be applied to a Nero, a notorious defaulter, or even to a common pickpocket.’*

The rancorous personalities, which find the greatest favour while men are in the fever-fit of party passion, either sink into oblivion from their intrinsic worthlessness, or only survive to discredit their authors. Those who are most bitter and unjust to their opponents are sure ultimately to meet with rigorous justice themselves.

The Turkish question, which in another form^{*} is now the European difficulty of the day, failed, in 1840, to set the world in flames. M. Thiers was then Prime Minister, and M. Guizot ambassador to England. Upon this occasion the King said to him ‘ Will you be created a Count? a title is sometimes useful.’ The proffered honour was declined, and Louis Philippe replied, ‘ You are right, your name alone is sufficient, and is a higher dignity.’ In his capacity of ambassador M. Guizot foresaw the treaty of the 15th of July, and did his utmost to appease the extraordinary excitement which it produced in France. On the 29th of October M. Thiers quitted office, and M. Guizot was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs. The new cabinet was probably the strongest of all the ministries formed during the reign of Louis Philippe; but strong and weak cabinets alike had

* ‘ Writings of Washington,’ vol. xi. p. 139. 8vo. Boston. 1836. .

no sinecure office. Not to speak of the ordinary business, and the battles fought every day in the Chambers, to which all parties in all free countries are exposed, they had so many peculiar anxieties from the critical position of affairs, and the venom of contending factions, that the strongest constitutions were soon exhausted. From 1830 to 1848, several ministers, as Casimir Perier, Humann, and Martin du Nord, were killed by anxiety and fatigue; while Admiral Roussin and M. Villemain, who escaped with their life, were incapacitated for the duties of their office. Not so many generals fell on the battle-fields of Algeria as political leaders in the civil contests at home. But when the king was exposed every day to the bullets of assassins, it would have been disgraceful to any politician to shrink from his share of the burthen. M. Guizot, who, on account of his eloquence and courage in defying unpopularity, was considered the most efficient champion of the government, and the real leader of the cabinet, was naturally the man against whom the most strenuous efforts were directed. Every session had its leading questions, and special difficulties. One year, the bill on the regency; another, the university struggle; next, parliamentary reform; then, political banquets, and so on.

In regard to foreign affairs M. Guizot had, in the first place, to soothe the irritation against England, which the treaty of July had roused in France. This difficulty, which was bequeathed by M. Thiers, weighed on the government during eight years. It was reproduced at every conjuncture and under every aspect. The treaty respecting the right of search, which M. Guizot found prepared by his predecessor, and by which the equality of the French flag with that of England was asserted, became a new occasion of distrust. Even the miserable question of a small indemnity (from 800*l.* to 1000*l.*) claimed by England on behalf of Mr. Pritchard, and never paid by M. Guizot, was on the point of convulsing France, and the general elections of 1846 were carried by stupid electors, whose common cry was 'Down with Pritchard.' As long as Lord Aberdeen directed our foreign policy, the earnest desire which he shared with M. Guizot for preserving a good understanding rendered a solution always possible, provided that both statesmen were willing to be called traitors in their respective countries. But when a minister less conciliating or less indifferent to popular favour was at the head of the foreign department in France or England, every point of difference became the source of progressively increasing irritation, which attained its acme in 1847 on the question of the Spanish marriages, and, by destroying the good understanding between the two nations, proved highly prejudicial to the peace and liberty of the whole of Europe. Every

Every one acquainted with the true feelings of Louis Philippe is aware that, during several years he was so much annoyed with Spanish affairs and *pronunciamentos*, that he had resolved to have as little as possible to do with a country which he regarded in the same light as the republics of South America, of which he said that they were condemned to a convulsive life, and finally to a convulsive death. This aversion continued for many years, and was not much diminished at the first agitation of the Spanish marriages. At that period Queen Christina and her cabinet had made up their minds to secure, through the marriage of Queen Isabella, a powerful alliance. M. Guizot did his best to induce Queen Christina to be satisfied with a less important match, such as that of the Count of Trapani. Without directly refusing, the queen managed to get rid of the proposition. The French government next desired a delay in order to devise some fresh scheme, which would not affect its friendly relations with England. This was equally impossible; Queen Christina was resolved to take advantage of her power to marry her daughters according to her fancy; and when a Prince of Coburg was at last proposed, it became known to the French ministry that he would certainly be accepted if the Duke de Montpensier were refused. M. Guizot had failed to effect a neutral marriage, he had equally failed to get the question postponed, and he was now driven to act as he did or to receive a check. He took the step with regret, for he plainly discerned a part at least of the heavy price that would be paid for the fatal success. This is the explanation which his friends have always given of his share in the transaction, and though it cannot remove our objections to the proceeding, or to the manner in which it was accomplished, we believe the statement to be perfectly true. The fact is that the government, which a few months before had narrowly escaped destruction on the paltry question of indemnity to Mr. Pritchard, was quite unable to encounter the general reprobation, and even the formidable popular demonstrations which would have ensued if England had acquired in Spain a predominance over France.'

The coldness with England soon produced its painful results. For several years the attention of M. Guizot had been directed to Italy. Persuaded that revolutions and war are seldom instruments of freedom, and firmly devoted to the establishment of the supremacy of right over force, he wished to introduce pacific ameliorations by the moral influence which a powerful nation exercises upon neighbouring states. He commenced at the most important, but also at the most difficult point, the Papal States, and appointed an Italian political *emigré* of superior talents,

M. Rossi,

M. Rossi, as French ambassador at Rome. There M. Rossi soon acquired such influence that the election of a pope of liberal tendencies was chiefly due to his remonstrances. After the elevation of Pius IX. it was to the advice of the French ambassador that the amnesty, and subsequent political reforms, were mainly to be attributed. The ministers of France, at the various courts of Italy, received orders at the same time to urge the wisdom of wholesome and timely improvements. At the outset the Italian liberals, who a few months before had not expected any immediate changes of a beneficial description, addressed to M. Guizot and to the *Journal des Débats*, which strenuously supported his policy, every species of eulogy and encouragement. This was the most favourable period for Italy. The nation was moderate in its wishes; the princes, gratified with the applause which hailed their concessions, were willing to extend them, and even Austria was disposed to yield to the measures of M. Guizot, whom she did not mistrust as a revolutionist. But no sooner had the popular excitement grown to a sort of fever, from the Alps to the Sicilian Sea, than he was bitterly attacked by the Italian patriots, who charged upon him all the oscillations and fears of their rulers, whom at that very time he was strenuously urging to a more resolute policy. The *Journal des Débats* was publicly burnt in the street by these same liberals, for advising them not to alarm their governments by proceeding too fast, and above all things not to embark in a war with Austria, trusting to the vain promises of French revolutionists, who were more likely to compromise or to enslave Italy than to fight for her liberty. After February, 1848, the Italians learnt to their cost that the cause of their country was with the leaders of the French opposition simply a theme for political declamation, and that republicans were less disposed than monarchical governments to promote their freedom. While there was yet hope of an equitable compromise the Spanish marriages completed the evil. The coolness of the English ministry towards France, which was the inevitable result, induced Lord Palmerston to make every exertion to prevent the French government from acquiring an additional influence through the aid which it was extending to the cause of reform beyond the Alps. With this view he not unnaturally entered into a competition in Italy with the policy of M. Guizot. No promises were spared to persuade the Italians to relinquish the patronage of France in favour of the countenance of England. The object was easily obtained, but after some months of intoxicating dreams, the Italians—as M. Guizot being no longer in office, there was now no rival to outbid—were left to their

their fate, without receiving efficient help from any quarter whatever.

If the Italians had seen the strong letters addressed, at that period, by M. Guizot to the few persons who shared his views and seconded his exertions, they would have less mistaken him; and the despatches in which M. Rossi described the popular demonstrations attending the reforms of Pius IX., would have afforded equal evidence how much more confidence was to be placed in the steady and enlightened patriotism of the French ambassador at Rome than in the mad caprices of ambitious revolutionists. The Italians committed the common mistake of supposing that the hottest head is accompanied with the warmest heart; but neither the ignorant calumnies directed against M. Guizot, nor the poniard too well aimed at the neck of M. Rossi, can negative the facts.

At the beginning of 1848 symptoms of agitation and even insurrection were observable in several parts of Europe, and chiefly in the countries which, like Italy, Switzerland, and Rhenish Germany, were adjacent to France. These ominous precursors of a storm had frightened and almost paralyzed the French conservative party, while they produced amongst the revolutionists increased excitement and confidence. There is no need to repeat how abruptly Louis Philippe fell from the throne. To avoid disturbances a political banquet had been forbidden in Paris, and the plea for the prohibition was an old regulation of the first republic. At this crisis the ministry had a majority in the Chambers; they had the confidence of the king, who declared that if attacked he would defend himself with all his power; the army was ready to fight for the government, and the opposition had admitted that they had no immediate chance of success. The clamours of some radical leaders and of a few hundreds of the mob, reported, as it is said, to the king by parties to whom the energy and courage of M. Guizot were odious, induced a sovereign—who did not at the age of 73 possess the strength of mind he had formerly displayed—to dismiss suddenly, on the 23rd of February, the minister who was really the shield of the monarchy. From that moment the game of the Orleans dynasty was lost. Perceiving symptoms of weakness in the very act of sacrificing the premier to their clamour, and feeling that they had no longer to deal with the inflexible resolution of a minister who was the main obstacle to their schemes, the revolutionists were encouraged to proceed to extremities. The leaders of the various sections of the parliamentary opposition who were successively summoned by the king—Count Molé, M. Thiers, and Odillon Barrot—were impotent to force back the winds which, in different

ferent degrees, they had contributed to unchain, and on the 24th of February the monarchy was swept away without resistance by a single blast. The next day the mob of Paris—who had indulged themselves in sacking, destroying, and burning the most sumptuous of the royal palaces, who had amused themselves with roasting several soldiers alive in the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal, and who, after the invasion of the Chamber of Deputies, had threatened and insulted the Duchess of Orleans while defending the constitution before the representatives of the people—that mob was called *heroic* (as happens after every revolution) by such men as Ledru Rollin, Arago, and others, whose long and unintermitting clamour for unbounded freedom had resulted only in making them for a day the dictators of France.

At the same time Louis Philippe, whom the republicans had accused during the whole of his reign of amassing money and sending millions abroad, made his way with great difficulty to England, where his family joined him after many hazards—one in the shirt of a friend, another with borrowed stockings, all of them in a state of temporary destitution, and in danger of being obliged to live upon alms. Such was their exit from a country which owed to the reign of Louis Philippe 18 years of unprecedented freedom and prosperity.

At the eleventh hour, and while by a strenuous effort it might have been still possible to avert the catastrophe, M. Guizot suggested to Louis Philippe to intrust the command of the army to Marshal Bugeaud. His nomination—the last political act of M. Guizot—took place in the middle of the night, between the 23rd and 24th of February. Marshal Bugeaud, who had the esteem of the army and whose resolution was well known, immediately took the necessary measures, and before daylight the *garde municipale* marched by his order to the assault of the barricades erected during the night on the Boulevards, and which were weakly defended against the soldiers. Just when it was essential to exhibit a proof of power, the new ministers, M. Thiers and M. Odillon Barrot, urged the king to stop the progress of the Marshal in the presumptuous belief that they could appease by their presence the excitement of the mob. The hisses and laughter by which they were received at the first barricade proved how much they had been deceived by their vanity. The incompetency, amounting to impotence, of the members of the opposition who were the last advisers of Louis Philippe, has been well described by Marshal Bugeaud himself in a letter addressed on the 8th of March, 1848, to his friend M. Larreguy:—

‘ Your

‘Your reflections are full of truth. Absurdity and weakness prevailed—illusion followed illusion, and one act of cowardice was succeeded by another—everything was paralyzed. Thousands of advisers augmented the disorder; and no one retained any self-command. Never was there seen such inextricable confusion. No plan, no idea had been previously resolved on equal to the probable emergency; everything was absurd, odious, and a criminal attack on the liberty of the nation.’

Remarking on this letter, in another which he addressed on the 14th of July, 1849, to the Baron de Trémont, M. Larréguy says:—

‘Its perusal, by several of my friends, gave rise to a false interpretation of the words, *one act of cowardice was succeeded by another*. I asked for an explanation of them, and had the pleasure of learning, from the Marshal’s own lips, that they applied neither to Louis Philippe nor to any of his gallant children. The acts of cowardice and the illusions proceeded principally from those blind and senseless men who played with the liberties, the prosperity, the greatness, and the future welfare of their country, in order to overthrow the ministry and obtain their offices for themselves. Such, I certify, was the meaning of the Marshal.’

These extracts * admirably illustrate the last moments of the reign of Louis Philippe; but if they reveal the incapacity which precipitated his fall, they are far from explaining the general causes which led to the catastrophe. We shall therefore endeavour in a few words to supply the deficiency, and assign to the several parties concerned their precise share in this lamentable event.

It was only after the thunder-clap by which not only all the thrones of Europe were shaken but all the moral principles of human society were endangered, that the conservative character of Louis Philippe’s government became generally understood. Up to that time the Church, the great continental powers, and the bulk of the monarchical party, considered his government revolutionary, because it was liberal and the result of a revolution. They thus increased its natural difficulties, always by their distrust and often by their opposition, whereby the democrats received real support from those who agreed with them least. After the 24th of February these suspicious conservative powers must have perceived that the best barrier of civilization against the triumphs of demagogues had been broken down, and in order to avoid anarchy they were compelled to become allies and supporters of subsequent governments, whose only claim was that they were preferable to socialism. The mistake which some of

* Those important letters—which are almost unknown—made part of the collection of autographs formed by the Baron de Trémont, and sold a few months ago in Paris. See the *Catalogue* of that Collection, No. 224, and the *Supplement*, pp. 3, 4.

the sovereigns of Europe committed in refusing to prop up the throne of Louis Philippe, had almost proved equally fatal to their own.

No one will now deny that the king had many qualities which admirably fitted him for the difficult part he was called upon to play. He was as brave before the bullets of assassins as he had been in his youth on the battle-fields of Valmy and Jemmappes. He respected the laws, and history will not forget that, threatened, shortly after his accession, with a dangerous insurrection which induced him to declare Paris in a state of siege, he bowed, at the peril of his throne, to the decision of the judges who rescinded his proclamation. His mind was enlightened, his feelings liberal, and he remembered with a just pride—and perpetuated the fact by hanging up at the Palais Royal a touching picture commemorative of the event—the years of his exile and destitution when he had earned a livelihood in Switzerland by giving lessons in mathematics. His clemency and generosity were unbounded, and the man whom the republicans called a Tiberius, surrounding Paris with citadels that he might destroy it by bombs, or described as a leech incessantly absorbing the money and wealth of France, at last lost his crown from his aversion to shed the blood of his enemies, and charged his private estate with 20 millions of debt in order to embellish the public palaces. Nor ought it to be forgotten as an indication of the feelings of his heart, however slight the drain it may have made upon his purse, that he extended his charity even to the families of his would-be assassins.

Though possessed of these substantial virtues, Louis Philippe wanted one quality which is necessary to popularity in France. He was of plain and simple habits, even rather *bourgeois*, and was unskilled in all the theatrical arts which were so much valued by his subjects. On the other side of the Channel, and chiefly in Paris, it is by dramatic displays which appeal to the eye that people are impressed, and they have little appreciation for the simple conduct which has merely a moral effect upon the mind. The crowd which, during the Reign of Terror, had gazed with an almost incomprehensible apathy upon the gloomy cart as it passed with its load of courageous victims from the jail to the guillotine, and who had even stopped for half an hour before the church of St. Roch the tumbril which conveyed Marie Antoinette to death, that they might hiss to satiety at her calm, mute courage, were deeply moved at the sight of an old courtesan, Madame du Barry, crying bitterly at her fate, and in the blind agonies of terror imploring the mercy of the executioner, though she might as well have addressed her entreaties to the axe.

Louis Philippe has been perpetually charged with meddling too

too much in the business of his Government, but the accusation is frivolous when directed against a man of superior mind, entrusted with the difficult task of establishing a dynasty, and who could often give wiser advice to his ministers than they could give to him. His real defect was of another kind—a propensity for the most dangerous prodigality and rashness of language. The greatest gratification of a Parisian is conversation, and, besides sharing the general taste, Louis Philippe had a firm belief in the efficiency of his persuasive powers. He has often been heard to complain that he was not allowed to be present at the sittings of the Chamber of Deputies, where he had a full conviction that his speeches would have proved irresistible. What he was not allowed to do in public he contrived to effect in private, and every one who had the honour to be received at the Tuileries in the evening, knows that while the Queen, sitting at a round table in a corner of the room, and surrounded by her family, presented a pleasing picture of domestic virtue, Louis Philippe, who never sat at all after dinner, was accustomed to stand apart and talk politics with one or other of his guests. Every party shared by turns in these royal communications, which sometimes touched upon delicate matters that ought to have been discussed with none but his ministers. It happened of course upon occasions that little discretion was observed, and the King often received information and suggestions which were ill calculated to strengthen his confidence in his ministers. It is easy to understand how prejudicial such communications, which were matters of daily occurrence, and which were seldom kept secret, either in Paris or abroad, must have been to the Government. It is not unlikely that it was from the impression conveyed to his mind in some of these colloquies that the King was betrayed into the fatal error of dismissing his ministry on the 23rd of February.

But it is neither to the opposition of the conservative powers of Europe nor to the defects in the character of Louis Philippe that the revolution of 1848 was principally owing. The master-cause was the want of intelligence and moral courage in the middle classes. Invested by the revolution of 1830, and by the voluntary secession of the higher orders from the management of affairs, with the real government of France, the *bourgeoisie* proved deficient in the virtues necessary to a party intrusted with the destinies of a country. Instead of strenuously supporting a government, which was its own, and of defending a King it had chosen, the middle classes abandoned both King and Government to the daily attacks of a seditious press, which in the year immediately preceding 1848 had become an instrument of discord and of tyranny. Overawed by
the

the insults which were lavished on every adherent of the ministry, from the Sovereign to the lowest functionary, the *bourgeoisie* pursued the double policy of bowing obsequiously to the dictation of the newspapers in order to ward off their blows, while it secretly courted the government it deserted as the dispenser of places and honours. Hence the electors who really supported the conservative members generally concealed their votes, and this fear of expressing their sentiments deprived the administration of that voice of public opinion which in periods of conflict is more respected the more it is heard. The clamours of the revolutionists were almost the only sounds audible, and the cowardly friends who put on the mask of an enemy underrated, in consequence, their own strength and exaggerated that of their opponents. A great outcry was raised against the corruption which was said to be practised to secure the votes of electors and deputies. In a country like France, where, exclusive of soldiers, there are perhaps half a million of functionaries, and where, from the *préfets* to the *gardes champêtres* and the lowest schoolmaster, every appointment must be made or sanctioned by the Government—in a country where retail tobacconists and railway servants are a species of placemen named by the minister of finance—it is evident that as the number of candidates always exceeds that of the vacancies, there must be many dissatisfied persons to rail against corruption. It was ascertained, nevertheless, after the revolution of February, that the public offices under Louis Philippe were more in the hands of the opposition than of the conservatives. The puritan zeal of the *National*, which had constantly denounced this abominable corruption of conferring places upon adherents, was itself put upon trial under the republic of 1848, when the virtuous and indignant newspaper intruded into the government offices a host of its *redacteurs*, among whom we shall only mention the following:—

- MM. Marrast, Member of the Provisional Government, President of the National Assembly, &c. &c.
- „ Garnier Pagès, Minister of Finances, &c. &c.
- „ Bastide, Minister of Foreign Affairs.
- „ Vaulabelle, Minister of Public Instruction.
- „ Carnot, Minister of Public Instruction.
- „ Marie (counsel to the *National*) Minister of Justice, &c. &c.
- „ Pagnerre, Secretary of the Provisional Government.
- „ Charras, Under Secretary of State.
- „ Fr. Lacroix, Prefect of Algiers.
- „ Duclerc, Minister of Finances.
- „ Genin, *Directeur* to the Ministry of Public Instruction.

If the government of M. Guizot desired a justification and revenge they were amply furnished by its old assailants. Even the

the President of the Republic, General Cavaignac, was intimately connected with this public-spirited fraternity, for he was the brother of a former contributor. It was, indeed, facetiously announced that the newsboys of the *National* were to be nominated *préfets*, and the journeymen printers ambassadors.

Not only was moral courage rare in France, but those who lacked it themselves could not even appreciate it in others, and, as it was the quality for which M. Guizot was most remarkable, it made him hated and feared instead of extorting respect. It is difficult to convey an adequate idea of the calumnies cast upon him by democrats who, regarding him as the greatest obstacle to their designs, sought to crush him by any method however flagitious. It would be idle to revive these forgotten inventions, and we adduce a single instance for the sole purpose of showing to what petty deceptions men can descend when they give themselves up to the tyranny of factious rage. The Bey of Tunis visited Paris in 1846, and was received with great courtesy by M. Guizot, then Minister of Foreign Affairs. Before his departure he presented to each of M. Guizot's children an oriental dress, and these so enriched with rubies and emeralds that the whole were worth about six thousand pounds. M. Guizot instantly returned them to the Bey, expressing his gratitude, but requesting that he might not be pressed to do what he had never yet done—accept a present. Some of the radical newspapers discovered in the transaction an opportunity for an attack. Accordingly they chronicled, with suitable comments, the transmission of the gift, but omitted to tell that it was sent back by M. Guizot without a moment's delay.

At the Chambers M. Guizot was engaged in unceasing warfare. The number of his speeches from 1840 to 1848 was prodigious, and they were all delivered without the aid of any memorandum. M. Villemain used to say that M. Guizot was the 'greatest oratorical athlete' of modern times, and even the republicans were obliged to acknowledge that as a speaker he was unrivalled. When he had victoriously refuted their arguments they had sometimes recourse to uproar, and one scene of the kind is worth recalling for the sake of the domestic episode which we are able to supply.

In 1843 the Duke of Bordeaux came to London, and a number of French Legitimists hastened over to pay their homage to him. Among the pilgrims were several members of the French Parliament, who, in that capacity, had sworn fidelity to Louis Philippe. At the beginning of the subsequent session the Chambers were invited by the Government to pass a vote of censure on the actors in the affair. After some sharp debates, a speech delivered by

M. Guizot on the 26th of January, 1844, so galled his adversaries that the worst days of the Convention had hardly witnessed such a storm of abuse and violence as ensued. M. Berryer and the Legitimists reproached him with his journey to Ghent, because it was connected, as they said, with the battle of Waterloo, forgetful that the dynasty they supported owed the throne to that very battle. The republican and quasi-republican party joined the cry, notwithstanding that their spokesman, M. Odillon Barrot, had been an active partisan of the Bourbons during the *cent jours*. The debate grew hotter every instant. M. Guizot was called a traitor by M. Havin—for the more insignificant the assailant the more outrageous was the language; an *infâme* by M. Boulay de la Meurthe; and an *Englishman*—the climax of insult among French liberals—by M. Ledru-Rollin. The object of all this abuse firmly stood his ground amidst the outrageous din, parried every blow that was struck at himself, and aimed a fresh one in return, till, his voice and his strength failing him, he said—‘You may perhaps exhaust my physical strength, but you cannot quell my courage and as to the insults, calumnies, and theatrical rage directed against me, they may be multiplied and accumulated as you please, but they will never rise above my contempt.’ A few years afterwards the revolution of February took place, and the opponents of M. Guizot, who had displayed so much rancour against him—the men who contended that they had never infringed their oath, and who maintained that the greatest of crimes was not to fight with French soldiers against all foreigners—became divided into three parties; the first publicly boasting that during the reign of Louis Philippe they had systematically violated all the oaths they had taken; the second vociferating that France was undone, and that the only remedy imaginable was an invasion of Cossacks; and the third uttering enthusiastic cries of admiration at the deeds of the Italians, and even of the Frenchmen, who fought at Rome, and killed French soldiers in defence of the Roman republic of Mazzini.

A friend of M. Guizot paid him a visit at breakfast on the morning after the scene we have related. It was usual at this hour for peers, deputies, and public characters of all descriptions to throng the ministerial *salons*. When the outcry arose in the Chamber of Deputies, the Orleans party looked on in silence, and allowed M. Guizot to stand up singly against the attacks, for fear of sharing his unpopularity. Influenced by the same contemptible cowardice, not one of his habitual visitors appeared at his breakfast table, with the exception of the Duke de Broglie, who never gave or withdrew his countenance according as a man

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was hissed or huzzaed. M. Guizot was apparently calm under the desertion; his mother was less insensible. She engaged in a conversation apart with the friend of her son, with her mind full of the events of the preceding day. ‘Taught,’ she said, ‘by a tremendous experience, I did all in my power to prevent my son from entering political life. His indomitable courage renders him insensible to the dangers which surround him. He does not perceive the prevalence of bad passions, and the weakness of his party. Yesterday evening, when I found that he did not come back from the Chambers at the usual hour, I apprehended some misfortune. When finally he returned, he was so fatigued that he could not speak, and went to bed, desiring that as soon as the proofs of the *Moniteur* came he might be awakened to correct them. Knowing but imperfectly what had taken place, I was in great alarm, and, while he slept, I remained with the children round the bed, mentally imploring the Almighty for the happiness of France and for the safety of my son. Catching a sight of his pale and motionless head, I had a terrible vision. I fancied I had before my eyes the head of my poor husband God is great’ (she added), ‘and he alone knows the extent of the sacrifices we must make for our country.’ What a tale does this single glimpse into the life of Madame Guizot tell of the agonies produced by the horrors of the French revolution, and of the fearful legacy of suffering which it entailed upon many of the survivors.

The forebodings of this admirable woman were partially fulfilled. More sacrifices had still to be undergone. The insurrection of the 23rd of February, 1848, separated M. Guizot from his mother and his children, and a confidential friend spent a large part of the night in attempting to bring the scattered family together. At daylight on the morning of the 24th, this individual, who, having been obliged to wander through the barricades in different districts of Paris, had witnessed the exasperation of the mob against M. Guizot, found him at the house of the Duke de Broglie, where he had passed the night, and the following dialogue took place:—

‘How are my family?’

‘The place where your mother and children are is surrounded by barricades, and it is impossible to get them out. But I do not think they will now incur any danger. All the danger is for you. Paris is in confusion; there is no longer any government; and in a few hours there will be perhaps no monarchy. The revolutionists are enraged against you; take my advice and leave the country immediately—to-morrow it will be too late.’

‘I must be present at the sitting of the Chambers.’

‘Do you think that the Chambers will resist the torrent more effectually than the government has done? I have just seen the state of Paris: to-day the Chambers will cease to exist.’

For months, nay, for years, previously M. Guizot had been accused of being the slave of his egotism and ambition. He now perceived the total ruin of his power, the destruction of the political system which he had spent his life in building up, and the fall of the dynasty which he had almost elevated with his own hands. Instead of paying any tribute to his political passions, as might have been expected, he uttered the single cry, ‘Oh, my poor mother! oh, my poor children!’ adding, that he would go in search of Marshal Bugeaud, to see if it was possible to extricate them from their present position.

‘Well, go; do not lose time. Where shall we meet again?’

‘At ten, at the Hôtel of the Ministry of the Interior.’

At ten they met again for a few minutes.

‘You were right,’ said M. Guizot; ‘it is impossible to get them from the house where they are; but I am assured they are in no danger.’

‘But when do *you* leave?’

‘I must go to the Chamber of Deputies.’

A few hours after this last dialogue took place the Chamber of Deputies was invaded by a furious mob and dissolved; the King and all the royal family were fugitives; and legal proceedings were ordered against M. Guizot and his colleagues by the French magistrates, who were willing to court a republican mob as they had before courted the Royal Government.

For four days all exit from Paris was closed. On the fifth day the daughters of M. Guizot escaped with a false passport, made out in the names of young English ladies travelling with their governess. They crossed the Channel during one of the tremendous gales which for several days prevented the royal family from coming over, and reached London on the 1st of March. The escape of M. Guizot was not so easy. Three days afterwards he got to England through Belgium, disguised in the livery of a servant. He was several times on the point of being detected during his journey through the northern provinces of France, because his mock master would never allow his servant *John* to carry the luggage. The next day he was joined by his son; and lastly, on the 15th of March, came Madame Guizot. The agitation proved too much for her fourscore years, and she expired on the 31st, in great affliction at the events she had witnessed, but with a firm trust in the goodness of God, and with the consolation of seeing around her the whole of her family. The death of a person so full of years could not be said
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to be premature, nor, if her life had been tranquil, could it, at her age, have been much prolonged, but she died, nevertheless, the victim of the last revolution, as surely as her husband was the victim of the first.

M. Guizot remained in England for more than a year, and lived at Pelham Crescent, Brompton, in a house which, we are told, was occupied afterwards by M. Ledru-Rollin, whom the rapid turns of French affairs had speedily compelled to follow into exile those very Orleanists whom he had been instrumental in proscribing. The prosecution instituted against M. Guizot in France lasted many months, and it was not until it was evident to every one that the fall of the republic was approaching that the French judges consented to quash the ridiculous proceedings. He was then free to return to France with his family, and from that moment he resumed his literary labours with youthful ardour. His winters are passed in Paris, and the rest of the year at a country house, the Val Richer, in Normandy, which was formerly an abbey of the order of Cîteaux. His daughters are married to two brothers, the MM. De Witt, who are descended from the celebrated Pensionary of Holland who was massacred at the Hague by the mob two centuries ago. Enjoying habitually the society of his family, and occupied in the calm and elevating pursuits of literature, we cannot but think that the events which proved so disastrous to his country have been a gain to M. Guizot. A tranquil and mellow autumn, rich in the maturest fruits of a lofty intellect, is the reward, and not the punishment, of his many harassing years of political life.

Though he has withdrawn into retirement, the French public still watch with curiosity the movements of the ex-minister of Louis Philippe, and generally suppose that he takes a much more active part in politics than is really the case, for he attaches little importance to what he usually calls the empty agitation of Paris. His recent writings, however, are full of allusions to what is passing around him. He has always been an opponent both of Buonapartists and of revolutionists, and every subject affords him an opportunity of expounding his principles. In a new preface to his delightful 'Biography of Corneille' it is thus that he contrasts the literary glory of the reign of Louis XIV. with the dearth of literary talent under Napoleon:—

'Absolute power is not the necessary enemy of literature, nor is literature necessarily its enemy. Witness Louis XIV. and his age. But for literature to flourish under such a state of things, and to embellish it with its splendour, absolute power must have on its side the general moral belief of the public, and not be merely accepted as a
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result of circumstances, in the name of necessity. It is also requisite that the possessor of absolute authority should know how to respect the dignity of the great minds that cultivate literature, and to leave them sufficient liberty for the unrestrained manifestation of their powers. France and Bossuet believed sincerely in the sovereign right of Louis XIV.; Molière and La Fontaine freely ridiculed his courtiers as well as his subjects; and Racine, through the mouth of Joad, addressed to the little King Joas precepts with which the great King was not offended. When Louis XIV., during his persecution of the Jansenists, said to Boileau, "I am having search made for M. Arnauld in every direction," Boileau replied, "Your Majesty is always fortunate; you will not find him:" and the King smiled at the courageous wit of the poet, without showing any symptoms of anger. On such conditions absolute power can co-exist harmoniously with the greatest and most high-spirited minds that have ever devoted themselves to literature. But nothing of the kind was the case under the Empire. The Emperor Napoleon, who had saved France from anarchy, and was covering her with glory in Europe, was nevertheless regarded by all clear-sighted and sensible men merely as the sovereign master of a temporary government, in little harmony with the general tendencies of society, and commanded by necessity rather than established in faith. He was served, and with good reason, by men of eminent minds and noble characters, for his government was necessary and great; but beyond his government, in the regions of thought, great minds and lofty characters possessed neither independence nor dignity. Napoleon was not wise enough to leave them their part in space; and he feared without respecting them. Perhaps he could not possibly have acted otherwise; and perhaps this may have been a vice of his position, as much as an error of his genius. Nowhere, in no degree, and under no form, did the Empire tolerate opposition. In France, in the age in which we live, this becomes sooner or later, even for the strongest governments, a deceitful snare and an immense danger. After fifteen years of glorious absolute power, Napoleon fell; and now, after thirty-four years of that system for which our fathers longed so ardently! God gives us severe lessons, which we must comprehend and accept, without despairing of the good cause.'

In the *Democracy in France*, as well as in another essay, published under the title, *Why was the English Revolution successful?* M. Guizot, in commenting on the revolutionary spirit, shows that it is the deadliest enemy of the freedom and prosperity of nations. While admitting that, in his earlier writings,* he had contended perhaps too exclusively for a single form of representative government as the only one fit for every nation, he continues to maintain that two things are equally necessary to France—monarchy and liberty. But the sentiment he expresses most strongly is, the

* *Histoire des Origines du Gouvernement Représentatif en Europe*, tom. i. pp. vi. vii.

conviction that France cannot remain in a state of abasement, and must ultimately realise a political position worthy of her lofty place among modern commonwealths.

‘I cannot think,’ he says in a new preface to the ‘Life of Monk,’ ‘and no Frenchman can be resigned to think, that such is the *dénoûment* of the glorious history of France. It is the rash taste of my country to rush into immense and unheard-of experiments, no matter at what price and at what peril. It would seem that she considers herself the great laboratory of the civilisation of the world. But if she is hasty in running into hazard, she is no less prompt in regaining her judgment and retracing her steps when she perceives that she has pursued a wrong path. Already at the shadow of a great name she has come to a stand. But a salutary halt is not safety. It is not sufficient that France should no longer roll into the abyss. The abyss must close and France must rise again. Washington or Monk—she requires one of the two to restore her.’

We share the opinion of M. Guizot when he says that monarchy is necessary to France, but we fear that the monarchy which she wants is not a liberal one. After ages of civilisation, she is not yet out of her political pupilage, and still requires a schoolmaster. She sent Louis XVI. to the guillotine, and proscribed Louis Philippe, and the only men whose names are really popular in that country—the history of the last six years has proved it too well—are Robespierre and Buonaparte—the former the type of the most ferocious democratic tyranny, the latter the representative of the most absolute military despotism. It is true that the idols of Frenchmen are but fragile, and that despotic reigns do not last much longer in France than constitutional governments; but, as at every revolution the national progress receives a new check, the frequent and violent changes, even of bad governments, is a fresh cause of deterioration and decay. We read in the Memoirs of Moore that in 1820 he was present at a performance, in Paris, of ‘Tarare,’ an opera of Beaumarchais, which was written in 1787, at a period when the promulgation of liberal ideas, with a certain infusion of science, was the fashion in France. Accordingly, while Nature and the Genius of Heat are trilling in a duet the laws of gravitation, Tarare (a virtuous soldier) defends his wife from the assaults of the monarch of Ormuz, who, being finally defeated, kills himself, and Tarare is proclaimed king in his place. Only three years afterwards Louis XVI., having become a constitutional sovereign, and Bailly (who had shortly to pay with his head for his patriotic illusions) being Maire of Paris, ‘Tarare’ was not allowed to be acted in its original form. Beaumarchais fitted it to the altered circumstances, and, in its remodelled shape, Tarare becomes a constitutional king. Under the Republic
Tarare.

Tarare was not allowed to be a monarch at all ; and when the opera was performed in 1795, the victorious soldier indignantly refuses the crown. Under Buonaparte 'Tarare' was again recast to bring it into harmony with the delusion of the hour ; and lastly, when in 1819 the performance was witnessed by Moore, Tarare, become more monarchical than ever, displays his loyalty by defending the king of Ormuz from a popular insurrection, and ultimately falls with emotion at the feet of the tyrant, who has the magnanimity to restore his wife to him. Even in its original form Tarare was not a masterpiece, but it was so impaired by the perpetual alterations, that, popular at the beginning, it was at length thrown aside as a worn-out piece of refuse. The destinies of France have been analogous in their changes to those of Tarare, which did, indeed, but reflect them ; and there is real ground for apprehension that the ultimate result may not be dissimilar. It is difficult to see whence France is to derive the respect for the laws and the moral courage which are essential to the lasting establishment of a liberal monarchy. Political parties not only look upon the present government as a mere convenient interlude which is to serve their turn and then be swept from the stage, but they already speak—most curious fact!—of their determination to overthrow the government which they anticipate will succeed it. It was only the other day that the leaders of the republican party, who met in Paris in order to consult upon the course they should adopt in consequence of the fusion of the two branches of the Bourbon family, agreed to support the claims of the Duke of Bordeaux, because he could afterwards be more easily got rid of than Louis Napoleon. Such are the turbulent spirits who would coolly march on from revolution to revolution in an endless vista. And what elements of resistance are there to be found in the rest of the nation to despotism on the one hand, and anarchy on the other? When the *coup d'état* of the 2nd of December, 1851, could be so easily accomplished, there could certainly be no steady political character among the people, no wide-spread passion for national liberty. The middle classes in France are, in truth, fatigued and apathetic, and only care to make money and to job in stocks. It is a fact that, after the *coup d'état*, while the soldiers were firing on inoffensive women and children in the Boulevards of Paris, letters were written by respectable citizens to persons in London, in which, after carelessly alluding to the events of the day, it was significantly remarked that *Les bons Français restent chez eux*. The only excuse which these 'bons Français' have ever put forth is, that the iron hand of despotism was their sole defence from the multitudinous reptile claws of socialism.

socialism. But without insisting upon what is now an admitted fact, that the power of socialism was immensely exaggerated, this new appeal to the terrible goddess *Necessity*, who has been so often and so fatally invoked in France since 1789, is a fresh proof of the want of moral courage in the nation.

For the purpose of combining order and liberty, and of constructing again in France a liberal monarchical government, M. Guizot was naturally induced to make an appeal to the most conservative bodies—the army, the Church, and the magistracy. But the army is seldom an instrument of freedom, though, when once liberty is firmly established, the military may be a defence to it from revolutionary aggressions. The Church and magistracy are better adapted to respond to M. Guizot's call; but, having been frightened by revolutionists, they have sacrificed with the rest to the goddess—*Necessity*. The *réquisitoire* recently addressed by M. Rouland to the procureur-général of the Imperial Court of Paris upon the men accused of a conspiracy against the life of Louis Napoleon, is the work of an honest man who does not conceal his sympathies for a more liberal government, but even he calls upon the juries to condemn the prisoners on this standing plea of *necessity*. If the liberty of defence were not shackled as it is, the accused might have retorted that it was in the name of a similar *necessity* that 60 years ago Fouquier-Tainville demanded of the republican juries to send to the scaffold the victims of the reign of terror. They might have added, that in contriving a violent attack against Louis Napoleon they only imitated his own attacks upon Louis Philippe, and that the fall of the present emperor seemed as necessary to them, as some years ago the overthrow of the late king appeared indispensable to him. *Necessity* is the plea to excuse every crime which admits of no other extenuation; it overleaps the checks of law; it sets aside justice; it turns a deaf ear to conscience; and the judge who appeals to it is not the man who can aid in M. Guizot's scheme for defying the temptations to a guilty and short-sighted expediency for the sake of establishing the supremacy of a righteous freedom over licentious force.

The great physician Boerhaave wrote a dissertation on the question, Why conversions—so scarce now—were so frequent in the ages of the Primitive Church? The answer is not very difficult. Christianity, being truth, could not fail to be triumphant when martyrs volunteered to shed their blood in defence of their faith. By calmly forbidding the entrance of the imperial sinner to the Church of Milan, the heroic Ambrose did much more for the real greatness and for the universal triumph of religion than the whole tribe of Spanish inquisitors, with

with all their bloody zeal, or Pope Hildebrand with all the wars he stirred up. At that primitive period, blind necessity—the most implacable *Ἀνάγκη*, the worst of all the divinities of Olympus—was never worshipped by the priests of Jesus Christ. The present French Church seems not so averse to the worship of Necessity. In 1848 the parish ministers of Paris, to court the mob, attended officially in their sacerdotal robes at the erection of the *Arbres de la Liberté*, and even sometimes pronounced speeches which might have dropped from the lips of the most fervid of demagogues. A few months afterwards and the clergy sacrificed again to Necessity. They bestowed the most disgusting adulation upon Louis Napoleon, and declared publicly that the first Buonaparte—whom they had called Antichrist during his life, and by whose orders Rome had been invaded, and Pope Pius VII. carried a prisoner to France—was the greatest man of modern times. The clergy once had other ideas of greatness than to apply it by way of unrestricted eulogy to a perpetrator of splendid crimes.

Thus it is difficult to imagine that M. Guizot will find in the present French Church the support necessary for the establishment of steady moral and political principles. As for *liberty*, whenever he has made an appeal to religion in behalf of his endeavours, he has been sternly reminded by the leaders of the Roman Catholic party in France, that the fundamental doctrine of their Church is authority. The only sympathy they bestow upon him is to exclaim that it is a pity such a man should uphold at the meetings of the Bible Society of Paris the insane dogma that every one has a right to inquire for himself, instead of blindly adopting the convictions of others.*

To men of a noble temper difficulties are only a spur to exertion; and the consistency which M. Guizot continues to display, and the political wisdom which he teaches, cannot utterly be thrown away. They must be working, we are persuaded, a slow and silent change in the minds of many, and are not the least important of the services he has rendered to his country. But while the middle classes continue what they are, there can be no lasting union of freedom and order. A set of nominal parliamentary institutions do not constitute liberty, for the strongest fortress falls an easy prey when it is left undefended. The French delight to call themselves the *grande nation*; and we will not deny that, in many respects, they are

* M. Guizot has recently collected his essays on religion, philosophy, and education into a single volume, under the title of *Meditations and Moral Studies*. This work, which at present is scarcely known in England, deserves particular attention.

entitled to the name; but intellectual, and above all, military greatness is what they most adore, while of moral greatness they have, for the most part, no conception at all. When they have reached the point of recognising the defect, and aspire to correct it; when they begin to comprehend that the patriotism of which they talk so much, and understand so little, means loving your country more than yourself; when they have the dignity to maintain their convictions in the face of day and the mob, instead of yielding to the dictates of a skulking and deceitful prudence; then, and not until then, we shall believe that France is ripe for a *liberal* monarchy.

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- ART. V.—1. *Papers respecting the Civil War in China.* Presented to the House of Lords by command of her Majesty. 1853.
2. *L'Insurrection en Chine, &c.* Par MM. Callery et Yvan. Paris, 1853.
3. *The Cross and the Dragon, or the Fortunes of Christianity in China.* By John Kesson, of the British Museum. London, 1854.
4. *Christianity in China.* London.
5. *The Chinese Missionary Gleaner.* London.
6. *The Religious Tracts of the Christian Revolutionists in China.* London.

DR. GUTZLAFF, at the close of one of his works, written several years ago, incidentally remarked, that if Christianity should at any time gain an effectual entrance into China, it would probably be accompanied by a revolution. Recent events render the remark observable, although perhaps it did not require any very great prophetic insight to hazard the conjecture. He saw the whole face of Chinese life, social as well as political, not merely torpid and stagnant, but so encrusted with the stereotyped forms, traditions, and conventionalities of centuries, that it could not be changed without being at once broken up. He saw the minds of the most educated among the Chinese travelling round the same circle of ideas, never daring to roam beyond it, or to rise above the level of those measures of thought which had been prescribed in a certain compendium of all possible knowledge in sixty-four volumes, which bears the imposing title of *San-tsae-hoo-hoey*. He felt, moreover, that the Gospel carried with it a regenerating power, which, affecting the springs of thought and emotion, and consequently of action, must influence whenever

whenever it is embraced, the whole political and personal life of men. Hence he inferred that the new ideas infused from this source into that inert mass of human beings must ferment and swell until they burst the superincumbent weight of antiquated custom and error which cramped and confined the energies of the people.

It would be wrong, however, to conclude that the event has exactly realised the conjecture of Dr. Gutzlaff in the sense in which he propounded it. It is true that a revolution has arisen and gone hand in hand with a certain profession of Christianity among the insurgents, but it would be wholly erroneous to suppose that the civil war owed its origin to the diffusion of Christian sentiments. The rebellion is purely political in its first objects, and has arisen from a deeply-seated and long-cherished antipathy among the old Chinese inhabitants of the south to the Tartar invaders of the north. A mere comparison of dates is sufficient to establish this point. The old Emperor, *Tao-Kouang*, whose liberal government, under the direction of *Mou-tchang-ha*, and especially of *Ki-in*, promised a new era of prosperity to China, died on the 26th February 1850. His son, *Hien-fung*, young and rash, sensual and narrow-minded, ascended the throne. His father's ministers were forthwith degraded. Mandarins of the old stamp, and full of the antiquated Chinese prejudices, assumed the direction of affairs, and in August of the same year the rebellion broke out. The circumstance of a certain profession of Christianity having mixed itself with the outbreak is purely accidental; the religious element was simply auxiliary to the political, although undoubtedly it has tended very largely to infuse vigour and fanaticism into the insurrection, and invests it with a peculiar interest and importance.

It is not our purpose now to trace the course of the revolution in its political phases or history. The outline of it is soon drawn. Taking its rise from among one of the many secret societies which, under some literary or other pretext, have constantly cherished political and even revolutionary designs, the smouldering fire was first fanned into a flame in the south-western province of *Quang-si*, where it found its proper aliment among the hardy and turbulent mountaineers, named the *Miao-tze*, who dwell upon its northern frontier. MM. Callery and Yvan, who were formerly attached to the French embassy in China, the former, we believe, in the character of a missionary, the latter in the capacity of physician, have traced with graphic liveliness—too graphic to admit of our according entire credence to all the details—the progress of the insurrection in its early stages, and in its first successes against the unfortunate *Siu*, who

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was despatched by the Emperor with a body of the Imperial *tigers* to crush the revolt. We cannot perceive either in that narrative, or in any of the subsequent accounts that have reached us, any evidence of the insurrection being conducted on a pre-conceived and well-organised plan of operations. It seems to us to partake simply of the nature of a hardy adventure; it has spread its infection as it went on; and it has gathered recruits, who have offered themselves on the moment, as it passed from city to city and from province to province. In this way it spread from *Quang-si* to *Hou-quang* which it swept like a flame, and reached the magnificent *Yang-tse* river, which, with its band of waters, and the line of splendid cities which bestud its shores, divides the empire into two nearly equal portions. There the forces separated themselves into two divisions, one proceeding to the attack of *Han-yang* and *Wan-choo*, cities of the first order on its banks; the other advancing upon and taking Nankin.

The fall of *Chin-keang-foo*, situated at the junction of the grand canal with the *Yang-tse-kiang*, rendered the insurgents masters not only of the navigation of that river, but of the communications with Peking. From hence the tide of insurrection has spread intermittently, and with no very regular progress, along the sea-coast to the south, and northward to the Yellow River. *Shanghai* and *Amoy* successively fell into the hands of the rebel army; but the last of these cities has been retaken by the Imperialists, and the second is not unlikely to experience a similar fate.

Still it is marvellous how rapidly, and with what immense success, the insurrection has hitherto spread;—the more noticeable because it appears from a very interesting letter that lately appeared in the *Athenæum*, detailing the taking of *Shanghai*, that the capturers of that city have no connexion with the *Quang-si* insurgents, but have simply caught the infection and risen spontaneously. And yet they are not a mere band of plunderers seizing the opportunity of a general disturbance to enrich themselves with spoil, but the same spirit appears to animate the insurrectionists in all quarters; they rise against the hated dynasty of the Tartars and their myrmidons; and, therefore, while relentlessly sacking and destroying every building belonging to the government, and burning the property found in it, and while guilty, it must be confessed, of some acts of cruelty and vengeance, they yet respect, and even protect, the persons and property of private individuals.

We do not apprehend that the fact of a merely civil disturbance in China, whether extending through one or all of its eighteen provinces, would present anything to concern foreigners
very

very deeply. We should hear, no doubt, of temporary confusion reigning—commerce for a season would be checked or deranged; but this state of things would soon cease; we should be informed that one of the *Han* or *Ming* dynasty reigned in the room of a Mantchoo Emperor, and Chinese affairs would go on as before with the same unalterable flow, and at the same dead level. Political disturbances of this sort form, in fact, almost a part of the Chinese constitution. They are its chronic ailment. Insurrections against the dynasty for the time being have constantly broken out and ended in a massacre of a more or less numerous body of rebels. For example, in the province of *Seetchousan*, in 1791—and again in 1796—a political revolt, fomented by one of the secret societies called the *White Water-lily*, having for its object the subversion of the Tartar tyranny, was directed against the Tsing dynasty. ‘The sect of the *White Water-lily*,’ remarks M. Remusat, in referring thirty years ago to these revolutionary attempts, ‘and many other secret societies, all formed in antipathy to the existing government, and with the purpose of transferring the throne to a Chinese family, never cease to excite disturbances, and beyond a doubt will end in driving the Mantchoos from China; an event which can only be regarded, even in Europe, as a matter of very slight importance.’*

It is not, therefore, the fact of a rebellion having broken out in China, nor even its having spread wider than any previous revolt which gives it peculiar importance; but the circumstance that the movement claims for itself the sanction and even the commission of heaven; and not only so, but has identified itself with the propagation of a new religion. Together with the overthrow of the Tartar ruler, in the person of *Hien-fung* and his satellites, the leaders of the insurrection announce that they are divinely ordered to exterminate the false priests of Buddha and of Taou, and to proclaim a loftier creed and a stricter code of morals. The worship of the true spiritual God (*Shang-ti*) may not perhaps be deemed a new article of faith: indeed this is announced as merely a revival of the ancient religion of the Chinese in the primeval and pure ages of their history; but connected with it is what must appear wholly an innovation—the doctrine of Jesus Christ as the Saviour of the world, with all the leading facts of his life and death.

This is the startling phenomenon which seems likely to stir the empire to its depths, and, it may be, to regenerate it, as the same faith has already regenerated all the western and civilised nations of the earth. We naturally inquire whether past history

* *Mélanges Asiatiques*, vol. i. p. 69.

affords any parallel to the movement, which may guide us in our anticipations of the result. We confess that we know of none. While it has some points in common with the Mahometan outbreak, the two are yet widely different in the character of the people respectively influenced—in the objects aimed at—in the claims asserted by the leaders—and in the nature of the respective creeds. Instead of a chieftain rousing a proud and fiery race to conquer the world by the propagation of a fresh revelation, of which he was the inspired prophet, we have only the far humbler design of an obscure personage appealing to his nation to shake off a foreign yoke, and imparting, as he has received them, the tenets of a foreign, though divinely accredited, faith, of which he is merely the expounder; an office that belongs to him, according to the Chinese idea, in his assumed office of emperor.

Or if we narrow our view, and search the annals of the propagation of Christianity for a parallel to this threatened subversion of paganism and introduction of the truth, we are still unable to discover a precedent to guide our judgment. In every instance of national conversion in Europe, the work has been always accomplished *ab extrà*, and foreign missionaries have been the originators and the conductors of the religious transformation. Commonly the chiefs of the tribes first, and afterwards the people, were converted. *This* propagation of the faith, however, is *ab intrà*; and attempts to make its way in opposition to the ruling powers. Perhaps the nearest resemblance to the Chinese crusade may be discovered in the chivalrous and rather grotesque enterprise of Olaf Trygwason, at the close of the tenth century, to propagate the Christian faith in Norway, in opposition to the sovereign Hakon, whose throne he seized; but then in his religious proceedings he was accompanied by Sigurd, a bishop whom he had brought with him from England, and other missionaries.

The truth is, that hitherto the conquests of Christianity have never been made among any nation at all similarly circumstanced • with China in the peculiar character of its people, its institutions, its history, and social condition; and therefore we have now before us a special phenomenon, on which we must form our judgment from analogy only, and from such general principles as we can gather from the past. It is not surprising that, under these circumstances, much difference of opinion should exist in regard to the character of this movement and its probable issue. It is a mixed case, compounded of discordant elements; and according as people have looked at either the one class of elements or the other, have been the conclusions

at which they have arrived. But what surprises us is that writers should for the most part think it necessary to explain away, or ignore one set of facts in order to establish a simple view of the phenomenon founded on the other set. They find, for instance, in the writings of the insurgents, instances of a mystical self-delusion, or even imposture, alien, doubtless, from enlightened Christian sentiment—and hence they denounce the profession of Christianity as a pretence, and a trick to engage the sympathy of foreigners. On the other hand, those who read the tracts specially treating of religion, see clearly that there is so much that is striking and genuine, that they are satisfied that a large infusion of revealed truth has found its way into the Chinese mind, and are thus tempted to doubt, or palliate the extravagances with which this profession of faith is combined. It seems to us that we may safely accept both the evil and the good—nay the conjunction appears to us to be just what we might expect under the circumstances of the case. To suppose that in a semi-civilized and partially enlightened state of mind the Chinese, or any pagans, are at once to welcome pure unmixed truth, and shed their errors as a serpent does its skin; or to conclude that, because many old heathenish delusions and corruptions exhibit themselves, therefore there is no sincerity in their profession of the truth as it has been imperfectly presented to their mind,—this is to run counter to all reasonable probability, and to all experience of human nature under similar conditions.

First, then, let us take a fair review of the darker features which are deemed to discredit any pretence to Christianity among the insurgents or their leaders.

Great mystery has enveloped the real mover of the sedition, and it has been suspected that this mystery has been assumed in order to throw over him a veil of supernatural sanctity in the eyes of the Chinese. Yet there seems to be no foundation for the notion. The obscurity surrounding him has arisen rather from our own ignorance of the facts than from any designed concealment on his part. From the accounts sent home we became conversant with three names, those of *Hung-siu-tsieun*, *Tien-teh*, and *Tae-ping-wang*, and it was for some time concluded that they represented three distinct individuals. It now appears plain that these names belong to one person only. This is ascertained from the fact of his having written to Mr. Roberts, an American Baptist Missionary at Hong Kong, in May, 1853, on which occasion he signed his name of *Hung-siu-tsieun* in full, and stamped the letter 'with a seal having on its face six ancient characters, which, plainly written in the modern character, and translated, amount to:—*Tien-teh*, *Tae-ping-wang's* device—
“TIENT-TEH,

"T'ien-teh, the prince of peace's seal." Nor is it difficult to imagine reasons why he should appear under three *aliases*, or rather with one name and two *titles*. MM. Callery and Yvan inform us that *Tien-teh* (celestial virtue) is 'a name purely pagan.'† It is calculated therefore to meet existing Chinese prejudices, and is connected with their ancient religious associations. *Tae-ping-wang*, again (Prince of Peace), is a purely Christian title, and was probably selected to designate the pretender as the teacher of the new faith. This conjecture is corroborated by the fact that while in the Imperial Gazette he is indicated by his former title, yet in the camp and among his own adherents, as Mr. Taylor tells us, he is known by the latter designation.

This leader of the insurrection was apparently of obscure origin. A native of *Quang-si*, on his examination for literary merit at Canton about 1835 he received, it appears, from the hands of a Chinese convert, named Leang-Afa, who has for many years figured in the Reports of the London Missionary Society, a certain tract, called '*Good Words to Admonish the Age*.' The contents made a strong impression on his mind. Travelling from place to place in his native province, he composed books of poetry, and (as is related) urged his countrymen to accept the new truth with which he had become acquainted. Some time after, about 1844, he went to Canton, and probably on that occasion he became acquainted with Mr. Roberts, and for two months was an inmate in his house. Since that period he was unheard of, till he reappeared in 1850 at the head of a great rebellion, as the regenerator and liberator of his country, and for a long time was invested with a mysterious grandeur which, as it overawed his countrymen, astonished and perplexed foreigners.

However, there is no reason to suspect the sincerity of the man. He is, to all appearance, a fanatic,—he must be possessed with a great and dominant idea, and we may suppose is of no ordinary stamp. Nothing that we can learn of him supports the notion of his being a mere political adventurer or impostor, or of his alleged desire to keep up an affected mystery. His readiness to communicate with Mr. Roberts, and the perfect freedom with which his followers speak of him in his camp, tell the other way. In one of his writings, called the '*Book of Celestial Decrees*,' he earnestly disclaims certain titles of honour usually conferred on their Emperor by the Chinese, on the ground that they belong only to God; which gives an impression of good faith and simplicity, and not of exaggerated pretensions begun in fraud and kept up by cunning.

* Chinese Missionary Gleaner, September, 1853, p. 26.

† L'Insurrection en Chine, p. 71.

Some persons, again, are disposed to view with great suspicion this profession of Christianity because it is associated with rebellion. But if all the circumstances of China are taken into consideration, its subjection to a foreign yoke, its consequent degradation, the oppression of the Imperial officials reaching to every village and every house, it is impossible to condemn the effort of the ancient owners of the soil to regain their freedom. Nor does it appear, in any respect, that the purer faith which is awakening among them, coincidently with this effort, is in itself the cause of the movement, or open to the suspicion of being assumed as a means of engaging the sympathies either of the Chinese whose patriotism the leaders are anxious to arouse, or of other nations whom they might desire to enlist in their cause. The new creed cannot have been put forth to gain the goodwill of foreigners, for it has been peculiarly independent of foreign influence. The convulsion had not its origin on the coast where the foreigners reside, but in the interior, nor has any appeal been made to them for help. There is no symptom of either English, or American, or Portuguese sympathy having been relied on by the revolutionists; nay, in their intercourse with our people they have maintained a very free and independent tone, and friendly relations have only been entered upon after many questionings and explanations. As for the Chinese themselves, stolid, prejudiced, jealous of foreigners, ‘*hostes humani generis*,’ nothing would be so likely to repel their sympathies as the profession of the foreigner’s religion, and a seeming disregard for the superstitions and idolatries with which their whole mental and social condition is interwoven. A revelation from *Fo*, some *Taouist* magician, or the appearance of a new incarnate *Buddha*, would have been much more likely to enlist their credulity and to secure their adherence than the propagation of doctrines imported from abroad. In fact, so far from a profession of Christianity being reckoned on as likely to engage the interest of the Chinese, or to meet the wants of the age, the leaders of the movement have found it necessary in one of their documents—‘*The Book of Religious Precepts*’—to allay the popular prejudices which were actually raised against them on that very account. The charge of novelty that was urged against them is met by the assertion that the truth they promulgate is no novelty, that the worship of the true God (*Shang-ti*) is simply a return to the primitive faith, a revival of the original Chinese worship which prevailed in the auspicious days of *Thang* and *Wan*. Thus this movement is represented as a Reformation, a clearing of the national religion from the innovating idolatries of Buddhism, favoured by the Tartar dynasty

dynasty in consequence of its alliance with the Lamaism of the North; and *Tae-ping-wang*, in his religious character, stands out as a kind of Luther, and attracts the sympathies of his countrymen, not as 'a setter forth of strange gods,' but as a restorer of the ancient creed.

Of course this notion of the Chinese having originally possessed a knowledge of revealed truth will be regarded by some as a fond delusion, or perhaps a dexterously chosen position on the part of the pretender, in order to flatter the self-love of his countrymen. Yet this belief is not taken up for the occasion. All writers upon China dwell upon the superstitious reverence for antiquity which pervades the popular mind. In proportion as a custom or tenet is ancient it is good. The primæval ages, in the apprehension of the Chinese, were ages of truth, and of communion with the true God. When we consider that this race was among the descendants of Shem, with whom the pure faith was originally deposited and carried abroad on the dispersion, with whom, too, rested the promise and anticipation of the future Messiah, we shall not regard with incredulity that feeling which leads any of the children of the East to look back to the first ages of their race as ages of light; but we shall rather infer that their conviction, based upon an authentic tradition, has more truth in it than they themselves can now comprehend—

‘ Pious beyond the intention of their thought,
Devout above the meaning of their will.’

But a stronger ground of suspicion yet remains against the Christianity of the insurgents in the pretended visions, revelations, and personal interpositions of the Almighty, which are related in some of their documents. These accounts occur chiefly in the '*Book of Celestial Decrees*' and '*The Revelations of the Heavenly Father*,' especially the latter, which is gross and profane enough. It represents the Almighty as appearing, of his own accord, to convict a traitor in the insurgents' camp of treachery. The conversations, the manner in which the culprit's evasions are detected and laid bare, are in the worst style of mediæval coarseness, and almost ribaldry. It seems to us out of place to attempt any palliation of this pretended scene, by comparing it with any delusions or impostures which may have disfigured certain periods of Christian history. Whether the whole account is to be considered a simple fabrication, invented to terrify the followers of the movement from all similar conduct,—of which sort of expedient we may find many instances even in the Imperial announcements that issue from Peking;—or whether a scene was got up and acted, after the fashion of the 'mysteries and moralities'

ties' of by-gone ages in Europe, in order to impress the army with a lesson proper for the occasion, is of little importance. But what is of real weight is the circumstance that *this* document was the production of two subordinate officers, and not of the authors of *the other* publications. Even if it was sanctioned by the leaders it would be enough to say that it exhibits just one of those pieces of mixed fraud and delusion which belongs to semi-barbarous nations, and which abound among the Chinese. The absurdly-childish and profane means resorted to in war by that people, in order to terrify each other, are well known: and we may regard this mock judicial proceeding as of a piece with their other stratagems. Any way it is illogical to infer that, because chicanery or folly still lingers among them, therefore all their professions on other points are false. The case is simply this: here are a semi-barbarous people newly professing a certain number of Christian doctrines and the main principles of Christian morality. We find still lingering among them some old heathenish follies and tricks, which, however profane they may appear to us, may not appear so to them; and it is only accordant with nature that the partial truth should be sincerely embraced and co-exist, for a time, with long-established errors.

'The Book of Celestial Decrees' is far less offensive. It contains an account of several appearances of our Lord (*to whom* it is not said) attesting the commission of the present leader. It recites other divine proclamations exhorting the insurgents to bravery, patience, and belief in the Supreme God. Together with these divine interpositions we may class that portion of a publication of a very different stamp—'*The Trimetrical Classic*'—which speaks of the writer having been taken up into heaven, and Jesus having come down to instruct and encourage and direct his servant in the arduous enterprise on which he was commissioned to enter. It is impossible to read these passages and not see that there is a train of scriptural thought and language pervading them. Indeed, it is somewhat difficult to disentangle what we are taught of the descent and ascension of our Saviour, from what is there asserted of the leader, of whom it seems undoubtedly to be spoken. But this favours the idea that these fanatical pretensions are really only the dreams of an enthusiastic mind, or perhaps of a temporarily-disordered brain. It is confidently asserted that *Hung-siu-tsieun*, between the period of his receiving some knowledge of Christianity, and his entering upon his revolutionary enterprise, was greatly affected with sickness, during which it is supposed that he mixed up the deliriums of a disordered fancy with the convictions of his mind, before which a great idea was dimly unfolding itself. If this be so, and if the consequence

consequence has proved to be that he thereby deemed himself commissioned from on high to undertake a perilous, but magnificent scheme for regenerating his country, we have but one instance more of that kind of fanatical delusion which has caused men, in other countries, to be reckoned by multitudes as among the heroes of earth, and the almost inspired ministers of the Divine Will. It would be hasty to conclude that one so impressed, and so led, must be either a dupe or an impostor. It is not thus that a dispassionate judgment will determine respecting S. Francis, or Loyola; not thus of the disordered impressions of Luther, or Bunyan, or George Fox, men on whose minds their great ideas 'lay like substances, and almost seemed to haunt the bodily sense.' There is much philosophic truth in the account given, by the great historian of Rome's decline, of the same phenomenon as exhibited in Peter the Hermit, of whom he says, 'Whatever he wished, he believed; whatever he believed, that he *saw* in dreams and revelations. . . . When he challenged the warriors of the age to defend their brethren and rescue their Saviour, he supplied the deficiency of reason by loud and frequent appeals to Christ and his mother, with whom he personally conversed.' *

After all, perhaps, the strongest argument in favour of the religious sincerity of the insurgents is that men of calm judgment, on the spot, believe them to be thoroughly in earnest. The eye-witnesses of their conduct have found it in conformity with their professions; the strictness enjoined in the public orders was really maintained in the camp. Dr. Taylor, on his visit, found their acts of worship were repeated two or three times every day. He was struck with the calm and earnest enthusiasm that pervaded the entire body: while 'the regulations of the army of the Tae-Ping Dynasty,' which enjoin 'the careful observance of the Deity, of the ten commandments, and of all the morning, evening, and thanksgiving services; a careful abstinence from smoking, drinking, and insubordination; a constant avoidance of misrepresentation and misappropriation; separation of the sexes, and refraining from wandering out of the camp,' † might make us think we were engaged in reading a campaign of Gustavus Adolphus, instead of the military operations of a semi-barbarous nation, hitherto sunk in a low, nerveless state of indolence, cowardice, and vice.

We do not, then, suspect these men of fraud or hypocrisy, and are constrained to conclude that there is among them a certain species of Christianity. This is enough of itself to excite curiosity.

* Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, chap. lviii., ad init.

† *The Chinese Revolution*, p. 165.

‘Chose étonnante!’ writes Mgr. Rizzolati, vicar apostolic of Hou-Quang, ‘dans tous les lieux qu’il vient de conquérir, les premiers édits qu’il a portés sont à-peu-près ainsi conçus: “Le Dieu dont la Toute-puissance a créé le ciel et la terre en six jours, qui a confié au déluge sa vengeance sur les hommes, qui a châtié les cinq villes du pays de Sodome par le feu du ciel, c’est le même Dieu qui nous a donné la mission de punir les péchés des Chinois et de rétablir son culte parmi eux. . . . C’est pourquoi nous n’admettons que le culte d’un seul vrai Dieu, Createur du ciel et de la terre; et nous ordonnons que partout soient détruites les idoles, renversés les temples,”’ &c.*

This fact settled, every one is eager to learn from what quarter the impulse came.

Christianity is no new thing in China. The Siganfu monument confirms what history records of the diffusion of the faith by the Nestorian Christians in the seventh and following centuries. Even so late as about the year 1300 Monte Corvino (a Roman Catholic) wrote to Europe from *Chataia* (Peking)—‘The Nestorians of this country bear, it is true, the name of Christians, but they are far from the true faith. They are so numerous in this empire that they prevent any one joining any Christian church besides their own.’† Shortly after, that is from the time of Tamerlane’s conquest in Central Asia, the Christianity thus planted died out. In the sixteenth century the Jesuits commenced their missionary enterprise in China. For three hundred years they have been perseveringly labouring in the attempt to convert the natives; and, undoubtedly, great zeal, and all the appliances of human accomplishments have been unreservedly devoted to the attempt. For about forty-five years the agents of several Protestant Societies have entered into the field, and have been engaged in missionary work, chiefly however in the translation of the Holy Scriptures, the distribution of tracts, and kindred operations.

Suddenly a harvest of some sort or other has sprung up *from the soil*. It is, seemingly, indigenous, and this independence of foreign aid, although of course originally derived from it, is its remarkable peculiarity. An attempt has been made to refer a portion at least of the documents to the old Nestorian teaching, and even to the Syrian inscription already mentioned. The suggestion is frivolous, and equally idle is the effort made by the same writer‡ to connect it with Roman Catholic instruction, either of the former Jesuits or of more recent emissaries. It would indeed be a cause for satisfaction rather than regret if

* *Annales de la Propagation de la Foi*, vol. xxv., p. 303.

† L. Waddingi *Annal. Minor.*, t. vi., p. 69, quoted by Blumhardt; *Histoire du Christianisme*, iii., p. 132.

‡ *The Religious Aspect of the Civil War in China*, by Rev. W. H. Rule.

we could trace this clear profession of some of the main Christian tenets to a source so far removed as even the early Jesuit missions. We should have greater confidence in the growth and permanence of the work, could we discern in it indications of a leaven, long hid, which had been secretly diffusing itself through the mass, and now bore witness that the mass was leavened. But this is not the case. There is an absence of every token that could connect the creed of the rebels with Roman Catholic influence. The Romanists themselves avow that they 'find no Catholic element in it.' The adoption of the word *Shang-ti*, to designate 'God,' and the title of 'worshippers of Jesus,' given to the insurgents, are almost a protest against Roman Catholic Christianity, which has acquired in popular language the name of *Tien-chu-heao*, or 'the worship of the Lord of heaven;'^{*} *Tien-chu*, being the word sanctioned by Pope Clement XI., in 1715, to designate 'God,' to the exclusion of *Shang-ti*. In the Ten Commandments put forth and commented upon in the 'Religious precepts,' the second commandment keeps its place as a distinct enactment, contrary to the usage of the Romanists. There is a total silence on the subject of the Church, the Saints, even of the Virgin; no crucifix is seen, no priesthood recognized; ideas which all who are conversant with Roman missions know to occupy no subordinate place in the instruction of their neophytes. At the taking of Nankin some of their converts were rudely handled, and even slain; the crucifix was destroyed because deemed to be an idol, and confounded probably with the idols of the Buddhists by these fanatical iconoclasts.

But beyond all this, it appears to us^a morally impossible for any such movement to have resulted from the methods of conversion employed by the emissaries of Rome. The whole spirit of it is alien from the genius of their church, which represses independent judgment and action; keeps its heathen neophytes submissive and in fetters;[†] keeps them, as it finds them, children. In Paraguay, in India, in every place where they have planted the cross, this has been a result, and never in a heathen

^{*} 'On the proper mode of rendering the word "God" in the Chinese Language,' by Sir G. T. Staunton, Bart., M.P., p. 21. The genius of the Chinese nation has prevailed over the controversies of Europeans, and the word *Shang-ti* is now definitively settled, by its uniform adoption in the religious documents of the insurgents, as the term to designate the deity. It is the word adopted by Gutzlaff, partially so by Milne, and strongly recommended by Sir G. Staunton in the interesting and able pamphlet referred to; so that henceforth, it is to be hoped that the supposititious words, *Tien-chu*, *Shin*, *Tien-shin*, will be set aside.

[†] It is curious to observe how, almost intuitively, where the promising converts of the Roman missionaries are spoken of they are designated by them as 'dociles.'

country have we seen any national progress, social or religious, grow out of their propagation of the faith. Here, on the contrary, we find a religious movement full of life, and new-born energy; marked rather by recklessness and impetuosity than by tame subserviency, by a resiliency, instead of a subjection, of thought and action. Fresh elemental ideas have sprung up among these masses; the name of the leader is identified with *progress*;* in nothing are the characteristics of Roman Catholicism apparent, and the Romanists themselves have already endorsed the sentiment.

Whence then has this movement sprung? We are not satisfied that any *sufficient* account of its source has yet been given. *Hung-siu-tsieun* may, perhaps, have received from *Leang-Afa* the tract of which so much has been said; he may have seen Mr. Roberts at Canton in 1844; yet neither the one fact, nor the other, nor both, will account adequately for what we witness. One thing is clear, that the effect is not due to any imposing outward agency at all commensurate with the magnitude of the result, and we rejoice that thus it should have been at the outset. It is an additional proof that there is in the religious profession an inherent principle of life, that it is self-supporting, and that it is not a case in which, without strength in itself, it is solely kept up by external appliances. The absence of any immediate director of the awakening brings it into remarkable correspondence with what has characterized the earliest planting of the Gospel in many of the nations of Europe. Who first preached Christianity in Egypt is unknown; in Spain and Italy unknown; in England equally unknown. Even in recent days a remarkable religious movement has occurred in two districts of northern and southern India. At Kishnaghur, and again in Tinnevely, whole villages have been converted; but the process in each case, sudden and even startling, was traceable to no particular teacher. The word of God was scattered there, almost at a venture, by travelling missionaries—it took root of itself, and therefore the harvest is all the more hopeful.

A still more important inquiry is, *what kind* of Christianity this is which has been proclaimed by the leading rebels, and is at least passively accepted by the masses that crowd round their successful standards. On this point, as on others, many are perplexed at what they read in the religious books that have been published by the revolutionists. For ourselves we have no hesitation in saying that the Christian tenets therein set forth, taken with all the drawbacks already mentioned, of delusion,

* 'L'Insurrection en Chine,' par MM. Callery et Yvan, p. 262.
lingering

lingering superstition, and possibly of partial deception, yet seem so natural in their mode of enunciation, and in the very imperfection with which they are blended, that there is reason for auguring well for the future, if only the proper means be adopted for advancing and perpetuating the work. An examination of the '*Trimetrical Classic*' and the '*Book of Religious Precepts*,' two of the principal publications, suggest some conclusions which appear to us irresistible.

1. It must be obvious to the most cursory reader that the language of the Bible pervades these compositions, especially the '*Classic*.' Some doubt has existed as to whether the whole of the Old and New Testament is possessed by these inquirers, chiefly from the fact of a portion only of Dr. Gutzlaff's translation being found in their hands at Nankin. Captain Fishbourne, however, states that they have the entire Scriptures. The insurgents themselves said, in their interview on board the *Hermes*, that the Sacred Volume 'had been taken to Peking about a thousand years ago, and that it was thence the people got a copy, which they had multiplied.' In the inscription on the monument at Siganfu, erected by the Nestorians, reference is distinctly made to the Holy Scriptures, as consisting of twenty-four books of the law and the prophets, and seventeen of the New Testament;* and we are led, from the existence of the above-mentioned tradition, to infer that they were translated and circulated by those early missionaries. From the closeness with which the Scripture phraseology is copied throughout the '*Classic*,' particularly in the account of Israel's deliverance from Egypt, we must suppose that the composition, undoubtedly the production of the Chinese themselves, is drawn directly from the word of God.

2. Again, this notion is confirmed by the absolute freedom from all party symbolism and conventional language, which so disfigure the profession, and religious phraseology of disunited Christendom.

3. It is observable, too, that in these expositions of belief there is a marked absence of the *doctrines* as distinguished from the *facts* of Divine revelation. There is a simple announcement of the chief Scriptural events, without comment or inference; and they thus exhibit what we should expect to be the process of a mind newly aroused to a consciousness of the great acts of the Divine dispensations towards man. The following passage in the '*Trimetrical Classic*' will exemplify what we mean:—

* See the translation of this inscription in the Appendix to Mosheim's *Histor. Tartarorum*, pp. 7, 8.

‘ But

' But the great God,
 Out of pity to mankind,
 Sent his first-born Son
 To come down into the world.
 His name is Jesus,
 The Lord and Saviour of men,
 Who redeems them from sin
 By the endurance of extreme misery.
 Upon the cross
 They nailed his body :
 Where He shed His precious blood,
 To save all mankind.
 Three days after his death
 He rose from the dead,
 And during forty days
 He discoursed on heavenly things.'

We cannot but be struck with the resemblance which this recital of the primary principles of the Christian faith bears to the Apostles' creed, and with the air of genuineness and reality with which it is impressed. So true is it to nature, that we can hardly refrain from setting down some of the earliest forms which we possess of such confessions, in order to show how, both in the *order* and *character* of the facts selected, they all tally with the profession which has been drawn up by the Chinese. It will be enough to observe that, in the summary of Christian truths sent by Pope Boniface to Edwin King of England in the year 625, and again in a similar précis prepared by the Greek missionaries for the conversion of Wladimar King of Prussia in 987, the same salient facts of Scripture are selected, in order to awaken the heathen mind. Just so in the famous treatise of St. Augustine, '*De Catechizandis rudibus*,' the main facts of the Old Testament preparatory to the New, and the solemn events of our Lord's history—such as His incarnation, life, death, and resurrection—are dwelt on, as the prominent verities to which the mind of man, awakened and seeking truth, would naturally be drawn.

4. It requires only the slightest acquaintance with the character of the Chinese writings, such, for instance, as those translated by Milne and Marshman, to recognize the native turn of thought in these religious productions. In their reference to the national history, in their appeal to antiquity, in the almost unconscious prominence given to parental authority and family relationship (even to the corruption of the Christian faith), and in the peculiar and specific exhortations to virtue,—in all these points they are thoroughly Chinese. Some writers have condemned the admixture of the Confucian element, and special

instances

instances of it are even spoken of as '*additions* to the Christian faith.' Strangely enough; as if the phenomenon before us was that of Christianity being overlaid by error, instead of Christianity forcing its way through a mass of ancient superstition; as if truth was to spring forth complete and unencumbered from the indurated corruptions of two thousand years; or as if, after all, the Gospel could only then be welcomed when all the sublime morality of the wisest sages of antiquity had been utterly discarded. So far from thus thinking, we deem it an auspicious circumstance that these people, even in the shipwreck of its worn-out ideas, should cling fast to the immutable maxims of their great Teacher, and find in Christianity the supplement, the necessary completion, and crown of the imperfect truth taught by that old philosopher. We should be sorry to see the nation so revolutionised as to be drifted away from its ancient moorings. Moreover, we will add our conviction, that whenever a Church is formed in that country, it will exhibit a nationality that will distinguish it from all other Churches of the East or West, in consequence of the Confucian modes of thought which for so many years have formed the best minds in the nation, and contributed largely to all that is best in the Chinese character. The expansive and plastic spirit of Christianity is calculated to mould itself upon the peculiarities of the various sections of mankind. When, unfettered by a narrow dogmatism, it gives free play to national genius, it develops itself in the same direction, and gathers each phase of human life within its sanctifying influence. Just as the tendency of Eastern Christianity was speculative; of Western, ceremonial; of Northern, practical;—just as one Church has developed more prominently than another some particular feature in its polity,—the Eastern in being peculiarly patriarchal; the Western, papal; the Northern, episcopal:—just so the Christianity and Church of China may assume a domestic or paternal characteristic not inconsistent with the primary laws of the Gospel kingdom.

5. A further point that occurs in the '*Book of Religious Precepts*' is very observable, because it indicates the tendency in the minds of its promulgators to break down some of those barriers of prejudice which have hitherto obstructed the entrance of the Gospel; and because it shows that the banner that is '*lifted up,*' if we may so speak, '*as a token,*'—

'*Streams, like a thunder cloud, against the wind.*'

Two strong feelings possess the Chinese in regard to religion. The first is, that the Emperor, as the father of the nation, is likewise

likewise its high priest. He offers sacrifice on behalf of the people, and worships in their name; and the indolence of the natives readily accepts an official and vicarious devotion, which exempts themselves from trouble in the matter. The second is, jealousy and contempt of foreigners. We may understand how these two potent prejudices would operate against the introduction of any foreign, and much more of the Christian, faith. Yet the 'Book of Precepts' seems courageously composed to controvert these very objections, and so remarkable are the dexterity and the soundness of argument with which they are answered, that some passages deserve to be extracted:—

'Those whose minds,' says this state manifesto, 'have been deluded by the devil, object and say that the great God is only to be worshipped by *sovereign princes*. But we wish you to know that the great God is the universal Father of all men throughout the world. Sovereigns are those of his children who most resemble him; while the common mass are still his children, though steeped in ignorance; and the violent and oppressive are his disobedient children. If you still think that sovereigns alone are allowed to worship God, we beg to ask you, whether the parents of one family regard only their eldest son, and whether they require filial respect and obedience from him alone?'

This position is then supported by instances from Chinese history of subordinate princes having worshipped God, and having received signal marks of his favour, which is taken as a conclusive proof that such worship could not be unacceptable.

*The objection against a foreign religion is thus dealt with:—

'Some also say erroneously that to worship the great God is to imitate foreigners; not remembering that China has its histories which are open to investigation. . . . The fact is, that according to the histories both of the Chinese and foreign nations, the important duty of worshipping the great God, in the early ages of the world, several thousand years ago, was alike practised both by Chinese and foreigners. But the various foreign nations in the west have practised this duty up to the present time, while the Chinese practised it only up to the Tsin and Han dynasties;† since which time they have erroneously followed the devil's ways, and allowed themselves to be deceived by the king of Hades. Now, however, the great God, out of compassion to the children of men, has displayed his great power, and delivered men from the machinations of the evil one; causing them to retrace their steps, and again to practise the great duty which was performed of old. Thus while alive they are no longer

* 'The Chinese,' Sir J. F. Davis, vol. ii. p. 149.

† During the Tsin dynasty, the great sacrilege of burning the ancient books of the empire was committed; and M. Remusat in his *Voyages Bouddhiques*, mentions that Bouddhism was first preached in China, at the same period, viz. B.C. 217. It was fully established in China about 300 years later, during the Han dynasty.

subject to the devil's influences, and after death they are not taken away by him, but ascending to heaven they enjoy endless bliss. This is all owing to the unmeasurable grace and infinite compassion of the great God. Those who are still unawakened say, on the contrary, that we are following foreigners, thus showing to what an intense degree they are deluded by their great adversary. Mang-tsze says that "Truth is one." If men did but understand this they would acknowledge that both Chinese and foreigners ought together to procure the great duty of worshipping God.'

Upon this follows a prayer 'for a penitent sinner' of remarkable excellence, and full of Christian sentiment.

6. We cannot dismiss these publications without noticing the institution of the Sabbath, which is prominently set forward and enjoined as a part of the new religious code. It is the only *institution* directly recognised in it, and would be noticeable on this account, even if it were not an ordinance of such great practical import in itself. It is, in fact, wherever observed, a national recognition of the divine law, and secures, more than any other appointment, the permanence of religious service. In this instance it has displaced a whole host of superstitious prognostications, sorceries, and days lucky and unlucky, which filled the old calendar; and, as the preface to the new Almanac states, honours the true God as ruling over all times and seasons, and as blessing all equally with His providence. The adoption of the Sabbath is the more remarkable among the Chinese, because, unlike other Eastern nations, they have preserved no trace in their mythological or astrological systems of the primæval division of time into seven days. The observance, therefore, of this divine ordinance is an act of simple obedience to the Word of God, evidencing the boldness and sincerity of its promulgators; and if permanently established will mark an era in the social as well as the religious history of the nation.

Such are the prominent features that characterize these Chinese compositions. They are, we believe, quite unparalleled as emanating from men in the process of struggling out of heathenism. The prominent features of Christianity stand out in them unmistakably; there is something simple and massive in the enunciation of them, with no admixture of sectarian littleness. Lingerings errors cling to them as portions of native earth hang to masses of stone newly hewn from the ground; and were it not so, they would be artificial and probably untrue.

Similar imperfections adhere to the *practice* also of these converts. Much, for instance, has been said of the so-called sacrifices which form a part of their devotions. They are, in reality, improperly called *sacrifices*, and the ceremony consists only of
offerings

offerings of animals, flowers, food, and the like. Dr. Taylor, on his visit to the insurgents, found, at their religious services, that tables were placed, with bowls of various kinds of food as *offerings* to the Supreme Being; among which were three bowls of tea, one for each Person of the Trinity. This is an old Confucian form of worship, and Dr. Gutzlaff mentions that it was a part of the Emperor's office to present such offerings to the *Shang-ti* for the people. Even though these rites consisted of actual sacrifices, such as heathens offer in the way of expiation, we need not be staggered by the circumstance at the present stage. It is curious how, in the records of ancient missions, the heathen, on their first reception of Christianity, are mentioned as superstitiously clinging to the practice for a time. Boniface, in the eighth century, on visiting his recent converts in Hesse, found many among them who sacrificed secretly, and even publicly, to their gods, and mixed several pagan rites with their Christian profession. So, at an earlier period, St. Augustine complained to Pope Gregory of the tenacity with which the Anglo-Saxons adhered to the usage. The semi-converts of China are only in the same position, in this respect, as their brethren of Germany and England were twelve or thirteen centuries back.

Still it must be acknowledged that very serious defects do disfigure both the faith and practice of the Chinese insurgents, even though we do not admit that they throw a doubt on the genuineness of their profession. The cruelty they have exhibited in war, though less than what has often been witnessed in the religious conflicts of European Christians, shows at least that the precepts of the Gospel have not practically pervaded the ranks of the adherents. The polygamy of the leaders, if true, for it is doubted, is strangely at variance both with the purity of the law they profess to follow, and with the injunctions enforced upon the multitude. Fanaticism, also, is clearly mixed up with the pretensions of their spiritual and political leader—in whom, according to the Chinese constitution, the two offices are united.* The language which represents the aspirant to the throne as the 'younger brother' of our Lord, who is the 'elder brother,' although not without a tinge of Scriptural truth, and although merely the natural expression of the national idea which repre-

* M. Remusat remarks, 'L'Empereur de la Chine n'est pas seulement le chef suprême de l'état, le grand sacrificateur et le principal législateur de la nation; il est encore le prince des lettrés et le premier des docteurs de l'empire: il n'est pas moins chargé d'instruire que de gouverner ses peuples, ou, pour mieux dire, instruire et gouverner n'est, à la Chine, qu'une même chose.' *Mélanges Asiatiques*, vol. ii. p. 311. It is in accordance with this Confucian idea of his office, that the pretender to the throne now issues his codes of religious instructions to his followers. The prophetic office is lodged in him

sents the Celestial Emperor as the 'son of heaven,' yet is full of profane and depraving ideas. Some great truths are obscured, others unrecognised. The Emperor, at present, seems to take on himself the sole office of the ministry; the people baptize one another; and the instruction of the people appears limited to the issue of such imperial proclamations as have been referred to and quoted. All this is calculated to excite misgiving; but if we consider the manner in which the knowledge has been probably gained, it will go very far, we apprehend, to explain this anomalous alliance of truth with error, and supply us with some clue to unravel the future.

We have already mentioned the system of the Roman Catholic missions, which has been pursued for nearly three hundred years. In complete antagonism to this has been the method adopted by the Protestant Missionaries since they entered upon the same field. In the hands of the latter, the Gospel has been presented to the Chinese simply as a doctrine, an abstraction;—not as a system, scarcely as a fact. Millions of tracts and Bibles were circulated among a people ingenious, curious, captious, fond of reading, versatile, unsteady. Nothing intervened between the doctrine that was presented, and the mind of the individual reader. No Protestant missionary entered, beyond a journey or two of some forty or fifty miles, into the interior; and even this effort is spoken of as a most experimental enterprise. And what followed? A portion of Scripture fell into some hands, a tract into other, *fragments* of truth were scattered at hap-hazard on chance soils; and no means were offered either for nurturing the seed or preparing the soil for its reception.

This unsystematic and hazardous mode of proceeding seems to have struck Dr. Gutzlaff, who tried to remedy it. About the year 1844 he formed what was called the Chinese Union, of which the object was 'to evangelise China by the Chinese.' For this purpose he drew around him at Hong-Kong as many natives as evinced any desire to be instructed in the Christian faith. Several of these he baptized; and selected the most competent to act as missionaries, and to preach in the interior. All the members, without exception, were engaged in distributing tracts and Bibles, and were bound to bring as many as they could to join the society, and become fellow-labourers in the same work. It is surprising that the sagacity of Dr. Gutzlaff, well versed as he was in the knowledge of the Chinese character, did not foresee the abuse to which the system was exposed, and which the event exhibited. Nearly two thousand were at one time members of the society, and about one hundred and twenty were maintained

as preachers. It soon appeared that a considerable proportion of them were acting fraudulently and hypocritically. Some did not visit the places they professed to do; and a large number, after receiving Bibles, &c., simply sold them back to the printer, who connived at the fraud, and appropriated the money. In 1850 a committee was appointed to inquire into these alleged malpractices; they were clearly proved; and the committee, besides recording their judgment to this effect, were obliged to express their opinion, that 'the Union, as an instrumentality for the propagation of the Gospel, was exceedingly ill-adapted for its end.'

Such have been the means for extending a knowledge of the Gospel. Imperfect as they were, we fear that even inferior methods may succeed, and that the zeal which has been awakened may confine itself chiefly to what is now the prominent idea—the pouring many thousands or millions of Bibles and tracts into the rebel camp. An influence is needed over and above what is supplied by the written word, and similar to that which was derived from the Apostles when they founded churches, gathered the converts into communities, and constructed the fabric of a sacred society, with its form of sound words, its ministry, and its ordinances. It was by this means, and in this order, that the Christianity of Europe was planted and took lasting root. A thousand errors cling to heathens newly awakened from their long sleep, and they are not competent to emancipate themselves from the superstitions and worse abominations with which they have been enthralled. 'One thing is plain,' says the missionary, Dr. Legge, 'the last works published, excepting the Calendar, are the most objectionable. There is not knowledge nor influence in the camp sufficient to correct what is wrong, and arrest what is dangerous.' As for the masses, it is probable that they are far less imbued with the truth than the leaders, and that with them it is still more deeply impregnated with grossness of thought and heathen associations. To leave these partially enlightened men to construct a system for themselves, with all the omissions arising from ignorance, and all the adulterations proceeding from ages of error, would be almost to give up the cause. It is the more essential that a pure creed and a wise polity should be proclaimed at the outset that it is contrary to the spirit of the bulk of the people to attempt to be wiser than their teachers. In the social and civil life of the Chinese the individual has been wholly subordinated to the community. They love routine and ceremonial; and order and rule are, in their minds, the necessary accessories of truth. If Christianity is to be the faith of the nation, it must coalesce, as far as is lawful, with the ancient forms, institutions, and habits of the people, and should the

tenets

tenets be corrupt when they are incorporated, they are not likely to be improved by the force of public opinion.

With the very limited information we possess, the conclusions that have been formed of the ultimate issue of the rebellion appear over-sanguine and hasty. Even apart from the rumour of an irruption of Mongul Tartars, who would probably turn back the tide of conquest, it is far from impossible that the insurgents may yet receive a check, and of the disposition of the people at large towards the new creed we know absolutely nothing. All ordinary experience is against their throwing up their ancient superstitions at the mere bidding of an army who are but a handful of the vast population, and if the rebels win the prize it is no unlikely alternative that they will compromise their creed to consolidate the throne. Dr. Gutzlaff speaks of a prediction in the Pâli books of the Buddhists, to the effect that a religion coming from the West shall supersede the national Buddhism; and in consequence of this prophecy his appearance at Siam caused great alarm to the natives, who fled in all directions at the sight of him. An impression of this kind might weigh with the Chinese and facilitate the change, but we can draw no sure inferences from such partial indications. The most that can be said is, that there is a better prospect than ever existed before, and the consequences that must result are so momentous, that we must be prepared to take advantage of any opening which presents itself. With the successful termination of the rebellion the religious question will receive its solution; and unless we are ready at the critical instant with our measures and our agents, the whole arrangements will have passed beyond the sphere of our influence before we can bring it to bear.

The first duty is with our English Government, who should have a negociator of the highest order on the spot to watch the course of events. *Politically* it is of importance that we should be on the alert, for other nations have ambitious projects and would lose no opportunity of securing exclusive advantages. Russia, as active on the sea of Okhotsk as on the Black Sea, the Caspian and the Baltic, is said to have offered to barter assistance against the rebels for certain Chinese provinces, and America is equally watching the favourable moment to obtain her own particular objects. *Commercially* it is of the highest consequence that we should have freedom of trade and intercourse with a country numbering from four to five hundred millions of inhabitants, all of them laborious, many of them consummate artificers, capable of furnishing ourselves and our colonies with admirable mechanics, and who, while receiving the produce of our arts and manufactures, would have their own industry enormously developed

developed by the importation of our machinery and our science. *Religiously* it is equally essential that the country should not again be closed to foreigners, and the united skill of European diplomatists will be far more efficacious in procuring the abrogation of restrictions than anything which can be said or done by the missionaries.

The duty of our church is not so simple. If the vast empire of China is to be thrown open to the preachers of Christianity, the want of persons who understand the language, or practically we may say languages—for from the extreme dissimilarity of pronunciation the people of different provinces cannot understand one another—must, for a long period, cripple our exertions. The most obvious method of employing to advantage a part, at least, of our small resources, is to establish institutions in China under European superintendence for the training of a native clergy. Funds, we are certain, would be forthcoming for the purpose the moment the way was open and specific plans could be framed. If the profession of Christianity is really to become at once universal throughout the nation, travelling missionaries may be indispensable for organising communities and guarding against the admixture of heathen abominations. But we must wait the issue of the struggle before we can determine what is best to be done, and in the meanwhile we should be gathering together our present materials, and providing more abundant agents for the future. It would be worthy of our ancient Universities to appoint professors of Chinese, who should not only teach the language but endeavour to direct the youthful zeal of those who volunteered for the purpose to a practical end. The munificent individuals who are distinguished for their acts of costly charity would probably come forward to endow a chair which was to promote the evangelization of a mighty empire. The children of our great seminaries would be the most efficient nursing fathers of the Chinese church. Their scholarship would attract the admiration of natives who venerate knowledge, and win additional favour for the doctrines which accompanied it. The basis of the Eastern establishment, as with our own, would be laid in ‘sound piety’ and useful learning,’ and the wild flames of a precarious fanaticism would be converted into a pure, a steady, and a perpetual light. Even if the hopes which have been raised should be entirely disappointed and the dawning twilight be succeeded by a second night, these preparations will not have been thrown away, for the effects already produced will be a stimulus to exertion, and China will properly occupy more of our attention in the future than it has hitherto done.

The bare chance of present success is worth, at any rate, the cost

cost of providing against contingencies, and if Christianity is to have a place among the living institutions of the empire, we must trust chiefly to extraneous influence to produce the results. Unless we act with promptness and energy the best that can happen is, that the imperfect system of the rebels should prevail, and it is probable that still less favourable consequences will ensue. The truth now imperfectly received may be relinquished; Confucian philosophy again form the creed of the Court and the literati; and the masses be left to their pagan superstitions. Christianity, it must be remembered, was once professed at Peking, which had its Nestorian Archbishop and its Emperors who countenanced the gospel. But the nation, after a while, relapsed into heathenism. Under the surprising exertions of the Jesuits the influence of the Church was once more widely spread; the heir to the throne received his education at their hands; the mother, son, and wife of the last of the Ming dynasty were Christians; and yet, after a time, the faith was again proscribed. Or a second state of things may occur. Christianity may be accepted and recommended by those in authority, but left, like the doctrines of Lao-tze, to the choice of the people. In this case, it is to be feared that it will be recognized by the rulers of the Empire simply as a creed, and will be practised only so far as it does not interfere with Confucian principles, under which as the state religion, the Empire will continue to be governed, and the people will remain essentially unchanged. Or a third alternative may arise. Should the reception of the Christian faith develop itself into anything resembling a national creed, and require, as it will require, its frame-work, its hierarchy, and its code of laws, as well as formularies of faith, to fall in with the native genius, the watchful missionaries of the Roman Church may step in with its claim to antiquity, its pliant code, its imposing ceremonial, its compact government, and manifold machinery, and then the new-born energy which has issued from the reception of Christian truth, may sink under the aggression, and China be again doomed to religious bondage and stagnation.

ART. VI.—*Mathias Alexander Castren, Travels in the North: containing a Journey in Lapland in 1838; Journey in Russian Karelia in 1839; Journey in Lapland, Northern Russia, and Siberia, in 1841-44.* Translated into German (from the Swedish), by Henrik Helms. Leipzig: Avenarius and Mendelsohn. 1853.

WE are willing to take for granted the accuracy of Mr. Helms as a translator; and making this concession, albeit a blind one, to acknowledge our obligation for his labour. He would, however, have much enhanced that obligation if he had favoured us with some prefatory biographical notice of the enterprising traveller, whose narrative he has rescued from the comparative obscurity of a Scandinavian text. This task Mr. Helms has omitted to discharge. His translation, in the edition which has reached us, is not accompanied by preface, or by a word of information beyond that afforded in the title-page, in one or two unimportant notes, and a sketch map of the route of the later journeys, an extension of which to the two former would be very desirable. From the fact announced in the title-page, that the original is in Swedish, we might naturally have inferred that Mr. Castren was a native and subject of Sweden. We are enabled, however, upon inquiry, to inform our readers that he was—we wish we could say is—a subject of Russia, and a native of Finland. Those who go through the account of his travels will learn, with more sympathy than surprise, that the adventures it records undermined its author's constitution, and led to his premature decease. He is entitled to a share in the regret with which the announcement of the loss of another distinguished Finlander, the Oriental scholar and traveller, Mr. Wallin, has been received in the scientific world. We are told nothing of his decease by the translator, but a note casually informs us that Mr. Castren lived to accomplish, under the auspices of the Russian Government, a very extended journey through Siberia and other parts of the Russian Asiatic dominion, as far as the frontiers of China, not noticed in this work, but which, we hope, may be the subject of a future publication.

Of the many motives and pursuits which separately, or in combination, are daily leading explorers into the distant recesses and dark holes and corners of the earth, one of the most creditable, the love of science, was Mr. Castren's. He was born in a Finland village, not far from the northern extremity of the Gulf of Bothnia. His education was obtained at the Alexander's College of Helsingfors, which, since its transference to that city from Abo, has, we believe, done credit to the liberal endowment
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of the Russian Government. He seems, from his earliest years, to have formed the intention of devoting himself to the illustration of the literature and antiquities of his country; and the main object of the travels recorded in the present volume was to trace the affinities of the languages of the coterminous Lap, the Samoyede, and the Ostiak, with his own and with each other. For this, and for the kindred purposes of investigating the habits, the history, and above all the superstitions, of these rude tribes, he faced the summer mosquito of the Lapland swamp, and the wintry blast of the Tundra, which not even the reindeer can confront and live. For these objects he traversed the White Sea in rickety vessels with drunken crews, and fed on raw fish and sawdust, and accepted shelter in the hut of the Samoyede beggar. The present volume contains the journal of three such expeditions. The general reader may open it without fear of encountering the detailed results of the author's philological or other scientific researches. These must be sought elsewhere by the curious in Finn inflexions and Lap or Samoyede terminations, in the records of scientific societies, Russian and Scandinavian.

Having thus early chosen his path of inquiry, Mr. Castren occupied himself for some fifteen years of his student life at Helsingfors with assiduous study of the Finn and other cognate languages, so far as books could enable him to pursue it. The aid, however, to be derived from books for such investigations as these was limited, and he long sighed in vain for pecuniary means and opportunity to visit the regions, the languages and manners of which he wished to explore. In the year 1838 the desired opening was at last presented to him. Dr. Ehrstrom, a friend and medical fellow-student, proposed to accept him as a companion, free of expense, on a tour in Lapland. They were subsequently joined by another alumnus of the Alexander University, Magister Blank, a professor of natural history, and by a preacher named Durmann, charged with a mission to the Enarè district of Lapmark. With these companions he started from a village near Tornea on the 25th June, 1838.

In the early part of this journey, before they had overstepped the limits of Finnish civilization, they found their accommodations somewhat improved by preparations for the reception of an expected French scientific expedition. These had, we presume, been made by special suggestion of Russian authorities, for the guests were not looked forward to with pleasure. French scientific travellers had, it appears, on some former occasion, given offence and trouble to their entertainers. Englishmen bore a better reputation. They indeed, like the French, had given trouble, and been particular as to their accommodation, but

but then they had cheerfully paid double and triple prices for it. They had angled perpetually in the streams, and had bestowed all they caught upon their boatmen. We recognize our countrymen in this description.

The 30th of June brought the party, after severe fatigue and hardship incident to up-stream navigation of rivers, varied by occasional portages, to the town of Muononiska. They were here deprived of the society of Dr. Ehrstrom, who received advices which compelled him to return to Tornea. How his loss as a paymaster was supplied we are not informed, but it seems not to have affected the plan of the expedition. Mr. Castren was reconciled to a six weeks stay at Muononiska, by intercourse with a Lap catechist, who, educated by a Finnish pastor, had been employed in the preparation of a translation of the Scriptures into his native language, and was now glad to exchange Lap for Finnish instruction with Mr. Castren. The party left this place on the 11th July with no very distinct plan of route, other than that of penetrating Lapland proper by the best passage they could find of the mountain-ridge which forms the watershed between the North Sea and the Gulph of Bothnia. The journey which ensued, conducted partly on foot, partly on streams of difficult and hazardous navigation, was a series of labours, hardships, and privations, exasperated by inefficient guides, frequent deluges of rain, unsheltered bivouacs, and the constant toil of carrying on their backs their wardrobe and stores. For these Mr. Castren was compensated by the garrulity of his guides, who regaled him with traditions principally founded on ancient border feuds between the Lap and the Russ of Karelia. The most interesting of these relate to a certain Palwio, and a race of Lapland heroes, of whom he was the progenitor. Some of the feats of strength or cunning attributed to these eminent persons are claimed in favour of a certain Laurukain, who figures in Finnish as well as Lappish legends in the characters of a Hercules, an Ulysses, and a William Tell. From some of these narratives it is evident that the adventure of the Cave of Polypheme, after finding favour with the Greek rhapsodist and Arab story-teller, has penetrated to the Arctic circle. Here, as also subsequently among the Karelians, our author found equally palpable traces of the principal exploits attributed to the Swiss hero. From what original source, or through what channels these traditions have travelled, it is probably vain to inquire or dispute. The triumph of courage over numbers, of policy over brute force, has its charm for the rudest nations, and, from Jack the Giant Killer to William Tell, the key-note of the strain is ever the same. It is true that many of the Lap and Finn tales relate to feats of preternatural strength
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and activity, but in many others the Palwio or Laurucain of the tradition overreaches his adversary by superior intelligence. He guides the Russian or Karelian marauder with a torch by night, and flinging it over a precipice, while he crouches in a cleft of the rock, procures their destruction. Surrounded in a hut, he dresses up a bag of feathers in a human semblance, and, while his enemies are stabbing at it and at one another, escapes by a loophole, &c. &c.

The course pursued by the travellers led them to the great lake of Enari, and Uitzoki—one of those centres of Lapland civilization which boast a church and a resident pastor, situated some two days journey beyond that lake—was the limit of this expedition. The abundance of fish in the waters of the lake and of the rivers which intersect the adjacent district, attract to their barren shores a scattered and scanty population, of habits which distinguish it from the regular nomad or mountain Lap. The nomad, depending exclusively on his herds of rein-deer for subsistence, dwells in tents, and shifts his abode perpetually in search of fresh pastures. The fisher Lap, though he migrates between a summer and winter residence, and during the latter season dwells in the forest, and occasionally hunts the wild rein-deer, is more stationary in his habits, and builds himself a hut for his residence. He thus comes more within the reach of social intercourse, and of the religious instruction which the zealous missionaries of Finland have carried into these regions. In one respect, indeed, that of cleanliness, the nomad has the advantage. The filth of the fisher's hut is permanent; the dwelling of the mountain Lap is at least purified by frequent removals to sites not saturated by corruption in its foulest forms.

At Uitzoki the party found the pastoral residence occupied by one of those men who sacrifice on the shrine of Christian duty, not merely the comforts of civilized life, but talents and acquirements of a high order. On accepting his charge he had performed the journey from Tornea in the depth of winter, accompanied by a young wife and a female relation of the latter, fifteen years of age. He had found the parsonage vacated by his predecessor a wretched edifice, distant some fifteen miles from the nearest Lap habitation. After establishing himself and his family in this, he had returned from a pastoral excursion, guided to his home by the light of a conflagration from which its inmates had escaped with difficulty, but with a total loss of everything they possessed. A wretched hut, built for the temporary shelter of the Laps who resorted thither for divine service, afforded the family a shelter for the winter. He had since contrived to build himself another dwelling, in which our party found

found him, after five years' residence, the father of a family, and the chief of a happy household. The latter was destined to be diminished by the visit of our travellers. The susceptible Durmann fell a victim to the attractions and accomplishments, musical especially, of the young lady, and he left Uitzoki, in company with our author, for Enarè, a betrothed man. Their journey was hurried, for Mr. D. was engaged to perform service at the church of Enarè, and love had delayed his departure to the last moment. The second of their three days' journey was one of eight Swedish, or nearly sixty English, miles, performed in wet clothes, and almost without rest or sustenance, for sixteen consecutive hours. In respect of the congregation for whom such sacrifices were encountered they were not ill-bestowed. At Enarè, remarkable evidence came under Mr. Castren's observation of that craving for religious exercises, which would appear to increase as directly in proportion to privation as any sensual appetite. We have heard that, on the occasion of a pastoral visit to St. Kilda, a sermon of seven hours duration has been found not sufficient to satisfy, much less exhaust, its audience. Mr. Castren describes the Enarè Laps as unremittingly occupied for twenty-four hours together with religious exercises, partly in the church and partly in their huts. Some of them knew the New Testament by heart; and during the service, while the Finns present were generally obliged to follow the psalm from the book, not a single Lap was reduced to this necessity. This is the more remarkable, because the introduction of the Lutheran faith and worship—and it may probably be said of Christianity in any shape—is of recent date. Some inroads upon heathenism and Seida, or idol worship, were probably made by Roman Catholic missionaries before the Reformation. The first churches were built in the reign of Charles IX., about the year 1600; but so late as the year 1750 a Report was furnished to the chapter of Abo by a mission of inquiry, which described heathenism as generally prevalent. All honour to the men, such as the pastor of Uitzoki, who have effected this change. The names of the deities formerly worshipped are now all but forgotten—Aija, Akka, and others. The Seidas of stone have been generally overthrown, and those of wood given to the flames; though in some instances the former remain in unfrequented spots, such as certain islands of the Enarè lake, objects of lingering superstitious terror and avoidance, but no longer of worship.

The Lapland summer is short. In early August the grass began to turn yellow, the willow-leaf to fade, and birds of passage were on the move. Though ill recovered from the fatigues of what Mr. Castren calls the 'betrothal promenade,' he
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commenced his homeward journey on the 15th of August. It proved, as may be supposed, a pretty close repetition of the labours and difficulties of the former. Their route led them by some Finnish settlements, principally dependent on agriculture for subsistence; and here, in consequence of a succession of unfavourable seasons, they found the wretched inhabitants literally living upon hay. The bark of trees is not an uncommon ingredient of the peasant's loaf in Finland and Scandinavia, and, mixed in equal or less proportion with rye-meal, reconciles itself to the '*duræ ilia*' of the North. We have heard that a militia regiment, on annual duty at Stockholm, suffered at first severe illness from the rich diet of the loaf without the bark admixture. The inhabitants of Sombio had long been reduced to the bark without the rye, and supplied the place of the latter with chopped straw. Even the straw had now failed them, and recourse was had to a grass called by the Finn *Westrikko*, by the botanist *Cerastium vulgare*. From Sombio they found great difficulty in procuring a guide for a long day's journey over an extensive swamp. The marsh in question and other adjacent districts abound in serpents, and here, as well as subsequently in parts of Siberia inhabited by tribes of Finnish origin, our author had occasion to observe traces of that superstitious belief in certain powers and attributes of the ophidian race which in many nations has shown itself in the form of serpent-worship. Their guide believed that the serpents live in regulated societies, are subject to a sovereign, and meet in assemblies for purposes of legislation and police, in which sentence is passed on individuals of the human race and other animals who may have killed or injured one of the community. Certain stones, supposed to be the judgment-seats of the reptile *Rhadamanthi*, and various exuviae of the animal, are favourite ingredients of the charm and medicine-chest of the schaman or magician of the heathen Finn.

On Mr. Castren's return from the above expedition, he learned that the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg contemplated the sending an expedition into Siberia. He therefore put himself in communication with Mr. Sogroen, a countryman and a member of the Academy, with a view of procuring his own adjunction to the undertaking, and pursued meanwhile with diligence a preparatory course of study. The project, however, was shortly abandoned, and Mr. Castren betook himself, for assistance in his views, to the Literary Society of Finland. From this body he succeeded in obtaining a scanty supply of roubles, and left Helsingfors in May, 1839, for Russian Karelia, from which he returned in September. The main object of this expedition,

dition, as he described it in his application to the Society, was to collect ballads, legends, and traditions in illustration of Finnish mythology, and especially of the Kalewala, the Edda, Iliad, or Nibelungen of Finland. Of these, by much perseverance in hunting out professional ballad-singers, and other depositories of national lore, he seems to have gathered a considerable harvest. This summer journey, through regions comparatively populous and civilized, was exempt from the severer trials of his former tour, but he found more difficulty in dealing with the inhabitants, many of them being sectarians, who, under the denomination of Raskolnicks, profess to maintain the doctrines of the Greek Church in exceptional purity. As the author's subsequent journey brought him still further into contact with these fanatics, we leave them for the present.

Our author, in his unwearied pursuit of magical lore and metrical traditions, here fell in again with those which contain all the leading particulars of the adventure of Ulysses with the Cyclops, and of William Tell's feat of archery. The latter, however, is told with the variation that the son is the active, and the father the passive, hero of the tale. The father has been taken captive by a band of Finn marauders. His son, a boy of twelve years of age, threatens the party with his bow from a position of safety on the other side of a lake. The captors, dreading his skill, promise the father's liberty on a condition which father and son accept, identical with that of the Swiss tale. 'Raise one hand, and sink the other, for the water will attract the arrow,' is the father's advice. The apple is duly cloven, and the father released. Here also our author again meets with the incident of the jump from the boat, applied as circumstantially to its special Karelian locality as it is by the boatmen of Lucerne to the spot which they designate as the scene of Tell's exploit.

In the year 1841 Mr. Castren undertook a third journey in company with a party at the expense of a learned friend, a Dr. Lönnroth. The original scheme of this expedition embraced only parts of Lapland and of the government of Archangel, but this plan was afterwards extended by Mr. Castren to beyond the Oural, and it occupied three years in its execution. The starting point was Kemi, in the neighbourhood of Tornea, and the time of departure—the end of November—was on this occasion chosen with a view to winter and sledge travelling. Carriage roads, however, exist for some distance to the north of Tornea, and the journey of some 240 versts was performed in post-carriages, much impeded by the unusual mildness of the season. From this point it was their intention to cross the mountain ridge into
Russian

Russian Lapmark, and to pursue their linguistic and ethnographical researches in parts of that country hitherto unexplored. The report of Finn traders had described the community of the Lap village Akkala as freer from admixture and intercourse with Russians than any other, and as one which had preserved its language and nationality in exceptional purity. Finn and Lap report concurred in also celebrating it as the principal seat of all that now remains of the practice of sorcery. To this place, for these reasons, our travellers' wishes were in the first instance directed; and, as a party of Akkala traders were expected at Salla, they hoped, by making their acquaintance, to secure their services as guides. This intention, however, was completely foiled by the perfidious devices of the men of Salla, who, for some real or imagined interest of their own, contrived to meet the Akkala party, and not only to fill their minds with apprehensions of the objects of the travellers, but to prevent them from advancing to the village. Mr. Castren and his companion found it advisable to change their plan, and to shape their course direct for Enarè, with the view of thence pursuing, after Christmas, the exploration of Russian Lapland.

They left Salla on the 1st December, and, after a few miles of travel on horseback, betook themselves to the Keris or reindeer sledge, in regular Lapland guise. Sledging is not without its dangers, particularly to the novice, and of these Mr. Castren, in his journey of some 400 versts to Enarè, as well as subsequently, met with his share. For descending the slippery declivities, which are among the most difficult passages of a Lapland journey, the rich man has in reserve a spare animal, who, fastened behind the sledge, resists its forward motion, and acts as a living drag. The traveller who cannot afford this auxiliary has nothing for it but to give his reindeer his head, and trust to chance for the avoidance at full speed of casual obstacles—tree, or stone, or snow drift. The author soon found by experience that the attempt at guidance or restraint only added to the danger.

During his short stay at Enarè and his further journey to Kola he had much opportunity to study the habits and character of the Lap population, and to trace the distinctions between the fisher and the mountain Lap. An amiable trait of the less civilised mountaineer is the warmth of his affection towards wife, children, and dependents. The cordiality of mutual greetings after separation was a frequent and pleasant subject of admiration to Mr. Castren. One husband assured him that during thirty years of wedlock no worse word had passed between himself and his wife than 'loddadsham,' or 'my little bird.' It would be insufficient justice to the Laplander to contrast him in this respect with
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many tribes of equal or inferior pretensions to civilisation. The records of our own police offices show that the comparison may be drawn from quarters nearer home. The winter life of the man who depends on the reindeer for subsistence is one of perpetual toil and exposure. The 'goatte,' or principal family tent, is seldom during that season the abode of the able-bodied males of the household. They are obliged to keep watch against the eternal enemy the wolf, and to snatch their repose coiled in a snow-drift, or at best in the 'lappu,' an inferior kind of apology for a tent. Even with these exertions and the assistance of well-trained dogs it is impossible to protect herds of perhaps a thousand reindeer, and to drive within reach of protection an animal which strays widely in search of his daily food. The exhaustion of the pasturage of a district is the signal of migration to the entire family, and this is said to occur on an average twice a-month. To support the fatigues of this life the reindeer flesh gives powerful sustenance. During the winter the Lap seldom or never has to perform the office of butcher. The wolf saves him that trouble; but by this he loses some of the best morsels, and, above all, his favourite delicacy—the blood. Mr. Castren makes no mention of apprehension for his own safety, or of danger to travellers in general from the wolf.

At Synjel, on the route to Kola, Mr. Castren first makes acquaintance with the Russian Lap. He is a fisher, and in summer migrates for that pursuit. In winter he takes up a permanent residence, and having less to do with the reindeer than the Enarè fisher Lap has a greater tendency to the Russian fashion of collecting in villages. From the Russian, who is by nature a trader, he has also borrowed an aptitude for commercial transactions. The balance and weights are usually hanging in his hut, and he measures out to the traveller the provisions which he supplies. In respect of religious instruction the Russian Lap of the Greek church is far below his Lutheran neighbour. The belief in magic and witchcraft, and the practice of those accomplishments, are prevalent, and Akkala is the Padua or principal university for these sciences. Our author's failure in his scheme for visiting that seminary prevented him from drinking diabolic lore at the fountain head, but the principal result of his inquiries amounted to this, that the magical power is usually exercised during a kind of mesmeric slumber, which, in the case of the professional magician, can be commanded at pleasure. Medical practice and the recovery of stolen or lost goods are usually the subjects of the magician's operations. The race appears to be of a nervous constitution best described by the French term 'impressionable.' Mr. Castren writes, page 151:—

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‘ I had often, on my journey through Lapmark, been warned to be cautious in my dealings with the Russian Lap, and especially with the female sex, on account of a strange propensity among them to sudden fits of phrenzy, accompanied by the loss of consciousness and control over their actions. I treated these reports at first as fables of the ordinary kind applied to the people in question. I fell in however one day, in a village of Russian Lapmark, with some Karelians and two Russian traders. These repeated the warning above-mentioned, advising me never to frighten a Lap woman, for in their opinion this was a “*res capitalis*.” With reference to this caution one of the Karelians told me what follows. I was once, he said, when a boy, fishing out at sea, when I met with a boat rowed by Laplanders. Among them was a woman with a child at the breast. Upon seeing me in a dress unusual to her, she became so beside herself with fear that she flung the child into the sea.’

Another Karelian related how he was once in a society of Terski Laps:—

‘ We were talking of indifferent matters when a sound was heard like the blow of a hammer on the outer side of the wall. On the instant all the Laps present tumbled flat on the floor, and after some gesticulations with hands and feet, became stiff and immoveable as corpses. After a while they recovered and behaved as if nothing unusual had happened. To convince me of the truth of this, and other such tales, one of the Russians proposed to show me evidence of the timidity of the Lap women. He began by putting out of the way knives, axes, and any other mischievous implements which happened to be at hand. He then came suddenly behind a woman present and clapped his hands. She sprung up like a fury and scratched, kicked, and pummelled the aggressor to our edification. After this exercise she sunk exhausted on a bench and recovered with difficulty her breath and senses. Having regained the latter she declared herself determined not to be so frightened again. In fact a second experiment only produced a piercing shriek. While she was priding herself on this success the other Russian flung a pocket-book, so that it passed just before her eyes, and ran instantly out of the room. The lady hereupon flew at every one present in succession, flinging one to the ground, dashing another against the wall, beating them, and tearing their hair out by handfuls. I sat in a corner waiting my own turn to come. I saw at last with horror her wild glance fixed on me. She was on the point of printing her nails in my face when two stout men in a fortunate moment seized her, and she sank fainting into their arms. It was the opinion of my companions that my spectacles had specially excited her phrenzy.’

Such a temperament as that indicated in this narrative must obviously be very favourable to a system of sorcery which appears to have much connexion with mesmerism and clairvoyance.

The Lap population of the Russian territory Mr. Castren believes to be rapidly merging its national characteristics in those
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of its masters. The last statistical reports estimate its numbers not higher than 1844 souls. From Enarè 150⁴ versts of sledge travelling brought the party to Kola, on the shores of the White Sea, the most northern city of European Russia, numbering some 1200 inhabitants, and possessed of a large church built by Peter the Great. Mr. Castren here found himself once more in contact with civilisation, at a festival season and in the shape of good men's feasts, sledge parties with pretty women in rich costumes, and other Russian convivialities. It was not for these, however, he travelled, nor may his descriptions of them detain his reviewer. Amid the flesh-pots of Kola he pined for the hut and the raw-fish of the Ostiak and the Samoyede. Advices from St. Petersburg made it necessary for him to shape his course for Archangel, and to abandon his projects for excursions among the Russian Laps. Kandalacs, on the western shore of the White Sea, was the first station to be reached. Their journey to this place was made difficult and vexatious by their encounter on the road with a column of the Russ and Karelian tribes who, to the number of 1200, under the name Meermauzen, or men of the sea, annually migrate to the coast, which they reach near Kola, and afterwards scatter north and south for the summer fishing. These parties, by whom our travellers found the wretched shelter of the first station huts crowded, were of the lowest class of hired labourers, their wealthier employers sailing in June to the various fishing stations. The fishery is over in August, but before that time many of the vessels which have procured their cargoes proceed to Vadso, Hammerfest, and other Norwegian harbours, to exchange their fish for corn, brandy, colonial produce, &c. The encounter with this rude horde was not without amusement and instruction, but the inconvenience was great, and the confusion prevented all study on the road of the niceties of the Russ and Yerski Lap languages. We could scarcely hope to interest our readers with passing notices of these subjects, or with our author's speculations as to the manner in which in former times the fluctuating waves of Finn and Karelian population have come into collision with that of the Slavonic Russian, and how the Lap has been squeezed between both. Such men as Mr. Carsten are the hard workers who collect the rough materials of philology from which the generalizers, the Bopps, and Pritchards, afterwards sift the gold. From such labours the casual reader can derive no profit. Freed at length from this unwelcome hindrance, the travellers pursued their journey under considerable difficulties from weather and deficiency of reindeer. With one young and ill-trained animal Mr. Castren fell into a difficulty in the sense in which it is used

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in Arkansas or California, where it signifies mortal combat, for, after an upset, the animal turned upon him, and he fought for life, but luckily without serious consequences to man or beast. Kandalaes presented no attraction, and the journey was pursued 240 versts further south to Kem. This place presented nothing remarkable, but the religious gloom in which, as a principal seat of the Raskolnick pictists, it is shrouded. Isolation, voluntary martyrdom, and abstinence from all earthly enjoyment, are the characteristics of this sect. Contempt and persecution are the only favours they will accept from the uninitiated. Their scanty theological literature, which exists in an antiquated Slavonic character, has few readers even among the educated, and is little better understood even by the priests than the Zend is by those Parsee doctors of Bombay who found a master and instructor in the Danish scholar Westergaard. For the masses religious exercise is one of pure ceremonial, and this is consequently of the longest. There may be merit in listening to a sermon or in joining in a service for hours together. There must be greater merit in standing for an equal number of hours before an image doing nothing. Even Raskolnick nature sometimes quails before this effort. He stands on for the number of hours required, but occasionally relieves himself by conversation on indifferent subjects with bystanders. The great secret, however, of Raskolnick religion lies in the art and manner of making the sign of the cross. The misguided votary of the faith, which the Emperor Nicholas styles orthodox, crosses himself with the three first fingers. The Starowergh, or strict Raskolnick, conceives that by making the sign with the thumb and the two last fingers he will be admitted to heaven without question. The fact is that the former method is the joint invention of the devil and a certain Russian pseudo-saint, Nikon, who, after corrupting the text of scripture, contrived to enlist the reigning Czar in favour of the diabolical perversion and to establish it in the Greek Church. Many other illustrations of the High Church principles of this singular sect might be adduced, but we consider the above a sufficient specimen of the present state of theology in Kem. In practice the Raskolnick clings with Hindoo tenacity to his system of sectarian isolation. He will not eat or bathe with the unorthodox, and the vessel used by the latter is polluted. Our author found elsewhere on his travels the inconvenience of this tenet, for arriving exhausted at a Raskolnick village he found it impossible to procure a vessel from which he could receive the refreshment the inhabitants were not unwilling on other grounds to furnish. The difficulty was solved by a charitable patriarch of the village council, who

who decided that, though a wooden vessel would be irremediably polluted, one of stone might be afterwards purified by sand and water.

In this unattractive town and society the state of roads and weather compelled the party to abide for a month, and even then it was found impossible to proceed by land, as no summer road exists between Kem and Onega, the midway station towards Archangel. No opportunity presenting itself for a direct passage by sea to Archangel, Mr. Castren was advised to avail himself of a vessel about to sail for the island of Solovetzkoi, the seat of a famous convent, some thirty versts from Kem in the White Sea. After an uninteresting detention of ten days at this place they reached Archangel by a passage of four days, through floating ice, in an open boat.

Mr. Castren had reckoned here upon the assistance to his studies of a Samoyede missionary, the Archimandrite Wenjamin. Archimandrites, however, are human, and Wenjamin's weakness was jealousy, and a conviction that a knowledge of the Samoyede language was too good a thing to be imparted. The churlish dignitary's refusal produced a change of plans, and a separation from Mr. Lönrott. That gentleman gave up his Samoyede projects in disgust, and betook himself to Olonetz, whence he proposed to fall back on another race of interesting barbarians, the Tschudi. Mr. Castren abided stedfastly by his original scheme of exploring the Tundras during the ensuing winter, at which season alone those deserts are penetrable. The interval he proposed to turn to account by a journey among the Terzki Laps, who inhabit the western shores of the White Sea.

With these views, in an evil hour of the 27th June, he embarked in a large corn-laden vessel bound for the Murman coast, with a reasonable prospect of being landed at Ti Ostrowa in some twenty-four hours. He was suffering at this time from illness, severe enough to have detained a less persevering traveller. The stench of Russian sea-stores made the cabin insupportable; on deck the sun was scorching. The choice between these alternatives was not always at Mr. Castren's disposal. Captain and crew were Raskolnicks to a man, and while they were busy with their interminable and senseless devotions in the cabin the solitary heathen passenger was forced to keep watch on deck. This was well enough during a dead calm, which at first occurred, but when it came on to blow the situation became one of responsibility. After a narrow escape of being dashed on the western shore, a shift of wind sent them, in a few hours, across the mouth of the White Sea to the eastern coast. Prayer had been the first resource of the ship's company, and that having failed general drunkenness

drunkenness was the next—stupefaction, not exhilaration, being the object in view. The captain, indeed, was so bent on this result, that, finding his own brandy insufficient for the purpose, he borrowed a bottle of rum from Mr. Castren's scanty store. When the gale and the rum had somewhat evaporated, the ship found herself, in company with some thirty others, in the sheltered roadstead of Simnia Gory. We can hardly be surprised that Mr. Castren here determined to quit such companions, whose society had become more irksome from attempts at his conversion, and to land at all risks, with a view to effecting his return to Archangel. After some difficulty he found one of the crew less drunken than the rest, and by him was sculled ashore, with his effects. After a life and death struggle with fever during some days, exasperated by brutal inhospitality on the part of some fishers, the only inhabitants, he found himself under inspection of two soldiers, who had been sent from the nearest settlement, Kuja, to examine the stranger's luggage and passport. These agents of authority proved his salvation; for finding his passport in order, they conveyed him in their boat to Kuja, where the authorities treated him kindly, and when sufficiently recovered forwarded him on by sea to Archangel. Here, with only fifteen rubles in his pocket, he found some Samoyede beggars still poorer than himself. One of these, for the reward of an occasional glass of brandy, consented to become at once his host, his servant, and his private tutor in the Samoyede language. In the hut and society of this man, in a village some seventeen versts from Archangel, he passed the remainder of the summer. Human thirst for knowledge has seldom, we imagine, been more strongly illustrated. Letters of recommendation from high authorities, lay and ecclesiastical, and supplies of money, at length reached him from St. Petersburg. Towards the end of November, he started with renewed enthusiasm for the Tundras, or deserts of European Russia, which intervene between the White Sea and the Oural. As far as Mesen, 345 versts north of Archangel, the scanty population is Russ and Christian. At Mesen, as at Kola, civilization ceases, and further north the Samoyede retains, for the most part, with his primitive habits and language, his heathen faith; having, in fact, borrowed nothing from occasional intercourse with civilized man, but the means and practice of drunkenness. During the author's stay at Mesen, his studies of character were principally conducted in the neighbourhood of a principal suburban tavern, the Elephant and Castle or Horns of that city. The snow around was constantly chequered with dark figures, who, with their faces pressed into it to protect them from the frost, were sleeping away the fumes of alcohol. Ever

and anon some one would stagger out from the building with a coffee-pot in hand, and searching about for some object of affection—wife, husband, or other relation—would turn the face upward, and pour a draught of the nectar, which was not coffee, down the throat. Such are the pleasures of the Samoyede on a visit to the metropolis. Mr. Castren left Mesen on the 22nd December. At Somski, the first station on his route, he had made an appointment with a Tabide or Samoyede magician, of great repute for professional eminence. The sage kept his appointment, but, unfortunately, having been just converted to Christianity, had burnt his drum, like Prospero, and now begged hard to be excused from reverting to forbidden practices. Mr. Castren, though armed with Government recommendations, was too good a Christian to use influence for such a purpose as enforcing a relapse into superstitious rites, and the convert was not unwilling to expound the secrets of his former calling. Of the two main divisions of the science, medicine and soothsaying, the former is most prevalent with the Finn, the latter with the Samoyede. The Tabide is a mere interpreter of the oracles of the Tabetsios, the spirits with whom he puts himself in communication. The process is not, like that of the Akkala professors, mesmeric, but one of active drumming, noise, and gesticulation. The man who conducts it must bring youth and physical energy to the task. The Tabetsio laughs at age and decrepitude. With obstinate Tabetsios the magician, like the priests of Baal, must puncture and slash himself with sharp weapons. The latter practice is less common than it was in the good old times of sorcery; but our author relates that, shortly before his arrival, a Tabide in the process of incantation had insisted upon being shot at with a musket, and, after standing two shots from Samoyede bystanders without injury, had been killed on the spot by a third fired by a Russian. Russian authorities were employed in an investigation into this tragical occurrence when Mr. Castren left Shumshi. The office of Tabide, as in Finland, is hereditary. ‘*Magus nascitur non fit*’ is the general rule; but to this it seems there are exceptions. A drum, a circle, and a costume, are the principal paraphernalia. In the case of a missing reindeer the circle is made of deer horns; in that of a human being it is made of human hair.

The religious belief of the unconverted Samoyede is as usual founded on celestial and atmospheric phenomena. Their Num or God is lord of the sun, the stars, &c.; the rainbow is his mantle, the thunder his voice. Any idea of him as a moral governor which may have been observed among them, Mr. Carsten considers as having been infused by Christian missionaries. Without any distinct belief in future reward or punishment, or even in any
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future state of existence, the Samoyede firmly believes in retribution for crime in this life, that murder will be punished by violent death, robbery by losses of reindeer, &c.; and this to a degree which is said to act as a practical preventive of serious crime. Excess in liquor, however, though considered highly sinful, has attractions which few or none resist. In their language the Sunday of the Christian bears a name of which the translation, whether into English or German, becomes a pun. They see that day devoted by their instructors and their converted brethren to intoxication, and call it *Sinday*. Besides the Num or invisible God, and the Tabetsio, or deity visible only to the magician, they have the Håbe or household idol, a fetiche of wood or stone, which they dress in coloured rags, consult, and worship. Some stones of larger size, and bearing some rude natural resemblance to the human form, are also, like the Seidas of the Laplander, objects of general reverence. The island of Waygatz is a chief repository of these. For special purposes, such as the ratification of oaths, fetiches are manufactured of earth or snow, but the most effectual security for an oath is that it should be solemnised over the snout of a bear. The sacrifice of a dog or reindeer is necessary when some benefit is demanded of the Tabetsio. On these occasions no woman may be present.

Mr. Castren's next enterprize was the passage of the Tundra to the Russian village Pustosersk, at the mouth of the Petschora, a sledge journey of 700 versts. For this arduous exploit two sledges with four reindeer attached to each were employed; the traveller's sledge, which was covered, being attached to an uncovered one occupied by the guide. The village of Nes, on the north coast, was the first halting-place; and in this remote corner of the world Mr. Castren found a resident angel in the shape of a Christian pastor's wife, a beautiful and accomplished person, who, in the absence of her husband on duty, proved a guardian angel to our traveller, not only harbouring him in comfort and luxury, but procuring him Samoyede instructors, and various opportunities for studying native manners. No wonder that he lingered in such a paradise till the 19th of January. His further course was one of danger as well as difficulty. Not only the storm of the Tundra occasionally brought the sledge to a stand, baffling the guide and paralysing the reindeer; but even this desert is not exempt from the violence of man. The Samoyede, indeed, is harmless, and his active assistance is generally to be won by kind words and brandy; but he himself is exposed to the oppression of Russian traders, who degenerate into robbers, roam these wastes for the plunder of his reindeer, and have little respect for the traveller unaccompanied by some

agent of Russian authority. Through all these perils, resolution and endurance carried our traveller in safety.

From Pustosersk Mr. Castren navigated the Petschora to the base of the Oural, and crossing that frontier range by one of many passes with which that barrier between Europe and Asia is in this latitude deeply indented, reached the Asiatic trading town of Obdorsk, near the mouth of the great Siberian river Ob. Here the volume closes. Here also our limits compel us to conclude a notice which we trust our readers will think not ill bestowed on a most simple and unpretending narrative of toil and danger manfully endured in the cause of science. The author's style is not one either of salient passages and attempts at fine writing, or of dry and prolix detail. Having a large digestion for travels, we should willingly have encountered the diary, of which the published work is evidently a condensation. In its present shape it is probably better suited for readers of less leisure, and those must be difficult to please who can either open it at random, or go through it consecutively without satisfaction. Such men as Mr. Wallin and Mr. Castren do honour to a country which has its claims on the sympathy of Europe. For the convenience of political arrangements, and for the sake of general peace, Finland has undergone a process of absorption in which we apprehend her own wishes and feelings have been little consulted. Should that peace be disturbed, and the foundations of the present system of European polity be shaken by a wanton hand, some countries, and Finland among them, may yet present examples of the instability of a compulsory allegiance, and events may awaken reminiscences which do but slumber under Russian rule. It was not for the diffusion of the doctrines of the orthodox Greek Church, or the establishment of despotism in Europe, that the blue and yellow Finland regiments of Gustavus lay dead in their ranks at Lutzen.

ART. VII.—*Mémoires et Correspondance Politique et Militaire du Roi Joseph; publiés, annotés, et mis en ordre par A. Du Casse, Aide-de-camp de S.A.I. le Prince Jérôme Napoléon. 2 tomes. Paris, 1853.*

THE younger Mirabeau used to say that in any other family he might have passed for a cleverish fellow and a *mauvais sujet*, but that, compared with his brother, the world rated him no higher than a good sort of man and a dunce. This is somewhat the case of Joseph Buonaparte. Whatever good or bad qualities he may have naturally had were alike eclipsed by the

the transcendant talents and crimes of his imperial, and—to him as much as to any one else—*imperious* brother. The world has never seriously considered him in any other light than as the puppet of Napoleon—a mere fly on the wheel of the conqueror's car. The professed object of this work is to correct this general impression, and to vindicate for Joseph a more independent position in history and a higher place in the good opinion of mankind.

The volumes now before us (two out of eight that we are promised) will go, we think, but a short way in that favourable direction. They only show, what nobody doubted, that Joseph had more moderation and more respect for the prejudices as well as for the good sense of mankind than Napoleon, which, after all, is only saying that he was not a madman. This 'moderation' is the most peculiar merit that this work seems intended to celebrate, and certainly, as contrasted with Napoleon's extravagances, we are not prepared to deny it—but we must, on the other hand, temper the eulogy with some practical considerations. In the first place, moderation is an easy, and indeed a selfish quality, when one is overloaded by a tyrant-patron with more favours than can be either conveniently or *safely* carried. Joseph had long before Napoleon assumed the imperial purple—nay, before he set out for Egypt—*feathered his own nest*—first by an advantageous marriage, and subsequently by some not well defined but certainly very lucrative employments. He had purchased estates—two or three—and was living *en grand seigneur* in a fine hotel in Paris and in his princely château of Morfontaine. Even after Napoleon's usurpation, we can readily believe that Joseph's ambition was pretty well satisfied at finding himself—*le pauvre homme!*—the second personage of France, and that he was somewhat uneasy at seeing this splendid position risked by the adventurous and *neck or nothing* policy of the insatiable brother. A great parade is made (i. 13-92) of his having in 1805 declined the crown of Lombardy, which, on his refusal, Napoleon put on his own head; but Joseph confesses that the motive of this 'moderation' was that he preferred being heir-presumptive of France—'*le pauvre homme!*'—which he was required to renounce, and moreover to engage to pay an annual tribute of 30 millions of francs; it may also be surmised that as this was Napoleon's first experiment in *king-making*, Joseph had probably no great faith in the stability of such an elevation. But, even this species of moderation was occasional and transient—we might indeed say verbal—it produced no practical results—for it did not prevent the acceptance by this political *Tartuffe* of the crowns of the Two Sicilies,

Sicilies, and of Spain and the Indies—*le pauvre homme!* He grumbled and trembled, indeed, but submitted. • He was by no means without vanity and ambition—indeed, these volumes show him to have had more of both than we had suspected him of. Besides, *l'appétit vient en mangeant*—and although he professed to be, and, no doubt, was often politically alarmed, and, still oftener, *personally offended*, at Napoleon's proceedings, he continued to be his active accomplice in everything that promised to turn to his own personal advantage or aggrandisement; and the humility with which he receives, and the adulation with which he deprecates the Emperor's ire and insults, exhibit him in a more pitiable point of view than if he had affected no such scruples. Even puppet-kings are not to be made *ex quovis ligno*, and though Napoleon constrained all the world—*except ourselves*—to call him 'Sire,' he was but a '*pauvre Sire*' after all.

The editor of these volumes, we see, calls himself *A. Du Casse, Aide-de-camp of H.I.H. Prince Jérôme Napoléon*, but he does not explain how Jerome's aide-de-camp should be possessed of Joseph's papers, or selected to be Joseph's biographer, advocate, and editor. We are, moreover, somewhat surprised that the present government, such jealous gaolers of the press, should have permitted the ostentatious use of Jerome's name in a work which seems to us to be published in no very friendly spirit towards the *branche cadette* now upon the *musnud*. There may be, we suspect, *anguille sous roche*—some jealousy or *tracasserie* between the members of the family; and we cannot read all the extravagant flattery of Joseph and Lucien and *their* branches, with which we have been recently inundated, without recollecting the jealous complaint of *Louis Napoléon*, now Napoleon III., of '*cette tactique qui consiste à faire l'éloge de tous les Bonapartes morts pour calomnier plus efficacement les Bonapartes vivants.*' Wouters, 326.* Indeed we heard, on the first appearance of the work, a rumour that *A. Du Casse* was but a '*prête nom,*' and that the real editor was an old follower of Joseph's not at all in favour with the present Sultan of the Tuileries. This surmise will, we think, be strongly confirmed, and the latent editor pretty clearly indicated by the following circumstances.

* A Brussels bookseller of the name of Wouters, one of the most zealous and mendacious of the partizans of the imperial dynasty, root and branch, has published a bulky history of the Buonaparte family, which is a curious tissue of clumsy and malignant falsehoods—but it has one redeeming point; it affects to give exact and certified copies from the original registers, still extant—as Wouters represents—in Corsica, of the births, baptisms, &c., of the different members of the Buonaparte family. These copies will in the sequel turn out to be of a value, that, we believe, Mr. Wouters, whose zeal is much greater than his judgment, never expected.

The work is composed of three distinct portions: first, the editor's own, which consists in a kind of prefatory narrative, with which he introduces and anticipates each class of documents; secondly, an auto-biography by Joseph himself, bringing his history down to his departure for the seizure of Naples. These occupy about one-third of the first volume: the rest of the work is, and we suppose will, as it proceeds, continue to be, selections and extracts from the confidential correspondence between Napoleon and Joseph, beginning in May, 1795, and to be carried down in future volumes to 1815. While we were yet wondering why these documents—evidently the property of Joseph—should have got into the hands of *Jerome's* aide-de-camp, we were further surprised by receiving from Philadelphia a publication, entitled 'A History of the Last War between the United States and Great Britain, by Charles S. Ingersoll,' under which title the author introduces, most inappropriately and *à propos de bottes*, a panegyrical history—three hundred pages long—of the whole Buonaparte family, and especially of Joseph, with whom, during his sojourn in America, Mr. Charles Ingersoll seems to have been intimate and on some occasions confidentially employed in matters of business. From these opportunities he has collected and published such anecdotes of the Buonapartes, and in such a style and tone, as it is easy to see were derived directly from Joseph or from his immediate society; and as an episode in this narrative he gives us a history of the identical documents now publishing under the name of 'Du Casse.'

As we are not reviewing Mr. Ingersoll's book, we must content ourselves with entering our general protest against it, as being in all its parts one of the grossest masses of *misrepresentation*, to use the gentlest term, that we have almost ever seen. His admiration of all Buonaparte's enormities, and, what is worse, his palliation of his crimes; are but poorly redeemed by a few vague common phrases against his ambition and wilfulness, thrown in here and there, in a tone rather of sorrow than of anger;—not so much censuring the criminal means by which he obtained his power, as regretting the accidental errors by which he lost it. But though our estimate of Mr. Ingersoll's accuracy and logic and even of his moral sense is very low, we admit that his Buonapartist anecdotes are not without their historical value. In some short intervals of purblind candour, or rather, we think, from inadvertence and ignorance of their consequential effect, he gives us several details of the manners, morals, and motives of the Buonapartes which refute not only his own inferences from them, but—which is more important—many of the misrepresentations
with

with which Napoleon himself, and now Joseph, and all their partisans and apologists, have so long been and still are labouring to poison history and to deceive mankind. A critical and historical examination of Mr. Ingersoll's *Buonapartenna* would require, and be well worth, a separate examination; but at present we must follow the scent he has given us of Du Casse's papers, which, it turns out, were very well known to Mr. Ingersoll, and may have supplied him with much of his information. He may perhaps have been permitted to see them while Joseph resided in America; but he tells us that after Joseph's death, *M. Louis Maillard*, for a long period Joseph's confidential secretary and his testamentary executor, sent or carried, 'by stealth,' to America, 'for safe custody,' and delivered into Mr. Ingersoll's care, 'nearly six* hundred unpublished and most confidential letters to his brother Joseph, written with heart in hand, calculated to throw the greatest light on Napoleon's real character,' &c. He then adds, that 'these perfectly unreserved and brotherly confidential letters—several hundreds—in Napoleon's own handwriting, together with other unpublished manuscripts, among them a part of Joseph's Life, dictated by himself, and the republican Marshal Jourdan's Memoirs, written by himself,' were by his (Mr. Ingersoll's) 'instrumentality' put into seven trunks and placed in the vaults of the Mint at Philadelphia—as safer than any private depository from fire, theft, or other accident—where they remained till, conformably to Joseph's will, they became the property of his grandson on his attaining twenty-five years of age the 18th of February, 1849.'—*Ingersoll*, iii. 151.

'It is to be anxiously hoped,' adds Mr. Ingersoll, 'that the young member of his family, to whom the trust of their publication is assigned, may prove equal to the task, above seduction and temptation.'—*Ib* 419.

Mr. Ingersoll, therefore, knew that the papers were *already* destined, and of course selected and *prepared* for publication. The young member of the family to whom the trust of publication was assigned, is Charles, now called Prince de Musignano, the grandson of Joseph by his eldest daughter and of Lucien by his eldest son, and, if it be true that 'Du Casse' is a *prête nom*, it is presumable that the real editor may be '*M. Maillard*, the testamentary executor,' and one of the oldest and most trusted followers of Joseph. Nor should we be surprised to find that Mr. Ingersoll had been *employed* to give currency to the purport of these papers in America;—we hope, for his sake, that he may have been at least *permitted* to do so—else we cannot but think that his

* Du Casse's advertisement announces eight hundred.

swelling out his own work with these private and confidential communications is what our old English feelings would consider as not very creditable.

Although the documentary portion of the work is evidently selected—not to say *garbled*—for the professed object of glorifying both Napoleon and Joseph, but more especially the latter, it furnishes a mass of documentary evidence, substantially genuine, which is very curious in itself, and of considerable historical, as well as biographical interest. We have already described the three portions of the work. The editor's share—that is his preliminary notices—is, as yet, of little value, except to mark the colour which the advocate of the Buonapartes thinks it advisable to throw over his own documents, before he ventures to allow them to speak for themselves. Joseph's autobiography is much in the same style; it is an elaborate and by no means modest attempt to touch up and varnish his own portrait, but with so little effect that it is much more remarkable for what it does *not* tell than for anything it does. It contains little essential that was not anticipated in the pamphlet of 1833, and, even before that, in his large contribution to a compilation published in 1830, under the title of '*Les Erreurs de Bourrienne*,' in which Joseph was not sparing of his own praises. Indeed, nothing is more meagre of facts and flatter in style than this Autobiography, and it is, in this latter view, a full answer to M. du Casse, Mr. Ingersoll, and all those who represent him as having some literary talent—it has none at all.

But, though thus insignificant in itself, its *réticences* and its inadvertent confessions, its inaccuracies and its untruths, give it a degree of importance, that, as a specimen of the Buonapartean style of dealing with history, requires some detailed observations on our part.

At the very outset occurs an omission, which though rather strange in a biography, would hardly deserve notice, but that it has led to the development of some curious and characteristic circumstances in the family story. Joseph, after a solemn preamble, acquaints us that he was born in 1768—he mentions neither *month* nor *day*—and this same silence is studiously, as it seems, preserved in the biographical sketch of the editor. This omission set us on guessing how so simple and obvious a fact—one of which so many royal and imperial almanacks, of Naples, Spain, and France, must have borne testimony—should have been omitted by both the biographer and the autobiographer. This brought to our recollection the doubt formerly raised, as to the date of Napoleon's own birth; and this again led us to look into the
chronology

chronology of the whole family, and the result has been the detection of such an extensive and complicated series of falsifications as we confidently believe were never before attempted—commenced by Napoleon for a single object, originally as innocent—or at least as *venial* as any falsification of a document can be, but subsequently persisted in, though diversified, from year to year, and extended from person to person, with an audacity that seems to us equally perverse and wanton.

As this will occupy more of our space than it may at first sight seem to deserve, we expect to be asked of what consequence it can be whether one or other of the Buonapartes were born a day sooner or a day later, and was a year older or a year younger? We answer at once, *not a fig*, as regards the individuals, but a great deal as to the character and credit of the family. Whatever is worth telling at all is worth telling truly; and since the Buonaparte family have taken—as we shall show—such extraordinary pains to falsify those dates, it is a natural duty of historical inquirers to endeavour to set them right. But we have still a more important object—that of exhibiting the habitual system of deception which distinguished Napoleon from other men as essentially as his talents and successes: and since he has been put so prominently forward, both by himself and his numerous echoes, as the historian of his own life and times, we are bound to take every opportunity of testing his veracity.

Our readers will remember (Q. R., xii., p. 229) that the first and most solemn act of his private life, his marriage contract with Madame Beauharnais, recites the certificate of his birth on ‘the 5th of February, 1768’—whereas when he assumed the Imperial crown, it was stated to have taken place on the ‘15th August, 1769.’ Some doubts still exist even as to this latter date, though it seems authenticated by evidence, *written and printed*, long before the date of his birth could be of any importance to any one—that he was entered at the Royal College of Brienne, and received his first commission in the army as ‘*Napolione de Buonaparte né le 15 Août, 1769.*’* It has, indeed, been suspected that during his *toute-puissance*, he might have tampered with those documents. The instances of kindred acts which we shall produce in the course of our inquiry, must no doubt diminish in some degree our faith even in evidences

* It is singular that there should be also a doubt as to the exact birthday of the Duke of Wellington—abundant evidence fixing it on the 1st May, 1769, one day later than the date in the parish register—under which it was by some accident or carelessness misplaced. In fact, he was born after twelve o’clock in the night between the 30th April and 1st May.

that seem at first sight beyond Buonaparte's reach; but on the whole, we (not, however, without hesitation) conclude that his birthday was, as he finally stated it, the 15th of August, 1769.

But then arises the alternative question, what could have induced him to venture on so gross an imposture as that of the certificate produced at the marriage? This may be, we think, accounted for by two sufficient motives—one political, the other personal. The Directorial Constitution was then in its first vigour. By that constitution the members of the Directory must be 40 years old, and those of the Council of Ancients, at the least 30. Buonaparte was even then entertaining ambitious views, and of course would be glad to diminish, by a year and a half, the interval that separated him from being qualified for those great offices.

The personal reason was perhaps still stronger—certainly so on the part of the bride. She was really six years and a half older than the bridegroom, but by increasing *his* age by *eighteen months*, and diminishing *hers* by *five years*, from the 24th of June, 1763, probably the real date, to the 23rd of June, 1767, the marriage contract declares both the parties to be of the age of 28 years. This was rather a bold jump on the lady's part, for, as her son Eugène was then about 16, this calculation would have made her a mother at 13 years old. But even this did not satisfy her, for when she became Empress she struck off another year and day, and the Almanach Impérial places her birth on the 24th June, 1768, and so it remained to the last.

This affair of the false certificate has been long known, and was in itself so harmless that we should not have thought of reviving it—though it is a prominent incident in Napoleon's life, which all his partizan biographers choose to forget—if the remarkable silence of both Du Casse and Joseph himself, about the birth-day of the latter, had not led us to the detection of some quite unexpected and not unimportant consequences of Napoleon's original forgery.

Our first examination was of course directed to the series of Buonaparte's '*Almanachs Impériaux*'—historical evidences as '*inexorable*' as the Moniteur, and even more official. In that for 1804, in which Joseph first appears as an '*Altesse Impériale*,' and again in 1805, and again in 1806 in the course of which year he became King of Naples—it is stated that he was born on 'the 5th of *February*, 1768'—the very day, month, and year, which Napoleon had already usurped in the marriage contract for his own birth! This singular coincidence seems at first sight to indicate that Joseph's genuine certificate had been, for the occasion, altered to the name of *Napoleon*, which would
certainly

certainly have been the easiest way of accomplishing Napoleon's *then* object; and the safest too, for if the discrepancy should be subsequently detected, it might be passed off as the *clerical error* of the notary, who, it would be said, had *accidentally* substituted the certificate of one brother for that of the other. Such an excuse might have been accepted for so venial a deception, but it turns out that the fiction was bolder and less ingenious. The certificate seems to have been altogether a forgery, and no more Joseph's than Napoleon's. But when, in 1806, Joseph's accession to the crown of Naples made his real birth-day a matter of more importance, the fictitious one of the *5th of February*, which had served Napoleon for eight years, and Joseph for three, must necessarily be discarded: for, however willing Joseph as a mere *Altesse Impériale* might have personally been to adopt Napoleon's forgery, it would have been too ridiculous and dangerous to attempt to impose it upon his Neapolitan subjects. This was no doubt the reason *why* in the next *Almanach Impérial* that followed his accession to Naples the former birth-day of the *5th of February* is discarded, and that which probably is the true one, the *7th of January*, was substituted; and *why* also both Joseph and his biographer have chosen to suppress the *month* and *day* of his birth! But the *year* also is subject to very serious doubt. To be sure Joseph tells us distinctly that he was born in 1768, and that is the date given him in all the Almanachs, but when we recollect that this was also the date of the forged certificate, and how long he himself adopted, and how long the Almanachs repeated the confessed falsehood of the *day* and the *month*, we own that his and their evidence has no weight at all with us. A better authority is the register of his birth and baptism at Corté, given *in extenso* by Wouters, with the date '*7th of January, 1768*;' and this would be conclusive, if that document did not exhibit on its face indubitable evidence of being a fabrication. Of this there are several minor indications, but there is one so gross and so conclusive, that we wonder how it could have escaped either the original forger or his copyist, M. Wouters—the naming the child is thus stated—'*infantem cui impositum fuit nomen JOSEPH-NAPOLEON*' (sic), '*a child to whom was given the name of JOSEPH-NAPOLEON.*' Now it is notorious that neither Joseph, nor any of the others, ever assumed the adjunctive name of *Napoleon* till after the 18th February, 1806, when Napoleon gave his name to Joseph and the rest of the family. On that day he writes to Joseph to publish his proclamation dethroning the Bourbon family of Naples.

'*Il faut intituler vos actes Joseph-NAPOLÉON; il est inutile de mettre Bonaparte.*'—ii. 70.

On this paragraph, which we copy as it appears in the volume, the editor adds—

‘C’est à partir de ce moment que la famille *Bonaparte* changea ce nom en celui de *Napoléon*.’—*ib.*

After this, can we have a doubt of the falsification of the registry that calls him in a *Latin* document, purporting to be of 1768, ‘*Joseph-Napoleon?*’

But we have abundant evidence, incidental, circumstantial, and from different sources out of the possibility of preconcert, which yet all concur in contradicting the date of 1768, and suggesting that of 1766.

1°. Joseph’s own inadvertent confession, which, low as our estimate may be of his accuracy, is entitled to credit, because it escaped him inadvertently, and during the discussion of a very different matter. Joseph was seriously angry at Louis Napoleon’s Strasbourg expedition, which was in fact a personal insult to him, and he was said to have been equally so at the *tame eagle* attempt on Boulogne. This Louis Napoleon strenuously denied, asserting that his uncle was so far from disapproving the Boulogne affair, that he declared in express terms [*propres termes*],

‘If Louis had apprized me of his intentions, I should—in spite of my *seventy-five* years—have landed by his side on the beach of Boulogne.’—Wouters, 326.

The Boulogne attempt was in August, 1804, and, therefore, if Joseph spoke (as would be the ordinary interpretation of the words) of his *last* birthday, he was born in 1765, or if he referred more loosely to his *next* birthday, he would have been born in 1766, which is the very latest date that can be extracted from the confession thus recorded and endorsed by his nephew.

2°. He himself tells us in the Autobiography (i. 95) that, when he was appointed to a command in the army of Boulogne, April, 1804, ‘*J’avais alors près de quarante ans.*’ According to his *then professed* age he was but 36 and two months. Two years later, *February*, 1806, he again states that he was near forty, at which age he had, it seems, a mind to stick; but even that would still leave his real birthday in 1766. Thus we have, thrice over, his own circumstantial contradiction of the assertion of the Autobiography—but we have still better evidence than that of so loose a witness.

3°. Lucien, in the first page of his Memoirs, sets out by saying, that in the summer of 1789 ‘he had just entered his fifteenth year, while Joseph, the eldest of the family, was *âgé de 23 ans.*’ (*Mém. du Prince de Canino*, p. 1.) Lucien was born in 1775, and Joseph therefore in 1766. And this is clear of all doubt as to broken parts of a year, because Lucien carefully distinguishes

distinguishes his *entering*, and Joseph's having *accomplished*, their fifteenth and twenty-third years respectively. This dates Joseph's birth in 1766.

3rd. In the continuation of his *Memoirs Lucien* gives us (for a purpose altogether distinct from any question of age) a letter to himself from a very intimate and attached friend—Briot, a deputy in the Council of 500—dated *June 1804*, in which there is this passage: '*You know, my dear Lucien, that Joseph is three years older than the Emperor, who is six years older than you.*' This statement, made accidentally by an indifferent, but thoroughly trustworthy witness, would be of itself conclusive if it stood alone, but we see it exactly falls in with all the preceding testimony that Joseph was born in 1766.

4th. There is no doubt that Joseph was the eldest of thirteen children; and, by tracing back the assigned ages of the eight that eventually survived, we do not see how it is possible to introduce five other births without placing at least *one* antecedent to Napoleon, which again would carry back Joseph to 1766.

We have several other proofs all to the same effect; but we think that the five witnesses we have already produced—Joseph, Louis-Napoleon, Lucien, Briot, and *Nature*—will suffice to establish the fact that Joseph was born at latest on the *7th Jan. 1766*, and that he and his biographer, and Napoleon and his '*Almanachs Impériaux*,' when they stated the year as 1768, *en ont menti comme un bulletin!*

We now arrive at another step in this strange series of falsifications. When Napoleon chose to abstract two years from Joseph's age in the Imperial Almanacks for 1804, 5, and 6, he seems to have thought it would help the deception to extend the process of rejuvenescence to their *mother* also; and accordingly we find, in the Almanack for 1806, the first in which *Madame Mère* appears, that she was born on the 24th August 1750—which would have been consistent with the assigned birth of her eldest child on the 5th February 1768, when she would have been seventeen years and five months, but would have rendered what we believe to be the real date, 7th January 1766, next to impossible. But why, when Joseph's birth was fixed for 1768, the mother's date of '*24th August 1750*' was not adhered to, we cannot guess; but certain it is that in the very next Almanach the *year, month, and day* are all changed, and that her birth is thrown back to the '*13th January 1745*'—five years and six months earlier than the former date. This was probably the true one, for it would be consistent with her marriage early in 1765, at the age of twenty—with the birth of her eldest son, Joseph, early in 1766, and this with his admission (i. 36) as advocate in the

court

court of Bastia in 1788, at the age of twenty-two years six months, and with the statements of all the witnesses we have produced, and with all the probabilities of the case.

There is another instance, which, though it implicates no more than Napoleon's connivance and laxity in such matters, deserves mention. We read, in the '*Encyclopédie des Gens du Monde*,' published in Paris in 1834, the following notice of the birth of the eldest sister, Madame Bacciochi:—

' Marie-Anne Elise obtint de Lucien, *dont elle était l'aînée*, que l'ordre des dates serait *interverti* en sa faveur, et que dans les "*Almanachs Impériaux*" elle serait *inscrite comme sa cadette*. *Elle doit être née en 1773 ou 1774.*'

Now this, incredible as it would be if so many similar practices had not preceded it, turns out to be probable almost to certainty under its own special circumstances, for, of the 13 children undoubtedly born to Charles and Letitia Buonaparte, one *must*, and even two *may* have been between Napoleon and Lucien, and one of these was, no doubt, Elise; the extreme vanity and imperious temper of that lady are notorious, and we can well conceive her anxiety, on reaching the critical age of thirty, to avail herself of so favourable an occasion of getting rid of three or four years. This was easily accomplished by a stroke of the pen of the Imperial compiler of the Almanachs—but how was the parish registry in Corsica to be dealt with? We have just seen how it was dealt with in Joseph's case, and, on referring again to Wouters for the registries of Lucien and Elise, we find them equally suspicious. On the present face of the registry it appears that, though Lucien was born 21st May, 1775, he was not baptized till four years after, and that he and Elise, stated to have been born 3rd January, 1777, were *both* baptized on the *same day*, September, 1779, and in the parents' private house.

The *Encyclopédie's* view of Elise's age is corroborated, indeed we might say confirmed, by another of Joseph's inadvertent confessions, for he states (i. 26) that the admission of Napoleon and Elise, the one to Brienne, and the latter to St. Cyr, took place at the same time, that is, 1779, when Napoleon would be ten, but the girl, according to the imperial reckoning, barely *two*. And, finally, Madame Junot, who knew them all from infancy, distinctly states that, in order of birth, Elise came *between* Napoleon and Lucien.

The following case is still more curious, but it shows that Napoleon had not always the same delicate consideration for ladies' feelings that he extended to Elise. We have noticed that the date assigned to Josephine would have made her a mother at
twelve;

twelve, and, therefore, when it became necessary to introduce Eugène's age, as Viceroy of Italy, it was doctored of two years, so as to bring his birth within fourteen years of his mother's—highly improbable, but still possible among the Creoles—and so the thing went on for four or five years; but, *in the very year of the divorce*, poor Josephine had the preliminary mortification of seeing her little *supercherie* revived and exposed in the *Almanach Impérial* by the alteration of her son's birthday from '*né en 1782*' to '*né le 3 Sept. 1780,*' while in that and all subsequent Almanachs she figured with her own false, and now ridiculous and disavowed, date. As we know that no trick was too small for Buonaparte when he had a point to carry, this was probably a hint that, from the dread of further question and exposure, might dispose the unhappy Josephine to submit to the *divorce*—else it was wanton cruelty.

Thus then, putting aside all that is conjectural, we have shown from Napoleon's own evidence that an official and documentary falsification of dates was practised—

1° in *his own* case, from whatever the real date was to *5th February*, 1768, and then (as we shall show presently) to the *16th August*, and then finally to the *15th August*, 1769.

2° in *his wife's* case, from *24th June*, 1763, to the *23rd June*, 1767, and finally to the *24th June*, 1768.

3° in *his mother's*, from *13th January*, 1745, to the *24th August*, 1750, and back again.

5° in *his brother Joseph's*, from whatever was the real date to the *5th February*, and then to the *5th January*, and then to the *7th January*, and, as we have shown, from 1766 to 1768.

6° in *his sister's*, from whatever the real date was (probably 1773) to 1777.

7° in *his stepson's*, from whatever the real date was to *blank day, blank month* of 1782, and finally to *3rd September*, 1780.

So far all this falsification is of no other importance than to exhibit his contempt of truth whenever the most transient object was to be gained, but here is a continuance of the same system applied to matters of more general interest.

Las Cases tells us, from Napoleon's dictation at St. Helena, that—

' Napoleon had never known a birthday before the Concordat. His patron saint was in fact a total stranger to the French—and the day of his feast uncertain everywhere; it was a "*galanterie*" of the Pope that fixed his feast on the 15th of August, the same day as the birth of the Emperor and the *signature of the Concordat.*'—*Las Cases*, i. 132.

It is true that no such saint was known—all the rest is false. In the first place, it is false that the giving the pseudo-saint a feast-day was a '*galanterie*'—a spontaneous piece of flattery from the Pope. This is a libel on poor Pius VII. The feast of the ASSUMPTION—one of the greatest in the Roman Catholic Calendar—is on the 15th of August. It is morally impossible that the Pope, weak and time-serving as he too often was, could have consented, much less volunteered, to intrude the supposititious saint into that festival. The Pope proved by his subsequent resistance, which induced Buonaparte to dethrone and imprison him, that there were lengths of complaisance to which he could not go, and we are satisfied that this desecration of the 'Assumption' would have been one of them. But we find the whole statement contradicted by Buonaparte's own lips, and in his own documents. When he told the story to O'Meara, it was thus:—Laughing at patron-saints, 'Ah,' said he,—

'St. Napoleon ought to be very much obliged to me. Poor fellow! Nobody knew him before. He had not even a day in the calendar. I got him one, and *persuaded the Pope* to give him the 15th of August, my birthday.'—*O'Meara*, ii. 246.

We know what style of *persuasion* Buonaparte usually employed, and how little spontaneous the poor Pope's *galanterie* was likely to be. But we need not discuss probabilities when we have indisputable evidence that the supposed fact is itself an invention. The '15th of August' was *not* the day originally chosen for the feast of St. Napoleon. In the Almanach for 1803 we find indeed that Buonaparte had introduced St. Napoleon into his calendar, but the day attributed to the new saint was NOT the 15th of August, nor, of course, the feast of the *Assumption*—but the 16th of August, where he replaces one *St. Roch*, now best known to the world by the portico of his church in the Rue St. Honoré having been the scene of Buonaparte's victory of the 13th Vendémiaire, 1796. Whether there was any *arrière pensée* in thus superseding *St. Roch*, or any design of transferring the church itself to the future patronage of St. Napoleon, we do not venture to guess; but certain it is that it was '*St. Roch*,' and not the '*Assumption*,' that gave way to '*St. Napoleon*.' Again, in next year's calendar, 1804, we find the *Assumption* on the 15th of August, and *St. Napoleon* on the 16th—and again the same in 1805. It was not till the Almanach of 1806 (published about the middle of that year) that St. Napoleon was shifted and promoted to the 15th of August, where the very typographical arrangement is curious:—

'Août	}	ASSOMPTION. S. NAPOLEON.
15. Vendr.		ANNIV. DU CONCORDAT.'

St. Napoleon was, like his votaries, not over-modest, for, after extinguishing St. Roch for three years, he only restores him on condition that he himself shall stand on the *same line* with the Blessed Virgin!

The placing the anniversary of the 'Concordat' on the same day is another falsification, for which, however, we can conjecture a political motive. The Concordat was really signed on the 15th of *July*, 1801; and so anxious was Buonaparte to attach his acts to popular anniversaries, that he had, on the 12th of July, directed Joseph, who was one of the negotiators, to use all possible despatch, 'as he, Napoleon, attaches great importance' (*attache un grand prix*) to its bearing date *the 14th of July* (i. 201). In consequence of this mandate the negotiators sat up all night, but were unable to conclude the affair till the morning of the 15th of July, the real date, which he three years after changed to the 15th of *August*. His first anxiety for the 14th of July was, that it was the anniversary of the *taking of the Bastile*, with which event he was, *at that moment*, very desirous of connecting his own accession to power. This affords another instance of the deep schemes for which such apparently trivial devices were employed. At a public celebration of this Bastile anniversary in 1800, Lucien (at that time Napoleon's official organ) pronounced the Government Oration, which concluded thus:—

'The 18 *Brumaire* [9th November, 1799, *Napoleon's usurpation of the Consulate*] has only completed the work of the 14th of *July*: what the latter destroyed can never reappear—what the former has restored can never again be destroyed.'—*Moniteur*, 15th July, 1800.

Next year, 1801, Napoleon took the matter into his own hands, and published an address to the people, in which all that had happened between the 14th of July, 1789, and 18 *Brumaire*, 1799, was blotted out from the annals of France.

'The 14th of July consecrated all the principles of morality, virtue, and social equality. It reconquered from prejudice the empire of reason, and recovered from authority the power that it had abused, &c. &c. The 14th of July is separated by one long and stormy night, from the 18th of *Brumaire*, which is, we may say, but the morrow of the former—Glory to the 14th of July—Glory to the 18th of *Brumaire*!'—*Moniteur*.

There can be no doubt that even at this early date Buonaparte had the throne of France in view, and he probably contemplated the simple reconstruction of the *Kingdom*, such as it existed after the 14th of July and before the outrages of the 6th of October and the anarchical constitution of 1791. This was probably the reason why, in 1801, he attached a '*grand prix*' to the connecting

necting his *Concordat* and his prospective crown with the 14th of July; but when step by step he had attained, not a constitutional kingship, but the Imperial despotism, we hear no more of the '14th of July.'

Long as this chronological disquisition has been, and trifling as any one instance of those complicated tricks may appear, we trust that our readers will see that they are, as a mass, too considerable and too characteristic of the whole Buonaparte family to be omitted from our notice of the new monuments which Du Casse, Ingersoll, and Wouters are so busy in erecting to their fame. Dates are not only the landmarks of history as to events, but often as to motives and objects; and we cannot but express some surprise that such misstatements and mystifications of the chronology of what we may call our own times, should have been so boldly imposed upon the world, and so easily adopted. We do not pretend to have completed the detection, nor indeed to have discovered any more rational object for most of these tricks, than an obstinate endeavour to conceal or colour the original forgery of the certificate of '*the 5th February, 1768*;' but it cannot be supposed that Napoleon took all this complicated trouble for nothing, and future inquirers may perhaps be guided by the data which we for the first time thus bring together, to some more satisfactory explanation of the mystery.

We now proceed with the Autobiography. 'Joseph, the Genealogist,' who does not tell us even the date of his own birth, is nevertheless very conversant with a long line of illustrious ancestors, of whom, however, his great modesty would not have allowed him to say a word if they had not happened, as he judiciously remarks, 'to be at the same time the ancestors of his younger brother' (i. 25); a fact which we the more readily reproduce, because it is the only one in the whole genealogical statement in which there seems to be even a semblance of truth. He thinks it '*a duty to his brother*' to show that the said ancestors had, 'ever since the 11th century, filled, *by the choice of the people*, the highest magistracies in Florence, Parma, Padua, Trevizo, Sarzanne, and Corsica;' and, *in proof* of this, he refers us confidently to *his* documentary evidence—'*pièces justificatives*'—where, however, we find nothing more than a few unconnected and unexplained notes, that certain—or rather very uncertain—Jameses, Johns, Peters, Nicholases, Sebastians, and Gabriels, to the number of eighteen, with the common surname of Bonaparte, are stated to have filled municipal offices in various towns in Italy between the years 1120 and 1760: but there is not a shadow of evidence, nor indeed any direct assertion that any two of these various individuals had any relationship to each

each other, or that any of them were 'ancestors' to Napoleon. Nay, the very last entry of the series, which comprises the pretty important period of 112 years, proves that 'the genealogist' did not know very exactly who his own grandfather was :—

'1648. Sebastien Charles, Joseph, Sebastien, Joseph Buonaparte, sont nommés successivement chefs des anciens de la ville d'Ajaccio depuis 1648 jusqu'en 1769.

'Charles *fils de l'un d'eux* né en 1740,' &c.—i. 110.

What dignity the family might derive from having furnished the corporation of Ajaccio with five aldermen in 120 years, and whether the other dozen of Buonapartes, scattered over a period of 500 years, ever existed at all, or were any otherwise related to one another—except, as Madame de Staël wittily said of such pretensions to old names, *du côté de l'alphabet*—may be themes for the flatterers of the new empire, as they were for those of the old, but with, we anticipate, no better success. The 'ancient' but—even if it were ancient—'ignoble blood' of the Jeromes and Gabriels and the other aldermen of Ajaccio could have added no illustration to the conqueror of Marengo and Austerlitz, though it might be suspected to have broken out a little in *the husband of Madame de Beauharnais*, and the fugitive from Egypt, Moscow, Leipzig, and Waterloo. Napoleon himself affected, in the sardonic and calumnious spirit of all his St. Helena conversations, to sneer at the Emperor of Austria's having, after his marriage with the Arch-Duchess, had a pedigree made for him, showing that the 'house of Buonaparte had been the *ancient sovereigns of Trévisé*.' This, he says, he contemptuously rejected, telling his imperial father-in-law that he was prouder of being the *Rodolph* of his race; and he over and over again boasted to O'Meara that he was one of the '*canaille*.' But all this was at St. Helena, where indeed a well-regulated mind might have abandoned such pretensions; *but he never did*; for though he thus associated himself with the '*canaille*' for the purpose of keeping up a revolutionary spirit against the Governments that had dethroned him, his anxiety to cling to this fabulous ancestry is constantly visible (see and compare Las Cases, i. 107, 115; O'Meara, i. 296). The complaisant pedigree imputed to the Emperor Francis we totally disbelieve. Where is it? What has become of it? To be sure, Las Cases relates that Napoleon had such a contempt for these things—(though he was for ever talking about them)—that he would never look at these family parchments, but handed them all over to 'Joseph the genealogist.' Very well! But we have the genealogy—the best, we must suppose, that Joseph possessed—in the solemn form of a '*pièce justificative*,' and what do

do we find? Simply that it does *not* bear out, *in the most remote degree*, the account given of it; that it does not even pretend to be a pedigree; that it is no more the result of any heraldic inquiries than ‘Malbrouck’ or ‘la Carmagnole;’ and that the solitary mention of the name ‘*Trévis*,’ the seat of the imaginary *sovereignty*, is, that 500 years ago one Buonaparte was employed to make peace between that town and a neighbouring one, but it is not even stated to which of them the supposed negotiator belonged:—

‘1279. Bonsemblant Buonaparte est nommé plénipotentiaire pour faire la paix entre Trévis et Padoue.’—i. 10.

Now a person sent as a negotiator would obviously not be the *Sovereign* of the state, so that this passage contradicts the fact for which it is cited. But enough, and more than enough, of these attempts at a fabulous pedigree.

Joseph is equally unlucky in his attempts to exalt the more recent condition of ‘the family’ into nobility and wealth. It would be useless to enter into a detailed exposure of all the fictions that have been accumulated by vanity, flattery, and fraud on these points; it will suffice to state two admitted facts:—First, that Charles the father was, in the year 1779, ‘dans l’indigence;’ and secondly, that it was not till this ‘indigence’ became the plea for soliciting eleemosynary education for his children in the royal schools founded in France for the poor noblesse, that he attempted to pass himself off as *noble* by *assuming* the French feudal prefix of *de* before his patronymic, signing his petition for the children’s admission ‘*de Buonaparte*.’ This, and some similar and equally futile devices, were only the colourable pretexts under which the influence of M. de Marbœuf, who had been governor in Corsica, and was a declared protector of the family, really procured the admission of the children. M. de Marbœuf was so intimate with the family, that Buonaparte himself confessed to Las Cases (i. 117) that it had created some scandal against Madame Letitia, who was young and handsome, and it was even said that M. de Marbœuf had *special* reasons for taking an interest in *Napoleon*. This imputation he very naturally denies, and there is no reason to disbelieve him; but he admits, at the same time, the obligations that the children had to M. de Marbœuf’s kindness and protection, and there is no doubt that it was through his influence that the children were received into the schools, in spite, we may almost say, of the father’s factitious certificates of *noblesse*.

The fact is, that the Buonapartes had neither the rank nor title of nobility, but were at best small gentry—in contradistinction to being neither peasants nor artizans—*gentilatres*, as the ‘Revue Historique

Historique de la Noblesse' describes them: that class which supplied the municipal officers, lawyers, doctors, and clergy of the very primitive and equalized state of Corsican society. In this middle condition of life there was nothing to be ashamed of; it was really much more respectable than Napoleon, in his moments of morbid candour at St. Helena, affected to represent it when he said he sprung from the *canaille*. All that is discreditable is the vanity and obstinacy with which the Buonapartes invented and clung, and still cling, to these idle fables while they pretended to despise them. We have already hinted at some resemblance between Joseph and *Tartuffe*; and when he talks of his 'nobility' and of the acclamations of 'the people as he used to pass through the suburbs of Ajaccio *pour visiter nos terres*' (i. 31), he reminds us still more strongly of that hypocritical pretender—

' Ces *fiefs* qu'à bon titre, au pays on renomme ;
Et, tel qu'on le voit, il est bien *gentilhomme* !'

The *fiefs* and the nobility of the Buonapartes were just as real as those of M. Tartuffe.

When we arrive at the more personal points of the Autobiography we find that the paucity of dates—the inaccuracy, as we believe, of most of those that are given—and the natural obscurity of the writer's style increased by his elaborate efforts to pervert and mislead, render it exceedingly dull, and nearly worthless for any other historical or even biographical purpose than that of *cross-examining* it, as the lawyers do a reluctant and prevaricating witness, to endeavour to get at the truth by his inadvertencies and contradictions. We have had some specimens of this already on the comparatively trivial point of birthday dates,—here are some on more important matters.

By a marginal date added by the editor we learn that in 1786 Napoleon received his commission as Lieutenant in the regiment of La Fère—which is erroneous—the commission was of the 1st of September, 1785; by another that he visited Corsica on leave of absence in 1787; after which he rejoined his regiment, but *when* is not stated. Two other marginal dates intimate that he was again in Corsica in 1788 and 1789, probably, though not so stated, on leaves of absence; but there is not after the latter date any notice of his regimental life, or any allusion to his being a military man. There is no mention of him in 1790. It seems that he spent the greater part, if not the whole, of 1791 in Corsica; and the mode in which Joseph describes this period is as if he was leading *the life of a civilian*. It may be a startling inference, but, *if we were to abide by Joseph's evidence*, we should be forced to conclude that
Napoleon.

Napoleon had been from 1789 to 1793 altogether out of the service, as he certainly was, as we shall show, for a portion of that time. We know *aliundè* that his name continued on the printed army-list, but we very much doubt whether there could be found in the whole French armies any other officer who contrived to *shirk* so completely all regimental duty, and who had the ill-luck to get into such a succession of disagreeable scrapes—charges of desertion and even of treason—arrest, imprisonment, suspension, two or three dismissals! Such was the cloudy dawn of that resplendent day destined to end as darkly as it began.

We have before us a pamphlet by M. Libri (first published as an article of '*La Revue des Deux Mondes*'), which gives a short account of a batch of early autograph notes and diaries of Napoleon, which had been confided to Cardinal Fesch. In these is found a correspondence, which proves, 'what,' says M. Libri, 'had been before only vaguely suspected,' that Napoleon was *dismissed the service* in 1791, for having been absent without leave in Corsica, and was early in 1792 soliciting the War-office for his restoration, which, it is added, 'he *shortly* after obtained at the solicitation of several persons.' (*Lib.* 15.) It was, we presume, at this period that Bourrienne's Memoirs take him up; but his account shows that the affair was not arranged so shortly as M. Libri believes.

'In April, 1792 (says Bourrienne), I arrived in Paris, where I found Buonaparte; our school and college friendship revived undiminished. I was not very well off—he was in absolute poverty (*l'adversité pesait sur lui*). He was often quite destitute. We passed our time like young men of twenty-three who have nothing to do and very little money. He had even less than I. We made projects and thought of profitable speculations, such as hiring houses and under-letting them to lodgers, but the terms of the owners were too high and we failed everywhere. During all this rather vagabond life (*vie un peu vagabonde*) he was soliciting employment (*du service*) at the War Department and I at the Foreign Office. I was more fortunate on this occasion than he. I was appointed, some days after the 20th of June, Secretary of Legation at Stutgard. I left Paris on the 2nd August—and some time after the 10th Buonaparte went to Corsica, and did not return till 1793.'—*Bourrienne*, i. 52.

This passage of Bourrienne had long puzzled us. Napoleon's commission as captain of artillery is dated 6th February, 1792, and we could not understand how he could have been at that crisis of the war absent from his regiment—how he could be in absolute want—seldom able to pay for his dinner, and forced to pawn his watch (*ib.* 49)—how he could have no resource but a speculation in letting lodgings—how he could have been soliciting employment *à la guerre*—the War-office—if he was already a captain

captain of artillery? The papers cited by M. Libri solve the riddle, and give additional authority to Bourrienne's anecdotes of this period, which had been very much questioned, and especially in these volumes by Joseph.

There can be no doubt that Napoleon was in Paris on the 20th June and 10th August, 1792, and an eye-witness, '*témoin*,' he says, of both those execrable insurrections. We should not have been surprised to have found the ardent, ambitious, distressed, and discontented young man taking an active part in those movements; and it is not a little suspicious to find him, as he certainly was, on the morning of the 10th August in the Carrousel, in the very focus of the main attack on the château. But we have Bourrienne's evidence that he disapproved of the previous riot of the 20th June; and there is no reason to suppose that he had changed it so suddenly as to have joined in the attack of the 10th August; and his suspicious presence at the scene of action is naturally accounted for by the fact that Bourrienne's brother, Fauvelet, had a kind of broker's shop which looked out on the Carrousel, and from which Napoleon says he was a passive witness of the affair. Joseph's account of the matter, however, is calculated to revive the contrary suspicion. He says that Napoleon, on the evening of that day, wrote to him (then in Corsica) a very full detail of the event. He does not give us the letter *in extenso*; we wish he had; but he *copies* out from it a passage which seems to us to mix Napoleon more personally in the affair than as a mere *témoin*:—

'After the victory of the Marseillais, I saw one of them on the point of killing a *Garde du corps*; I said to him, "*Man of the South*, let us save the poor fellow!"—"Are you of the South?"—"Yes."—"Well then, let us save him!"'—i. 47.

If this had been a part of Joseph's *narrative* for which his memory would be only responsible, we should not have noticed it; but, being given as an *extract* from the written letter, and given with all the typographical marks of *quotation*, it seems worth while to observe that this actual intervention in that awful conflict is essentially different from having been a wholly inactive *témoin* from Fauvelet's window. Nor can we believe that these savage and bloodthirsty '*hommes du midi*' would have been very likely to listen to an unknown young gentleman who should have just stepped out of a shop to preach sentimentality and mercy at such a moment. But there is another more serious flaw in the story. Napoleon is made to say he saved a '*Garde du corps*.' He could not have been ignorant that there was not then, nor had there been for above two years, any such thing

as *Gardes du corps*. After the massacre of the 6th October 1789 that devoted corps had ceased to exist; and, though an ignorant civilian or provincial might have misapplied the term *Garde du corps* to one of the Swiss Guards—the only guards massacred on the 10th of August—such a misnomer was not possible in the case of a captain of artillery, who must have known the one from the other quite as distinctly as an English officer would one of Lord Combermere's Life Guards from one of Lord Foley's Beef-eaters.

But we may spare all conjecture on this particular point, for we have the direct evidence of Buonaparte himself that—whether he wrote or Joseph invented the foregoing paragraph—it is essentially false. Here is his own account, dictated in St. Helena, and given by Las Cases as his *ipsissima verba* :—

‘ On that hideous day, the 10th of August, I was at Paris, and lodged in the Rue du Mail, near the Place des Victoires. At the sound of the tocsin and a rumour that they were attacking the Tuileries, I ran to the Carrousel to the house of Fauvelet, Bourrienne's brother, who kept a furniture shop there. . . . From that I *could see at my ease* all the details of the affair (*la journée*). Before I got to the Carrousel, I had met in the *Rue Croix des Petits Champs* a group of hideous men, parading a human head* on a pike. Seeing me tolerably (*passablement*) dressed, and thinking that I looked like a *monsieur*, they advanced upon me, to make me cry “ *Vive la Nation!*” which I made no difficulty in doing, as may be well believed.’—Las Cases, v. 129.

This is natural and probable—and his discreet reluctance to have anything to do with these people is obviously inconsistent with his volunteering so soon after to interfere in their proceedings. He then proceeds to say :—

‘ When the Palace was stormed and the King had gone to the Assembly, I *ventured* (*hasardai*) to make my way into the garden. Never since did any of my battles give me the idea of so many corpses as I there saw of the Swiss—whether it was the narrowness of the space or its being the first impression of the kind I had yet felt. I saw women—well-dressed women—committing the most shocking indecencies on those bodies. I visited all the cafés in the neighbourhood. There I found the most extraordinary violence: rage was in every heart and apparent on every face, and, though there was nothing very particular in my dress, or perhaps because my countenance was more composed and calm, I saw that I *was looked at with eyes of suspicion and hostility*.’—*ib.*

* This was no doubt the head of one of the nine gentlemen massacred early in the morning in the Cour des Feuillans before a shot was fired. Their bodies were carried by the mob to the Place Vendôme, where the heads were cut off and thence paraded through the town stuck on pikes. See Peltier's most interesting ‘ *Histoire du Dix Août*.’

Thus it was not till the affair was over that he '*ventured on*' the scene of massacre, and—far from thinking that his influence could save anybody—he did not feel himself altogether safe:—and, in short, nothing can be more irreconcilable with the theatrical *fanfaronnade* which Joseph ascribes to him. We can only leave the conflicting statements of the two brothers to the judgment of our readers.

We find in M. Libri's papers evidence of two very curious circumstances that relate to this period; the first is, that it appears that in 1791 Napoleon was in the receipt of a *pension* from Louis XVI. This would sufficiently account for his disapprobation of the '20th June' and '10th August.' Perhaps it may turn out that his absence from his regiment may have arisen from loyalty to the king, and that he was a kind of emigrant and thus entitled to some support from the royalist ministers. The second circumstance, still more curious, may have some connexion with the former; it is that those papers contain his original commission as captain, signed by the King—not dated, as was always supposed, the '6th February, 1792,' but the 30th August, with a note that he was to take rank from the 5th February. This explains why he was, as Bourrienne represents, without employment, on the *pavé* of Paris, during the earlier half of 1792, but it is not so clear how a commission from the *King* should bear date three weeks after the unhappy sovereign had been a close prisoner in the Temple. We can only suppose that Napoleon had interest to get a commission which had been ante-signed in blank filled up in his favour, with a reference for rank to the date of his earlier solicitation. It seems, however, that he did not proceed with this commission to join his regiment: on the contrary, it appears that, instead of joining his regiment, he must have proceeded *direct* from Paris for Corsica, where we find him early in September, and where he remained without any indication of his belonging to the regular army for several months, during which period he was nominated Lieutenant-Colonel of a battalion of National Guards, with which on the 12th of February, 1793, he formed a portion of an expedition against Sardinia, which totally failed; Buonaparte and his corps appear to have been detached on some minor branch of this service, and not to have fired a shot.

Whether, as the Libri papers seem to indicate, Napoleon originally entertained royalist opinions or not, it is certain that up to the deposition of the King the Buonapartes were attached both personally and politically to Paoli, but they now broke with that true patriot, made themselves prominent in the
revolutionary

revolutionary party, and became decided Jacobins, so much to the dissatisfaction of their fellow citizens that in the spring of 1793 there was an actual insurrection of the people against them, followed by a decree of banishment by Paoli's government. Under this proscription the whole family left the island, and sought an asylum as persecuted republicans in the neighbourhood of Marseilles, where they—the mother, Joseph, Napoleon, and seven younger children—had no means whatsoever of existence but *rations* from the public stores, which the Convention granted to exiled indigent patriots.

It is now that, for the first time for three or four years, Joseph gives us a hint that Napoleon was still an officer in the French army, by telling us that he *now* joined at Nice the regiment in which he was captain. But this seems questionable, and the same obscurity about his connexion with the army still continues. Joseph gives no date of this attempt to join the regiment at Nice—but if made, Napoleon seems to have met with some difficulty in being readmitted to a service from which he had been so long absent; for we find in the '*Itinéraire Général de Napoléon*,'—a meagre but useful chronological register of each day's *whereabout* of Napoleon's life—we find, we say, in the *Itinéraire*, under the date of the 26th of May, 1793, that he had no sooner joined his regiment than he left it again—'*après avoir quitté son régiment à Nice, Bonaparte fait un voyage à Paris ;*' and in the following month it appears that—'*de retour à son corps Bonaparte est employé dans l'armée du Général Carteaux.*' This journey to Paris Joseph does not mention, but both he and the *Itinéraire* assert that he rejoined the Army of the South. Napoleon himself tells a different story, and not, we think, the true one—that he was sent *direct* from Paris to Toulon. We think there can be no doubt that he joined Carteaux' army before he was employed at Toulon.

But even at Toulon a strange obscurity seems to cover services which we are told were so brilliant. The only mention—except *his own*—we find of his share in that business is the following paragraph of General Dugommier's despatch of the sharp action of the 30th of November, in the third month of the siege :—

'I cannot say too much for the good conduct of those of my brothers in arms *who would fight*. Amongst those who did, and who helped me to rally the runaways to a renewal of the attack, were the citizens Buona Parte commanding the artillery, and Arena and Cervoni Adjutants-General.'—*Moniteur*, 7th December, 1793.

Some curious observations arise out of this extract. First, the confession of the misbehaviour of the French troops on the day
(30th

(30th of November) which, through General O'Hara's rashness, ended so unfortunately for the English—then, the singularity that the only three officers who were distinguished by a better spirit were three *Corsicans*—then, the fatality by which, just seven years later, we find Buonaparte First Consul, and sending Arena, the partner in his first glory, to the scaffold for his share in the affair of the infernal machine (December 1800). Cervoni was killed at Eckmullh in 1807. It is to be observed also that the praise of Buonaparte was not for the scientific operations of the siege, but for an incidental display of gallantry, the more creditable to him as somewhat out of the sphere of a mere artillery officer.

On the faith of the great talents he has since displayed, we cannot doubt that his artillery services were as distinguished as his gallantry on the field, but we repeat that we have found no other evidence of it but his own. Joseph's account is so short and confused, that he seems to make himself a superior—certainly a *senior* officer to Napoleon. Joseph's story is that he was 'employed as *Chef de bataillon* on the staff at that siege, where he was slightly wounded at the attack of Cape Brun' (i. 55). This *gloriole*, if true, would be but a paltry one in the ex-King; but we believe it to be only another instance of the small tricks by which Napoleon would endeavour to facilitate larger ones. It turns out that in 1804, when Napoleon began to meditate bringing Joseph forward as a more prominent tool, he thought it would serve his designs to give him the *military character* which was the distinguishing mark of the new empire, and he accordingly *forced him* into the army, and conferred on him by a formal *decree* the rank of Colonel of the 4th regiment of the line, then forming part of 'the Army of England,' which is really so curious, such a much ado about nothing, that we must give a specimen of it as Joseph exhibits it, under the title of '*Pièce Justificative* :—

'BREVET DE COLONEL POUR LE CITOYEN BUONAPARTE (JOSEPH).

'DÉTAILS DE SERVICES.

'CAMPAGNES, ACTIONS, BLESSURES.

'Né le 5 (!) Janvier, 1768.

'Campagnes de 1793 et 1794.

Elève d'artillerie en 1783.

Blessé légèrement au siège de

Officier de l'état-major en 1792.

Toulon.'

Adjudant-Général. Chef de

Bataillon en 1793.'

—i. 126.

Then follows the order for his reception as Colonel of the 4th of the line.

This decree, besides being issued as a kind of proclamation to the public, signed and countersigned by the Consul, the Secretary of State, and the Minister of War, was also announced by a special message, similarly signed, to the Conservative Senate, commencing with these words—

'The

‘The senator Joseph Buonaparte, Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, *having expressed to me his desire* to share the perils of the army now encamped on the shores of Boulogne.’—i. 122.

And this communication was acknowledged by a long and disgustingly servile address (given at full length), presented to the First Consul by a deputation of the Senate; and, finally, the new Colonel’s arrival at the head-quarters of the Army of England, namely, the village of Pont de Brique, near Boulogne, is promulgated to the troops, by an order of the day trumpeting the *gratitude* of the army to the government for adding to its ranks ‘one of the first personages in the State,’ &c. This piece of absurd and abject adulation is signed ‘*Soult* ;’ and the whole exhibits a solemn farce, unequalled since Caligula made his *horse a consul*. Well—the whole was built on a fiction, as Joseph himself confesses in another part of his autobiography—where also he tells us what he takes to be the motive of all this absurd manœuvring :—

‘The First Consul *would have me belong to the army*. There was a good deal of uneasiness in the public mind about the conspiracies against his life. My fraternal affection for his person, and his reliance on my character and opinions, left him no reluctance to have ME for his successor, but he would have me become a military man. I was then near forty; *I had all my life been in the civil service*, except for a few months of our first campaign in Italy [1796]. *I was reluctant to be a colonel*.’—i. 95.

What becomes now of the ostentatious certificate of his having been a *Chef de bataillon*, and of ‘the campaigns of 1793 and 1794?’ The ‘few months’ (*weeks* he might have better said) which he quotes as an exception from his civil life were no exception, for he accompanied his brother as a mere civilian. In fact, if the former tale and its ‘*pièce justificative*’ had had any reality, Joseph would have been a senior officer to Napoleon. Joseph tells us in his first story that he was a *Chef de bataillon* at the siege of Toulon. He does not, indeed, pretend to give us the date of this supposed commission, but it must have been some time before he was wounded, as he says, in that rank at *Cape Brun*. Now, the skirmish of Cape Brun was on the 15th Oct., 1793, and it happens oddly enough that Napoleon’s own commission as *Chef de bataillon* was dated four days later—the 19th of the same month. But there is another circumstance which confirms Joseph’s last statement, and annihilates the first and its ‘*pièce justificative*.’ We have before us the army list in the National Almanack for 1793-4. This almanack was made up to the 6th December, 1793, and published a few days later. In it we find Napoleon in his new rank of *Chef de bataillon*, and we find Joseph
also

also in the same record—but where? as a senior *Chef de bataillon*? as an *Adjutant-general*? Nothing like it, but as a *Commissary clerk* of the very lowest grade—an ‘*adjoint*’ or supernumerary to the last class of the permanent service. What crotchet could have induced Napoleon to make the reluctant Joseph a colonel with such pomp and parade we cannot guess, and perhaps Joseph himself may have never known; for his notion that it was to prepare him for being Napoleon’s successor in the Imperial purple is too absurd to have had any foundation but in his personal vanity.

Napoleon’s services at the siege of Toulon drew upon him the notice and favour of the Conventional Proconsuls that superintended the siege, and procured him the rapid promotion by which a *captain* of about three months’ date became during the siege a *Chef de bataillon*, and at its close, three months later, *Général de brigade*. The sagacious Proconsuls who discovered and favoured those dawning talents Joseph carefully enumerates. They were ‘*Gasparin, Salicetti, Robespierre the younger, Ricord, Thureau, &c.*’ (i. 55). So also at St. Helena, Napoleon, in his long talks of his services at Toulon, acknowledges the favour and patronage of *Gasparin*, whom he even remembered in his will (*Las Cases*, i. 155). But how has it happened that a name the most important and celebrated of all these proconsular patrons has escaped both the brothers? Not an allusion to BARRAS! *Præfulget eo ipso quod non visebatur*: and, on the other hand, in the ostentatious and posthumous gratitude to the obscure *Gasparin*, we discover another of those little artifices, for which Napoleon seems to have, amongst his greater qualities, a peculiar genius. The *Gasparin* legacy is in the same disgraceful codicil that leaves another legacy to the scoundrel that attempted to assassinate the Duke of Wellington. He ‘leaves 100,000 francs to the sons and grandsons of *Gasparin*, who supported his plans for the siege of Toulon, and who further protected him from the ignorance of the *Etats-Majors*’ of Carreaux and Doppet, ‘who at first commanded at the siege.’ This was a mere pretext: *Gasparin* died (not, it seems, with the army) on the very day (9th or 10th Nov.) on which Doppet took the command, so that *Gasparin* could not have protected him from Doppet and his *Etat-Major*; and if Buonaparte’s gratitude was so great, why was it that during the long years of his *toute-puissance* as General, Consul, Emperor, he never did anything for ‘the sons or grandsons’ of *Gasparin*, and never thought of him or them till he came to make his cynical and calumnious will at St. Helena? No: the sole object was to conceal the real obligation to BARRAS behind the fabulous one to *Gasparin*. The world however knows
but

but too well why any allusion to Buonaparte's early connexion with the profligate Director became in after days so nauseous. Whenever Napoleon mentioned him, it was only with evident reluctance, and to disclaim all obligation. And no wonder—for, although the patronage of Barras at Toulon, and even on the 13th *Vendémiaire*, was creditable to both, it degenerated soon after the last event into a complaisance on the part of Buonaparte so base, that all the stupendous consequences of the command of the army of Italy cannot obliterate the turpitude of the price which was paid for it. Mr. Ingersoll, who thinks that, 'on *his* side of the broad Atlantic, truth may be told, which is impossible amongst European parasites and prejudices,' indicates very broadly, we might say coarsely, the motive of a marriage, of which, as he says, cleverly enough, 'the dower was the Army of Italy, and the first child the battle of Montenotte,' but he feels, or at least expresses, no kind of disapprobation of the terms on which the match was made—neither of Buonaparte's marrying Barras' mistress, nor of the lady's ante-nuptial or post-nuptial levity of conduct, though he brings forward some serious instances of both.

His account, however, of the actual ceremony of the marriage, derived evidently from Joseph, contains some points of curiosity.

'The marriage with the West India widow—humble stepping-stone to prodigious prosperity—according to revolutionary reforms, was a mere civil contract at a *broker's office*, almost without witnesses, with no religious rite, and hardly solemnized at all. One obscure person named Calmelet, on her part, and a young officer, scarcely of age, *Barrois* [Lemarrois], on his, *alone* attended, when, as the *broker* certified, on the 8th of March, 1796, Napoleon and Josephine were married.'—*Ingersoll*, i. 187.

There are some minor errors in this statement which induce us to hope that Mr. Ingersoll has made it from a vague recollection of Joseph's *verbal* communications to him—for, partizan as he is, it seems hardly possible that, if he had the original certificate before his eyes, he could have so grossly misrepresented it in the main points of his statement; but whether the bad faith be Mr. Ingersoll's or Joseph's, the assertion that there were almost *no witnesses* to the marriage, and absolutely *none* but 'Calmelet, an obscure person,' and 'a young aide-de-camp,' is a *calculated falsehood*. There appear on the face of the document as witnesses two other names, not *youths*, not *obscure*, but on the contrary the two most eminent personages at that moment of the whole French republic—One, its first magistrate, the President of the Directory, *BARRAS*—the other the Hero of the 9th Thermidor, *TALLIEN*. Our readers know that in the corrupt
and

and dissolute Directorial Court and society, Madame de Beauharnais and Madame Tallien were the presiding influences; and they will easily appreciate why all the biographers, and now both Joseph and Ingersoll, have fraudulently *suppressed* these two names.

But besides the *notorious* scandal of the transaction, there was a *secret* one, if possible more disgraceful, which rendered the name of *Barras* peculiarly distasteful to the Buonapartes and their partizans. The Army of Italy was not the only dower of the bride. It appears by the *Acte civil* of the marriage that Buonaparte was domiciled '*No — Rue d'Antin,*' and that Madame de Beauharnais was domiciled '*Rue Chantereine.*' This small hotel, Rue Chantereine, has been hitherto always supposed Buonaparte's own; and in the enthusiasm with which he was received on his return from Italy, the City authorities changed the name of the street in which it stands from Rue Chantereine to *Rue de la Victoire*—it turns out that it was Madame de Beauharnais' *before her marriage*. How long had it been hers? How came she by it? Her husband had been guillotined and his property confiscated just 18 months before. Wouters, the most unscrupulous apologist of the whole Imperial race, states, that 'the Beauharnais widow and children were, by *additional* misfortunes, reduced to the most abject poverty (*la plus profonde misère*), and that the boy was forced to work for his bread as apprentice to a joiner.' (*Wouters*, 164.) How then did this lady, within a few months, escape from *la plus profonde misère* into the enjoyment of that celebrated hotel? The answer is but too obvious, and must have been notorious at the time, for we find, in the publications of the day, a statement to which we never before paid any attention—that, when the newly elected Members of the Directory proceeded to take up their official residence at the palace of the Luxembourg, Citizen Barras removed thither from *the house in the Rue Chantereine, in which he resided with Madame Beauharnais!* How much Buonaparte was ashamed of this part of the transaction, and how anxious he was to keep his marriage unconnected with the command in Italy, is proved by a slight but significant circumstance:—all his early letters from Italy to his wife are addressed '*à la Citoyenne Buonaparte, chez la Citoyenne Beauharnais, Rue Chantereine à Paris,*' as if they were different persons.

This marriage, Joseph confesses, was very unwelcome to him—as we may well suppose, if he had any regard for his brother's character;—but there was also a private reason. Joseph says that after the expulsion of his family from Corsica, and their seeking an eleemosynary asylum in Marseilles, '*Je ne tardai pas*
à me

à me marier. His wife Julie was the fourth daughter of M. Nicholas Clary, a respectable shopkeeper and merchant, at Marseilles. There was one son afterwards a banker in Paris, and five daughters, of whom *Julie* was the fourth; and *Désirée*, wife of Bernadotte, and eventually Queen of Sweden, the youngest. Joseph tells us nothing more of *his* marriage than the three or four words we have quoted; and he leaves us to guess how a 'refugee' just arrived, without name or profession, and no other means of existence than a scanty public allowance, happened to make a match so much beyond his prospects. Mr. Ingersoll tells us that he received with her a fortune of about 80,000 dollars = 16,000*l.*—a sum, large under any circumstances, but to us, we confess, quite incredible, considering that she was the fifth of six children of a father and mother still living; but that it was something considerable for the times and circumstances is, if the correspondence be not falsified, proved by Buonaparte's letters to him. He looks upon him as a man whose fortune is made: he envied, he said, *ce coquin de Joseph*, who had made so good a bit; and he himself was looking to the same result with Mademoiselle *Désirée*.

'She was,' says Mr. Ingersoll, 'much handsomer and more attractive than her elder sister: she was engaged to Napoleon. They had exchanged letters, portraits, and other tokens of love, when the Clarys, *to escape the revolution*, emigrated from France to Genoa, where Joseph and his wife went with them. Napoleon wrote to Joseph at Genoa to ascertain whether *Désirée's* attachment for him remained unaltered; to which Joseph answered, *disencouraging Napoleon by statements of the royalist and antirevolutionary opinions of Clary, whereupon his engagement with Désirée was put an end to.*'—*Ing.*, iii. 182.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Ingersoll had his information from Joseph, but whether from his mistaking Joseph, or Joseph's deceiving him, it is essentially different from Joseph's own account in the Autobiography:—

'On Napoleon's marriage with the widow of General Beauharnais vanished *the hope which my wife and I* had entertained for some years past of the marriage of her younger sister with my brother Napoleon. *Time and absence* produced a different result.'—i. 60.

Our readers will see how irreconcilable both as to facts and motives these two stories are; while the Correspondence, even in the imperfect state in which the editor chooses to give it, contradicts both, and leads us to the truth, which Joseph's regard for Napoleon, and perhaps for *Désirée*, induces him to slur over under the commonplace palliation of 'time and absence.'

The 'emigration' of the Clarys and Joseph to Genoa, and Joseph's

seph's proceedings there, are involved in great obscurity, on which the Correspondence throws no light; but it proves that it was neither the royalist opinions of her family, nor Joseph's dissuasion, as Ingersoll says — nor '*time and absence*,' as it suits Joseph to suggest — that broke off Napoleon's match with Désirée. The change was evidently made by the 13th Vendémiaire, and the sudden start which that event gave to the fortunes of Napoleon. Up to that period the courtship was going on, and apparently warmer on the part of Napoleon than of Désirée. Within a month of that event he had written importunately to press for her decision; in the month following we find her mentioned but twice, coldly and in conjunction with her sister — as, '*remember me to Julie and Désirée*.' After that the '*remembrances*' are for Julie alone; Désirée has disappeared! That she had refused, or Joseph dissuaded, is contradicted by his own statement that he had hoped for the match up to the very moment of the marriage with Madame de Beauharnais six months later. We do not say that Napoleon was not at full liberty to change his mind, or that he had not his own sufficient reasons for doing so — they are indeed obvious enough; but we do say that Mr. Ingersoll's and Joseph's accounts of them are palpable deceptions. The matter is of no consequence except as an additional test of the habitual inaccuracy of Joseph and his echoes. If he practises such inconsistencies and subterfuges in details with which he was personally concerned and in which the temptation to distort was so comparatively insignificant, what credit is to be given his vague and unsupported denials, or his evasive palliations, of those more serious charges on the characters of both Napoleon and himself, which he had so strong a personal interest in concealing or disguising?

It is in the same style that he treats the mysterious circumstances of Napoleon's connexion with Robespierre, and his dismissal and imprisonment as a *terrorist* :—

'After the 9th Thermidor, the Representatives of the People who remained with the army of Italy hoped to escape from the suspicion of having been connected with Robespierre the younger, by giving up to the suspicion of the victorious party the commander of the artillery [Napoleon], whose influence over that representative was well known. The *scellés* were put on his papers, but soon removed.'—36.

Only his papers *sealed* up! Napoleon himself endeavoured at St. Helena to slur over this affair, but even there he admitted that he had been '*under arrest for a moment*'—(*Las Cases*, i. 167)—but Bourrienne has preserved the original warrant, dated 6th August, 1794, which proves the affair to have been much more serious. Here are its words :—

'The

‘The General of Brigade Buonaparte, commanding in chief the artillery of the army of Italy—having totally lost our confidence by conduct more than suspicious, and above all by his recent journey to Genoa—is temporarily [*provisoirement*] suspended from his functions. The General-in-Chief of the said army will take care that he is arrested and brought [*traduit*] before the Committee of Public Safety at Paris.’—*Bourrienne*, i. 59.

Nay, we find, in the appendix to General Doppet’s Memoirs (p. 414), that he was *put in irons*!

The precise motives of the arrest are no where distinctly explained; but the remonstrance (preserved by Bourrienne) which Buonaparte made against it, proves that the real cause was, that his connexion with the Robespierres caused him to be looked on as a *Terrorist*; which we have no doubt he was—for his brother Lucien—employed by his influence as an army store-keeper at St. Maximin, was, even by his own confession (see his *Memoirs*), a violent one;—he called the little town *Marathon*, unchristianized his own name into *Brutus*, and, with an apostate monk, called in their Jacobin jargon *Epaminondas*, committed such excesses, that after the 9th Thermidor he also was sent to gaol, and had, as he himself thought, a narrow escape with his life. Napoleon’s arrest had, however, bloody consequences, which we have never seen connected with it. The officer who actually executed it, and who, we suppose, must have put him *in irons*, was the same *Arena* just mentioned: between them grew up a Corsican *vendetta*, of which the daggers of *St. Cloud* and the ‘infernial machine’ of Rue St. Nicaise, and the scaffolds of the *Place de Grève*, were the successive developments.

Neither Joseph nor Napoleon himself at St. Helena tells us how he got out of this ‘*terrorist*’ scrape; it is most probable that his release was the result of an appeal to Paris, where his patron *Barras* was now all-powerful. He, however, was not restored to his command—and the next we hear of him is, that he was gone to Paris to remonstrate against an injustice, of which Joseph gives us the following account:—

‘Aubry, a captain of artillery, now president of the Military Committee of the Convention, chose (*s’était plu*) to remove him from the artillery to the line, with the same rank.’—i. 57.

This is a misrepresentation artfully coloured by the suppression of dates and circumstances. Aubry was not at this time even in the Convention; nor was he appointed of the Military Committee till the 4th of April, eight months later than Buonaparte’s arrest. Nor had his measure any special relation to Buonaparte; it was a general scheme for the organization of the army, in which Napoleon was included with some hundred

others. We even believe that it did him a favour, by extricating him from the false position in which we shall see, presently he had placed himself.

Joseph, however, proceeds, and in all this he has the concurrence of Napoleon at St. Helena :—

‘ Napoleon was [in Paris] soliciting his restoration to the artillery ; but it is not true that he was at Paris dismissed and unemployed ; he still kept his rank and his full pay ; he was borne on the effective force of the army of La Vendée, and remained on leave at Paris until he should be restored to his proper line [the artillery]. So vanish all the fables told by Bourrienne and other dealers in anecdotes [*historiettes*] of his destitution and penury, in Paris, at this period.’—i. 57.

The ‘ fables ’ are those of Joseph and Napoleon themselves ; Bourrienne and the dealers in anecdotes tell the truth, as we shall show by the light of the very few dates that the parties—all, even Bourrienne himself, apologists for Napoleon in this obscure transaction—afford us. Bourrienne asserts that Napoleon, during his stay in Paris at this period, was *destitute* and in want. Joseph denies it—but is enabled to do so only by another gross equivocation and confusion of dates. Let us examine the case by its documents. It was on the 6th August, 1794—17 Thermidor, as quick as the fall of Robespierre could reach him—that Napoleon was suspended from his command and arrested ; on the 20th August he was *provisoirement* released. We have no precise data as to when or why he appeared in Paris, but it must have been nearly contemporaneous with his release from arrest ; for we find on the 15th September—not a month after his release—the following order of the Committee of Public Safety for his *absolute dismissal* from the service :—

‘ 15 Sept. 1794.—The Committee of Public Safety decrees that General Buonaparte shall be struck off (*rayé*) from the list of general officers, in consequence of his refusal to proceed to the duty [in the army of the West] which has been assigned to him. The Military Committee is directed to see to the execution of this decree. Signed, *Le Tourneur, Merlin, Berlier, Bussy ; Cambacérès, President.*’—*Bour.* i. 70.

We repeat that at this time Aubry was not even in the Convention. Here then commences the period to which Bourrienne and the ‘ dealers in anecdotes ’ refer, in which Buonaparte was on the *pavé* of Paris, *dismissed the service*, and in the consequent penury which they describe, and which Joseph thus impudently denies, because he may have been for a few days in Paris before his refusal to join the army of the West had occasioned his absolute dismissal : and it appears that he remained nine months in this anomalous condition ; for we find, by a letter to
Joseph

Joseph (i. 130), that it was not till the 24th June that he obtained to be again—

‘employed as *General of Brigade in the army of the West*, but,’ he adds, ‘I am sick, which obliges me to take leave of absence for two or three months; when I have recovered my health I shall see what I will do.’—i. 130.

The sickness, it is evident from the Correspondence, was a pretext: and so the Government seem to have thought—for he was refused the leave of absence, and was forced to make at least a show of obedience by sending his horses to the West. But he had evidently resolved not to go, and he talks vaguely of receiving such *advice*s, in the commercial sense of the term, of Joseph’s proceedings as may decide him whether he will go northward or southward. It is clear that Joseph’s *advice*s from Genoa could have had nothing to do with his military prospects, and he concludes the same letter with the following remarkable expression of vexation and despondency:—

‘As for me—very little attached to life, contemplating it with no great solicitude, feeling myself constantly in that state of mind in which one may feel himself on the eve of a battle, convinced that, when death is always at hand to settle all one’s affairs, it is folly to be uneasy about anything—all my feelings drive me to defy chance and fate [*braver le sort et le destin*]. If this continues, my friend, I shall come to not taking the trouble of getting out of the way if a waggon was about to pass over me. My reason is sometimes astonished at these feelings; but it is the disposition that the moral view [*spectacle moral*] of this country and the habit of running risk [*l’habitude des hasards*] have produced upon me.’—i. 142.

Can there be stronger proof that he was in the utmost vexation and anxiety, that he had no hope of accomplishing his object whatever it was, and but little expected what ‘*le sort et le destin*’ had in store for him? and there is certainly nothing to justify Joseph’s contradiction of Bourrienne’s and Madame Junot’s account of that portion of time between his dismissal in September, 1794, and his *quasi* restoration in June 1795.

Before we leave this obscure and struggling period of his life, we must in justice add that it seems to have been also the most amiable. The Correspondence with Joseph is obviously *selected* for the mere purpose of producing the most favourable impressions; nothing of Joseph’s is given, and of Napoleon’s only what may show his strong affection for his family, and a zealous anxiety for their welfare. It commences a few months after Joseph’s marriage, and relates chiefly to the profitable investment of considerable sums, which are called, with very suspicious emphasis, ‘*la dot de sa femme*’—his wife’s fortune; but which, there-

there is good reason to suspect, were in a much greater degree aided by the results of the ‘(*plusieurs*) missions of Administration,’ in which Joseph confesses he had been employed in connexion with the army in the South. However that may be, we find, in the very first letter of the correspondence, that Joseph had passed, within a very short period, from a state of indigence to considerable affluence, and was projecting, it seems, other speculations, while Napoleon himself, still unemployed in Paris, was urging him to purchases of landed estates.

‘I went yesterday (22 May, 1795) to look at M. de Montigny’s estate of Ragny. If you have a mind to make a good hit, you should come and buy it for eight millions of assignats [nominally 320,000*l.*], which you might do with 60,000 francs (about 2500*l.*) of your wife’s fortune: ’tis my desire and my advice.’—i. 129.

Then follows a kind disapprobation of some unexplained project or speculation which Joseph was meditating out of France:—

‘One does not find France in foreign countries. Speculations down in the Levant have something of the adventurer (*Courir les Echelles tient un peu de l’aventurier*), or of a man who has his fortune to seek: if you are wise you have nothing to do but to enjoy it. I do not doubt but that you may have this estate for 80,000 francs (3200*l.*) in specie. It was worth 250,000 francs (10,000*l.*) before the revolution.’—*ib.*

What he *exactly* means by *courir les Echelles* we cannot say; ordinarily it would mean a speculative voyage to the ports of the Levant; and perhaps Joseph and his wife’s mercantile connexions may have had some project of that nature; perhaps Joseph may then, as he certainly did soon after, have thought of obtaining a *Consulship in the Levant*, where he and the Clarys might have found an asylum for their persons and property without incurring the penalties of emigration. Certain it is, that about this time they all removed to Genoa, where Joseph remained till he joined Napoleon at the head-quarters of the army of Italy in 1796; but what he was doing at Genoa, or how he escaped the penalties of emigration, neither the Autobiography nor the Correspondence gives us the slightest hint. There is something in this period of Joseph’s life which he and his friends take evident pains to conceal. All that seems certain is, that he was in those ‘missions d’administration’ making large sums of money which he and his brother prudently represented as portions of, ‘his wife’s fortune.’ But in the mean while the negotiations for *estates* go on, and still larger sums are ready for the object. On the 19th July, 1795, Napoleon writes—Joseph being now at Genoa—

‘I only wait your letters to decide on the purchase of an estate. Nothing tolerable is to be had under 800,000 or 900,000 francs.’—i. 134.

And

And again, on the 3rd of September—

‘Yesterday the estate that I had intended to buy for you was sold. I had made up my mind to give 1,500,000 francs, but, incredible to say, it ran up to *three millions*.’—i. 146.

Where, then, we ask, could Joseph—a penniless refugee from Corsica in 1793, a refugee to Genoa in June, 1795—even ‘with his wife’s fortune,’ be enabled to bid a million and a half of francs (60,000*l.*) for an estate? How buy in May, 1796, an estate in the department of Marne; and before Napoleon had sailed for Egypt, in May, 1798, the magnificent château and estate of Morfontaine, in the department de l’Oise? How are all these things to be honourably accounted for?

While all this was going on, Napoleon, still on the *pavé* of Paris,* was writing the most affectionate letters to Joseph; here is one, written as Joseph was about to set out for Genoa, concerning which we have heard a circumstance that the editor has not related:—

‘*Paris, 24th June, 1795.*—I shall hasten to execute your wife’s commission. Désirée asks me for my picture: I shall have it done; you will give it to her if she still wishes for it when it arrives; if not, you will keep it for yourself. In whatever circumstances fortune may place you, you know, my dear friend, that you cannot have a better friend—one who is dearer to you, or who desires more sincerely your happiness. Life is but a light dream, which vanishes. If you should go, and that you think it is for any length of time, send me your picture. We have lived so many years together—so closely united—and you know better than anybody how entirely mine [*sic*] is devoted to you. I feel, in writing these lines, an emotion of which I have had few examples in my life; I feel too well that it will be long before we see each other, and I cannot continue my letter.’—i. 132.

This letter—which seems to us as enigmatical and little like real feeling, as it certainly is deficient in style and grammar—Joseph valued so highly that, as we are credibly informed, he caused a facsimile to be made of it, on which are exhibited *the marks of the tears which Napoleon shed over it*. The editor has not ventured to relate this lachrymose sentimentality—in which we confess we have not the slightest faith—but there is no doubt whatsoever that Joseph did exhibit such a facsimile.

There are two further observations to be made on this letter: first, that notwithstanding its desponding tone, it was written the day next but one after he had had the good luck to be replaced after his long suspension as General officer on the active list;

* At this period Madame Junot supposes, with great probability, that he received ‘pecuniary assistance from his excellent brother Joseph.’ Junot, too, his aide-de-camp, whose family were in easy circumstances and made him remittances, helped his less affluent general.—*Mem.* i. 124.

and very little, if at all, before his employment in the topographical office of the Committee of Public Safety had given him, as appears by the Correspondence, both affluence and influence.

At this moment the wheel of Napoleon's fortune began its wonderful revolution, and the correspondence immediately exhibits a very lively desire that his family and his friends should partake his good fortune. To those who were the original authors of that good fortune—the representatives Mariette, Fréron, and Barras—he subsequently exhibited no gratitude, but he was now, and indeed we believe all through life, desirous of serving private and humble friends. He took a paternal care of the education of Louis and Jerome, got Lucien out of some scrapes, and seems to have been equally attentive to the pecuniary comfort of the rest of 'the family.' When he bounded his hopes to a mission to Turkey, as he did up to the 13 *Vendémiaire*, his first thoughts, somewhat arrogantly expressed, were that he would make Joseph a consul, and employ Joseph's two brothers-in-law in his mission. Before he had wiped his sword after that day, we find him dealing out patronage to his private friends with a high and liberal hand. In the night following the victory* he writes to announce it to Joseph (still at Genoa); and four days after, overwhelmed as he was with the urgent business of his new position, he lets him know that he has found time to look after his friends—that he

'has had Chauvet [a third-class commissariat clerk, a friend of the family] made Commissary-in-Chief [over the heads of nearly the whole service]. Lucien accompanies Fréron, who starts to-night for Marseilles. The letter of recommendation [for some object of Joseph's] to the Spanish Embassy will be despatched to-morrow. As soon as the storm is over I shall have Villeneuve [Joseph's brother-in-law, whom Napoleon had a few days before said could not aspire even to be a Captain (i. 153)] made Colonel of Engineers! Ramolino [a Corsican cousin] is appointed Inspector of Military Carriages. I cannot do more than I am doing for everybody. Adieu, my dear friend! I shall forget nothing that can serve you or conduce to the happiness of your life.'—i. 155.

These were the jobs of the first three days, and for Joseph's immediate connexions, and afford us a lively proof of the purity of the republican *régime*! The subsequent letters are full of what he is doing for all the family. He has sent for his uncle Fesch and another Corsican cousin Ormano. When they arrive they are both immediately provided for—'Lucien is appointed Commissary to the Army of the North.' 'I have sent from 50,000

* It is strange enough to find the editor misdating this remarkable epoch in Napoleon's life—the 2nd of October, 1795,—it really was the 5th.

to 60,000 francs to the family—there need be no uneasiness about them—they are abundantly provided for.’ (i. 158.)

For Joseph himself he has still larger bounties in store. Joseph had been nibbling at a *Consulship*. Napoleon could not see why he should wish to change his existing position. Nor do we. A few days after the 13 *Vendémiaire*, Napoleon apprizes him that ‘he has received 400,000 francs (16,000*l.*) on his account, which he has handed over to Fesch’—so that Joseph’s pecuniary affairs must have been abundantly prosperous, but the sudden exaltation of the brother seems to have now inspired him with desires even higher than a *Consulship*. To some such overture Napoleon answers with great personal affection, but in a tone as if he were already Emperor:—

‘If you do not choose to be a Consul, come to Paris—you shall choose the place which you happen to like best.’—i. 159.

‘Nothing,’ he says in the next letter, ‘can equal the desire I have to do everything that can make you happy’—but the imperious spirit soon shows that Joseph must be made happy in *its* way and not *his own*. Napoleon began already (7th February, 1796) to see that he was to have the command in Italy (indeed that day month was the eve of his *marriage*), and he began to calculate that Joseph’s presence at Paris might be inconvenient, and his presence at Genoa or Leghorn useful, to his future prospects, and so he writes to him somewhat magisterially,

‘You shall be without fail named to the first Consulship that may suit you; in the mean while, remain at Genoa: take a private residence and set up an independent establishment. *My intention* is that you should remain at Genoa—unless you should find some profitable employment at Leghorn.’—i. 159.

Napoleon’s ‘*intention*,’ in anticipation of the Italian command, was that *his brother* should appear as a person of distinction; but with a watchful eye to what is called the *main chance*, which the whole family seem to have inherited from their mother—the penurious widow of a spendthrift husband—he takes measures for making the temporary residence at Genoa additionally conducive to Joseph’s success in the profitable business—whatever it was—probably supplies for the army at Nice—in which he seems to have engaged.

Salicetti—Napoleon’s old enemy—had now reconciled himself to the government and to the General individually, and was employed as Commissioner of the Convention with the army of the South. Napoleon writes to Joseph,—

‘Salicetti will be anxious to be useful to you. He is now very well satisfied with my proceeding towards him, and Chauvet, the Commissary-in-Chief, will employ you at Genoa in a way that will render
your

your residence in that [city not onerous to your fortune. nor useless to the service.]—i. 159.

And yet, when he himself attained supreme power, how loud he was against all these kinds of jobbing, which it seems were only allowable when they were to benefit ‘the family!’ He would allow no one to rob but he and his—

‘Nul n’aura *du butin* hors nous et nos amis.’

Here ends what we may call the *fraternal* portion of the correspondence. What follows is of a different character. It relates altogether to public affairs, and is in the style of a master to the most obsequious of servants—of a despot to the most timid of tributaries, but a master of wonderful sagacity, and a despot uniting unlimited power with the most despicable arts. We must postpone our examination of this more important and interesting portion of the work, of which a small part only has yet reached us, till we shall have received the continuation, and perhaps the conclusion, which is promised before our next number shall appear, and in the mean while we shall proceed with the sketch of Joseph’s Autobiography, which will carry us on to the period when the Correspondence takes its new character—that is, to Joseph’s intrusion into the kingdom of Naples.

As soon as Napoleon took the command of the army of Italy he called Joseph to head-quarters; and when three weeks of rapid victories, crowned with that of Mondovi, enabled him to dictate an armistice to the Sardinian Government, he seized the occasion afforded by his sending his aide-de-camp Junot to present 22 stand of colours to the Directory, of *hooking on* Joseph to the triumph, by despatching him in the same post-chaise with ‘the more important mission’ of explaining the motives of the armistice. This fraternal job—the first *public* one done for Joseph—would be hardly worth notice, but for two characteristic circumstances. The following note, whether Joseph’s own, or only his editor’s, is a specimen of the puerile vanity which pervades all of the work that is personal to himself:—

‘M. Thiers, in his History, says that it was Murat that brought the colours; and he seems to avoid mentioning the name of Joseph, who, however, was the person charged with the more important mission.’

We doubt that he had any such mission—if he had, it was only as a cloak to facilitate a little scheme of his own, for we have the private letter from Napoleon to Madame Buonaparte, which Joseph (who had never yet seen her, the *Armida* whose wand, or rather hand, had produced such wonderful transformations) took

took with him on this occasion as an introduction to the *powerful friendship* of his new sister-in-law:—

‘*Ma douce Amie,*

‘*Carru, 24 April, 1796.*

‘My brother will deliver you this letter; I have the liveliest friendship for him; I hope he will obtain yours—he deserves it. . . . *I write to BARRAS* to have him appointed Consul in some port in Italy. His wish is to live with his little wife at a distance from the whirl of the busy world and of public affairs. I recommend him to you. . . . Junot takes 22 colours to Paris. You must return with him—remember that!’—Tom. i., 420.

That the future king of so many kingdoms should have entertained views so moderate, and yet should have been unsuccessful, may surprise those who have been so long accustomed to see and hear of the boundless power of Buonaparte; but we must recollect that he was *now* only in his dawn—but just above the horizon—that it was only six weeks since his *marriage*, and but twenty, literally *twenty*, days since he had taken the command of his army. So that it is less surprising to find that Joseph did not obtain the Consulship than that he was able to employ his sojourn at Paris in *buying an estate in the neighbourhood*.* (i. 62.) But the journey raised him to notoriety. It procured him, he says, an enthusiastic reception from all the populations he passed through, and in Paris the most flattering distinctions—one of these was of a singular nature. The Director Carnot gave him a congratulatory banquet, at the close of which, before all the guests,

‘he *unbuttoned his waistcoat*, and showed us the portrait of Napoleon which *he wore next his heart*, exclaiming, “Tell your brother that he is *there*, because I foresee that he will be the saviour of his country, and that he may know that he has in the Directory none but friends and admirers.”’—i. 63.

To those who recollect the austere and inflexible Carnot’s anterior and subsequent history, this anecdote will appear additionally droll; but we must say that, if it be true, ‘*le vrai n’est pas toujours vraisemblable*.’ Joseph tells us, that on his return to the army he escorted Madame Buonaparte to head-quarters, but he does *not* tell us, what it seems he told to Mr. Ingersoll, that she was also

‘escorted by *Barras’s* secretary, Charles Bottot, a young officer of whom during Buonaparte’s absence in Egypt he was induced to become furiously jealous.’—*Ingersoll*, i. 189.

* The compilation called ‘*Erreurs de Bourrienne*,’ to which Joseph was an avowed contributor, states that at this very visit to Paris, when we see that he solicited and could not obtain an Italian consulship, he was offered and *modestly refused* the embassy to Turin. The *Autobiography* does not venture to reproduce this *rodomontade*.

But long before the expedition to Egypt, and indeed very soon after the lady's arrival at Milan, she began to give, as another Joseph says, 'the worthy man grounds for great uneasiness.'

Joseph was now attached to an expedition sent by Napoleon to Corsica to re-establish the French power in that island. He dwells on the friendly spirit with which he was received by his countrymen, and is proud of having recovered possession of the family residence in Ajaccio, the only property, it seems, that the Buonapartes had in the island.

After some months' absence on this duty he was appointed (March 1797) Minister to the court of Parma, and soon after (May 1797) Ambassador to Rome, whither he was accompanied by his wife and her sister Désirée, and General Duphot, who was a suitor to the latter, and was to have been married to her in a few days, when an event occurred which deranged their plans and terminated Joseph's embassy. In the last days of December 1797 the partisans of the French, headed by some French inhabitants, attempted a revolution in Rome. The attempt was as wild and foolish as it was criminal, and easily repulsed by the Pope's troops in the streets; upon which the insurgents, all decked in tricoloured cockades, sought—not merely an asylum, but a military post, in the Ambassador's palace, whither they were pursued; Joseph and Duphot now advanced for the purpose, as they pretended, of defending the '*jurisdiction*' of the ambassadorial residence; but, not content with receiving and endeavouring to protect the insurgents, '*the brave Duphot,*' says Joseph, '*accustomed to victory, dashed forward into the town,*' followed by Joseph and others of the French embassy, and was killed by a shot from one of the soldiers. Joseph and his other followers were now too glad to make their escape by a back way to the palace, where he found the insurgents holding out in one wing of the building—the troops having possessed themselves of the other—and the courts and porch 'deluged with blood like a field of battle, and covered with killed and wounded.' It is evident that in this affair the French party were altogether the aggressors, and Joseph's conduct, even as stated in his own long apologetical letter, flagrantly culpable. He confesses that, early on the morning before the insurrection, three individuals, all it seems French, and one a French artist specially recommended to him by the Government at Paris, waited on him, apprised him of the *intended insurrection*, and stated

'they wished for my advice to know whether the French Government would protect their revolution when accomplished; I answered, that, as an impartial spectator of the event, I should give my government a faithful account of what should happen.' 175.

But

But he kept their secret, and, as might be expected, when the revolt broke out next morning, it was under the French cockade and the same leaders who had visited Joseph the preceding morning, and the first rallying point was the French embassy—of which they possessed themselves, and which was only invaded by the police and the troops in pursuit of them; and the number of killed and wounded of both parties within the precincts of the palace proves the military use that the insurgents made of the position. We need add nothing to this simple statement, except that, when Joseph complains that the Roman Government did not send troops to protect his residence, he chooses to forget that he had not apprized them of the danger, that he had *at least* connived at the insurrection, and that, when it broke out, the Government could do nothing better, and in fact nothing else, for his safety and that of the city, than endeavouring to put it down, which is all that Joseph has to complain of. Conduct so treacherous, so contrary to the laws of nations, so incompatible with the internal safety of states, rendered Joseph's position in Rome politically untenable and personally dangerous, so he made a hasty retreat to Florence and subsequently to France, with, as he says, the private approbation of his conduct by his government, but not quite, it seems, with that of his brother:—

‘I found, on my return to Paris, my brother Napoleon much annoyed (*contrarié*) at the result of my embassy, and forced to conclude that *diplomacy* is a very uncertain science, &c. &c.’—i. 68.

Our readers may be surprised at Joseph's or Napoleon's venturing to palliate this scandalous affair as a *diplomatic* failure; it seems, as Joseph tells his story, to have no more to do with *diplomacy* than with pharmacy—but the word is not without a meaning. We find in the Correspondence a letter of confidential instructions from Napoleon to Joseph with regard to Rome and Naples, which explains the bad faith of Joseph's statement, and the reason why Napoleon was ‘*contrarié*’ by the failure of a deep-laid scheme of treachery and violence. The whole correspondence from Joseph's arrival at Rome reveals Napoleon's arrogant resolution to take every underhand as well as openly-insulting means to drive the papal government to extremities, but the point we particularly refer to is a passage in a long letter of the 29th September, when the Pope was supposed to be dangerously ill:—

‘If the Pope should be dead, do all you possibly can to prevent the nomination of another, and to bring about a revolution.’—i. 168.

He then desires him, in case the revolution should be got up, to declare ‘the Roman people, under the protection of the French Republic;’ and he instructs him how to deal with the opposition that might be expected from Naples; but he adds, ‘if the Pope is

is dead, and *that there has been no movement in Rome*, then that he should oppose the nomination of Cardinal Albani,' &c. (i. 16.) This is all the Correspondence gives; but who can doubt that it—*besides what may have been suppressed* (as much evidently has been)—gives the key to Joseph's countenance and protection of the Insurrection of the 28th December? But Napoleon wanted a Roman insurrection, and Joseph had made only a French one.

Joseph consoles himself for this failure by stating that the Directory not only expressed the strongest approval of his conduct, but also offered him as a mark of approbation the mission to Berlin. He tells us that he preferred remaining in Paris, as representative of one of the departments of Corsica in the Council of Five Hundred. This probably agreed with his own self-indulgent tastes and with Napoleon's policy; for we are told that he set up a '*grand train de maison*'—a large establishment and style of living—in Paris, where, as well as at Morfontaine, he laid himself out to receive and conciliate all the most influential personages of the day.

His history from this period to the '18 Brumaire' occupies but two or three pages, and tells nothing of any importance or novelty; and even for some time after the Consulate he seems to have contented himself with continuing to play the *Amphitryon*, in which character he gravely claims the merit of having 'done the State some service.'

'At this epoch of our history I flatter myself that I rendered some service. Napoleon wished extremely to know the state of public opinion, and, having the greatest reliance on my fraternal affection, he thought that, having accepted no official part in his government, I was the best person to enlighten him on this point. I accordingly saw a great deal of company, both in Paris and in the country, and, free from all details of business, I employed myself in an accurate observation and study of the views and wishes of the various classes of society. How often have I not been consulted on what such or such a person, or such or such a class at Paris, Lyons, or Marseilles, would think of such or such a measure of legislation or government!'—i. 82.

To this close imitation of '*P.P., Clerk of this parish*,' he adds,—

'So much was this the case that the *English police* at this period designated me as *l'Influent*.'—i. 82.

We wish for our own sakes he had told us where we could find the *English* word by which our '*Police*' designated him. But in truth it would be better for Joseph's personal character to leave him in his long-established reputation of having been no worse than a tool. As such he was employed in the
negociation

negociation of the Concordat and of the treaty of Amiens. We—who know that Napoleon prescribed, even to Talleyrand, how he should look, in what tone he should speak, and in what part of the room he should stand in an interview with Lord Whitworth (see *Quart. Rev.*, vol. xxviii. p. 255)—are not surprised that he should have availed himself of the occasion of bringing forward the name of *Buonaparte* in connexion with the two great objects of his then policy, the re-establishment of religion and the peace with England—and this he might safely do, as the negotiations were to be conducted within reach of his personal directions. That he had as real an affection for Joseph as his nature was capable of cannot be doubted; but it is equally certain that he had a contempt for his abilities, which seems, even to us, somewhat excessive; and we are therefore warranted in concluding that it was Joseph's *name*, and not his talents, that procured him the diplomatic employments as well as the higher elevations which he is so desirous of ascribing to his personal merit.

We now arrive at the most important point, not only of the Autobiography, but, we may say, of Napoleon's life—the *murder of the Duke d'Enghien*; and, if the rest of the work appear trite and jejune, there are some points in Joseph's account of this most foul assassination that will astonish our readers:—

‘The catastrophe of the Duke d'Enghien demands from me some details *too HONOURABLE to the memory of Napoleon* to be passed over in silence. On the *arrival of the Duke d'Enghien at Vincennes* I was *à ma terre de Morfontaine*. I was summoned to Malmaison; I had hardly arrived in the court-yard when Josephine came to meet me, in great trouble [*toute émue*], to announce the *event of the day*.’—i. 97.

We will not dwell on some impossibilities as to some dates and distances which this statement presents. The Duke d'Enghien did not arrive at Vincennes till *half-past five in the evening* of the 20th March, 1804. Morfontaine and Malmaison are about 36 miles apart. There was therefore a physical impossibility that the events related by Joseph could have happened *after* the arrival of the Prince. But let us for a moment suppose that Joseph's memory or veracity has failed him on the subordinate points, as they have done on so many others, and that, in fact, Napoleon had summoned him *early* on the morning of the 20th in the expectation of hearing of the Prince's arrival in the course of the day—how was it that Josephine should meet him in the court-yard to tell him ‘*the event of the day*,’—an event that had not yet happened, and that, when it did happen, several hours later, was kept a most profound ~~secret~~? But we pass that also as a mere inaccuracy of expression. Joseph proceeds—

‘Napoleon

‘Napoleon had consulted Cambacérès and Berthier, who were both favourable to the prisoner; but Josephine said that she was afraid of the contrary influence of Talleyrand, who had been for some time walking in the park with the Consul. “Your brother,” she said, “has been often asking for you. Make haste to interrupt this long conversation—that lame fellow frightens me!” When I arrived at the door of the salon, my brother dismissed Talleyrand and called me in. He expressed his astonishment at the extreme contradiction of opinion between the last two persons he had seen, and asked me mine.’—*ib.*

Joseph says he advised mercy, and recalled to Napoleon’s recollection the kindness which the Prince de Condé had shown the school of artillery at Autun when Joseph was there in 1783; and he recited some verses that had been addressed to that Prince on the occasion. The result of this worse than puerile way of treating so awful, so appalling a question was, that at the close of the stanza—

‘a tear escaped from the eyelid of Napoleon; and he told me, with a nervous movement that with him always accompanied a generous thought, “His pardon is in my heart—since I can pardon him. But that is not enough for me—the grandson of the Great Condé MUST SERVE IN OUR ARMIES. I feel myself strong enough for THAT.”’—*ib.*

This, for history, is much the most important point of Joseph’s narrative. Our readers know that Napoleon himself at St. Helena and all his former apologists have accused the young Prince of the baseness of having written a letter to Napoleon ‘soliciting to be allowed to serve as his aide-de-camp,’ and that this letter would have secured his pardon, but that Talleyrand had delayed its delivery to ensure the catastrophe. This falsehood was long ago disproved (Q. R. xxi. p. 566) by reasoning as strong as any negative evidence could be; but here we have the origin of the calumny. The idea was Buonaparte’s own—announced to Joseph, before there had been any personal communication whatsoever with the Prince, as the price at which only his life would be spared. Whether the insulting proposition was made to him in the short interval between his arrival and his death, is not and probably never can be known; if it was, it was rejected—Napoleon found that he was not ‘strong enough for that’—the murder of the Duke’s person was consummated—that of his character failed!

But there is another and most important inference to be drawn from all that is credible of Joseph’s story, of which he seems quite unconscious. All that he says about these various intercessions for ‘pardon’—all Napoleon’s dispositions ‘de faire grace’—nay, the ‘tear that escaped his eyelid’—all these circumstances would be applicable only to the case of a prisoner already condemned and an object of grace—mercy, but here they are applied

applied to a person, not only not condemned—not tried, but not yet legally accused—not arraigned—not examined—not identified—not even arrived within the jurisdiction in which he was to be tried! The grave, we know, was dug at Vincennes, before the sentence was pronounced—the sentence, we see, had been passed at Malmaison, before there was either charge, court, or culprit.

Joseph proceeds to say that he *returned to dinner* at Morfontaine (on which we shall have a word to say presently), in the belief that the Prince was to be spared, but that on returning to Malmaison next day he found Napoleon enraged (*furieux*) against the Count Real (his Minister of Secret Police), who influenced, Napoleon said, by his originally Jacobinical principles, had caused the prisoner to be executed even before Napoleon had heard of his condemnation. It is true enough that the execution took place before Napoleon could hear of the sentence, but that was only because of the nefarious resolution that execution should follow the sentence so rapidly as to leave no interval. Joseph says that he also at first blamed Real, but that, meeting him afterwards in America, Real exculpated himself by what Joseph produces as a sufficient apology for both Napoleon and his minister:—

‘Count Real was the Counsellor of State charged with the police of Paris, including Vincennes; it was to him that the despatch, announcing the sentence of the Prince, arrived during the night. The clerk of the police, who was sitting up in the ante-room of his bedroom, had already twice waked him up for matters of little importance, which had vexed (*impatiente*) M. Real. This third despatch was placed upon his chimney, and did not meet his eye till very late in the day; having opened it, he hastened to Malmaison, where, however, he was anticipated by an officer of *Gendarmerie*, who had brought intelligence both of the sentence and its execution, the commission [court-martial] having concluded, that since the Government was silent there was no hope of mercy. *I will not expatiate on the regrets, the impatience, the indignation of Napoleon.*’—i. 101.

Now, if every word of this were true, as it assuredly is *not*—it would make no difference whatsoever in the case; for Real, the Minister of Civil Police, had officially nothing whatever to do with the affair, which was altogether military: court—charge—trial—sentence—execution—all were under martial law, or rather affected to be; for even the lax rules of that law were scandalously disregarded, and the whole proceeding from first to last was, as M. Dupin justly characterizes it, ‘*a monument alike of ignorance and infamy*.’ We can have no partiality for Real—the tool of Danton—the first *Public Accuser* of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and subsequently the colleague of those monsters

monsters *Chaumette* and *Hébert* as joint *Procureurs de la Commune* of Paris during the Reign of Terror, but we cannot understand what should have induced him not merely to accept, but even voluntarily to assume, as Joseph describes, any responsibility in a crime in which it seems that he could have had no direct concern. We therefore have no hesitation in saying that we *totally disbelieve Joseph's personal assertion* that he had this story from Real himself. We have many cogent reasons for this disbelief—one will suffice, that Napoleon, in the various versions, meant as exculpatory, that *he* gave of the matter, never, that we recollect, thought of making Real a scapegoat, or ever alleged the delay of *any* letter but the fabulous one alleged to have been written by the Duke.

Joseph winds up his long, incoherent, contradictory, and utterly futile apology for this enormous crime, by a phrase which, even from the pen of a Buonaparte, surprised us:—

‘NAPOLEON NEVER SHONE WITH A MORE BRILLIANT GLORY THAN ON THIS SAD AND CALAMITOUS OCCASION.’—i. 100.

But we have not done with Joseph's own share in this terrible affair. He adds a peculiarity that enables us to convict him of the most deliberate falsehood. We have seen that, having been summoned and consulted by Napoleon on the day of the Prince's incarceration at Vincennes, he returned to dinner at Morfontaine, where he had a large party, including some distinguished names of the old noblesse; and, with the invidious object of exhibiting such guests as making light of the danger of the unhappy Prince, he gives us the following narrative:—

‘I returned to Morfontaine: my guests were already at table; I sat down by the side of Madame de Staël, who had M. Matthieu de Montmorency on her left. On my assuring Madame de Staël of the intention of the First Consul to pardon (*faire grace*) a descendant of the great Condé, she replied with this woman's phrase (*propos de femme*), “Ah! so much the better, else we should lose the company of our friend Matthieu.” (*Ah! tant mieux; s'il en était autrement nous ne verrions plus ici Matthieu.*) M. de C.... B..., who had not emigrated, said to me, on the contrary, “What, then, shall the Bourbons be allowed to make such conspiracies with impunity? The First Consul is much mistaken if he thinks that the *noblesse* who have not emigrated, and particularly the *noblesse historique*, take any great interest in the Bourbons: see how they treated Biron and my own ancestor (*aïeul*), and so many others.” And then, calling with a loud voice to the Comte de Clermont-Tonnerre, who was one of my guests, “Tonnerre, Tonnerre!” he cited him as a witness to the truth of his assertion.’—i. 98.

We will not take the trouble of explaining to our readers the peculiar malignity with which Madame de Staël and M. de Montmorency

morency are mixed up in the cruel frivolity and indifference exhibited on this occasion; but it is more important to expose the fraud with which Joseph endeavours to represent two of the ancient historical noblesse of France as approving—the one *loudly*, the other tacitly—this atrocity. And it is certainly very singular that the two names he introduces should have been those of two of the most remarkable and most deplored victims of the earlier revolution. We presume that M. C . . . B . . . means *M. Cossé-Brisac*, a name honoured by the loyalty and gallantry of the venerable Duke of Cossé-Brisac, massacred at Versailles in the fatal days of September. He left no son—but a distant relation, calling himself at first *Citoyen* and afterwards *Comte de Cossé-Brisac*, had degraded ‘a name illustrious till it was his,’ by his servility to the Buonapartes, and by descending even so low as to accept an office in the household of *Madame Mère*; if this was the person meant by ‘M. C . . . B . . .,’ we cannot be surprised at the sentiments Joseph attributes to him. In the same way *his Monsieur de Clermont-Tonnerre*, a cousin, we know not how near, of that amiable and able Count de Clermont-Tonnerre, massacred on the 10th of August—who was not ashamed to attach himself in a very inferior rank to the *service of Joseph himself*. These are the specimens of the old historic *noblesse* whom Joseph cites as countenancing the murder of the Duke d’Enghien!

We must now beg our readers to observe the minute accuracy of Joseph’s recollection of the whole scene: he remembers who sat on Madame de Staël’s right and left—the ‘woman’s sneer’ with which she pointed out the *only inconvenience* that she could apprehend from the murder of the Duke d’Enghien; nay, he recollects the tone of voice and the style of address in which M. de C . . . B . . . appealed to M. de Clermont-Tonnerre. But mark the fact—Madame de Staël was not then in France. She had been exiled some months before, by a violence as despotic, though not so bloody, as the murder of the Duke d’Enghien. It was at Berlin, whither she was obliged to fly for refuge, that she first heard of this terrible atrocity; and she herself, in her work of ‘*Dix Années d’Exile*,’ tells us how she heard it. The 19th chapter of that work is headed ‘MURDER OF THE DUKE D’ENGHIEN.’ And it proceeds:—

‘I resided at Berlin, on the Quay of the river Spree. My apartment was on the ground-floor. One morning at eight o’clock my servants woke me to say that Prince Louis Ferdinand was on horseback at my window and wished to speak to me. Very much astonished at so early a visit, I hastened to get up, and went to the window. He seemed much agitated. “*Do you know,*” said he, “*that the Duke d’Enghien has been carried off from the territory of Baden, brought before a*
s 2 *military*’

military commission, and shot within twenty-four hours after his arrival at Paris?" [in fact, within twelve hours]. I confess that my hatred of Buonaparte, strong as it was, did not go to the extent of making me believe in the possibility of such a crime. "As you doubt what I tell you," replied the Prince, "I will send you the *Moniteur*, where you will read it all."—*Œuvres de Staël*, vol. i. p. 98.

There our limits oblige us for the present to leave worthy King Joseph and his veracious Autobiography. Before our next number we hope to receive the rest of the volumes, and to be able to pursue to its conclusion our examination of this curious work, which becomes more important as we escape from the equivocations of the Buonapartes, to the less fallacious documentary evidence of their acts.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Progress and Present Position of Russia in the East: an Historical Summary.* 3rd ed., continued down to the present time. London. 1854.

2. *Lettres sur la Turquie; ou Tableau Statistique, Religieux, Politique, Administratif, Militaire, et Commerciale de l'Empire Ottoman depuis le Khatti-Cherif de Gulkhané (1839) jusqu'à nos jours.* Par M. A. Ubicini. 1854.

3. *La Question d'Orient devant l'Europe. Documents Officiels, Manifestes, Notes, Firmans, Circulaires, etc., depuis l'Origine du Différend; annotés et précédés d'une Exposition de la Question des Lieux-Saints.* Par M. A. Ubicini. 1854.

SINCE the settlement of the great conflicting political interests of Europe by the Treaty of Vienna, and the consequent establishment of the balance of power, statesmen have looked to the East as the most probable source of the next general war. The reasons are evident enough. In the first place, Turkey, from circumstances into which it is scarcely necessary here to enter, was not consulted in the political combinations contemplated by the Treaty of Vienna, and was not admitted into the so-called European family: in the second, the anomalous condition of that empire, its increasing weakness, its liability to foreign influences, and the antagonistic nature of its component parts, rendered its rapid decline almost inevitable. Still the immediate occurrences which were to bring about its dissolution remained a matter of doubt. The war with Mohammed Ali Pasha, and the death of the Viceroy of Egypt, were at one time looked upon as events which would hasten, if they did not actually cause, the fall of the Ottoman Empire. The corruption of the government itself, the embarrassed state of the finances, the

the introduction of reforms inconsistent with Mussulman dominion over a Christian population, vastly exceeding in the most important provinces the dominant race,—were confidently brought forward as inevitable precursors of a final crisis. Those, however, who had studied this all-important question, and who had endeavoured with a knowledge of the true condition of the Turkish Empire to trace the various sources of its weakness and decline, had long looked upon the relations between Russia and the Porte, and the influence claimed and exercised by the Czar upon the subjects of the Sultan professing the Greek religion, as the real danger which must sooner or later threaten the very existence of Turkey. The moment has at length come when these fears have been realized; and unless success—scarcely to be hoped for—attend the last efforts of the four Powers in favour of peace, we are on the eve of a war which may lead to changes of the utmost importance in the political condition of Europe, and may even seal the fate of the Ottoman Empire.

Such being the case, three questions, upon which it is desirable that we should have the fullest and most satisfactory information, naturally suggest themselves. 1. What are the causes which have led to the present difficulties, and are the interests at stake sufficient in themselves to warrant our supporting the Turks in resisting the demands of Russia even to the extent of war? 2. Are the resources of Turkey such as to allow her, even with our aid, to offer a successful resistance to her powerful neighbour? And, 3. Supposing Russia to be defeated, and the independence of Turkey guaranteed, what hopes have we that the Ottoman Empire will preserve sufficient strength to maintain that independence, or under what new conditions can a powerful state be raised up in her stead? We will endeavour to answer these questions with strict impartiality, referring our readers to those documents which have been published officially,* and to such independent information as, we have every reason to believe, may be most fully relied on.

1. It is scarcely necessary at this time to inquire into the origin of the disputed claims of France and Russia to certain privileges connected with what are commonly called the Holy Places. However much the just demands of Russia may have been disregarded—whatever may have been the bad faith of the Porte—we will shortly show that they have *now* nothing whatever to do with the matter. Russia herself has placed the controversy

* We shall quote from the State Papers published by the French Government and its official organ the 'Moniteur,' and collected by M. Ubicini. Our own Government has hitherto, with one exception, refused to communicate any of these documents to the public.

upon a different basis. But still, in order that our readers may have a complete view of the whole subject, we will, as concisely as possible, narrate the events which preceded, and may have afforded a pretence for, the present difficulties.

So far back as the year 1535, Francis I. obtained from the Ottoman Sultan Soliman a capitulation or treaty, conceding to France, amongst other privileges, the right of Catholics, or 'Franks,' residing in Jerusalem, to certain sanctuaries. These sanctuaries were not described, and different writers have endeavoured to classify and determine them. The capitulation of 1535 was renewed and confirmed by a further treaty in the year 1740, in which the claims of France to the same Holy Places were again recognised, and an additional power given to her to repair such of them as might have fallen into decay on an application through her ambassador. Still the sanctuaries were not specified, an omission which gave rise to endless disputes between the Roman Catholics and the Greeks, who also possessed sanctuaries and had a share in those claimed by France. The Greeks succeeded in obtaining, at various periods, firmans from the Porte, and decrees from the local tribunals, conferring upon them the possession of sacred spots held by the Franks or Latins (as those professing the Roman Catholic faith are called), and contradictory or inconsistent firmans were as continually granted to their opponents. The scandalous state of things to which these dissensions gave rise is well known to travellers in Palestine. When, as happens periodically, the feast of Easter was celebrated simultaneously by both sects, and when pilgrims from all parts of the East were gathered together in Jerusalem, the most bloody contests took place on the very spot which tradition had assigned as the sepulchre of the Saviour. So fatal were these disgraceful conflicts that the Turkish authorities were compelled to interfere, and in order to prevent bloodshed the entrance to the Temple was guarded by Mussulman troops during the celebration of Christian worship.

In 1847 an event occurred which, if possible, exasperated still further the religious animosities of the two sects, and led to the direct interference of the French Government. In a sanctuary claimed by the Latins, a silver star suspended in the air marked the spot of the Saviour's birth. On the 1st of November it was secretly removed, and the Greeks were accused of this act of sacrilege. Complaint was made to the French embassy, and gave rise to a reopening of the whole question concerning the Holy Places. M. de Lavalette was unfortunately at that time the French representative at Constantinople. He was known to be a man of an intriguing and ambitious temper-

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rament, anxious to bring himself into notice by engaging in a diplomatic struggle with the Porte, and to increase his reputation by successfully advocating the claims of the Roman Catholics in the East.

His first step was to ask formally of the Porte whether it recognised the treaty of 1740?—a question to which only an affirmative answer could be returned. He then demanded that, in order to settle definitely the nature and number of the sanctuaries claimed by France, a mixed commission should be appointed to inquire into the respective rights of the Greeks and Latins. It was composed of Emin Effendi, an officer of high rank in the service of the Porte; M. Botta, the French consul at Jerusalem; M. Schœffer, the interpreter to the French embassy; and M. Aristarki, the grand logothete of the Greek patriarchate. The selection was not unfair; for though there were two Frenchmen in the commission, and but one Greek, the latter, by his high position, his great influence amongst his co-religionists, his long connexion with Russia, and his intimate knowledge of the matters in dispute, was fully competent to put forward and defend the rights of his party.

Eight sanctuaries were claimed by France; but whilst the commissioners were discussing the evidence upon which her pretensions were founded, the Emperor Nicholas took the extraordinary step of addressing an autograph letter to the Sultan, accusing his Ministers of bad faith, and demanding the strict maintenance of the religious privileges of the Greeks in Jerusalem.

The Porte, alarmed at the direct interference of the Emperor, and fearing to offend so formidable a neighbour, dissolved the mixed commission, and appointed a new one composed entirely of Ulemas, or doctors of the Mussulman law. And here, on the part of the Porte, commenced that course of double-dealing and shuffling which her fear of quarrelling with Russia on the one hand, and with France on the other, unfortunately led her to adopt. It would be profitless to describe the various phases through which the question passed. Suffice it to say that the commission, by its report, confirmed some of the claims of France; and that shortly after, to satisfy the Emperor of Russia, it issued a firman in favour of the Greeks, which was believed by France to be inconsistent with that already accorded to herself. M. de Lavalette was sent back to Turkey to demand the revocation of this document, and appeared, as it is well known, in a somewhat menacing attitude, having entered the Dardanelles contrary to treaty in a ninety-gun war steamer—the *Charlemagne*.* The ex-

* Each embassy is prohibited by treaty from having more than one ship of war in attendance at Constantinople, and the *Charlemagne* was a supernumerary.

planations of the Porte were, however, accepted, and the firman remained in force. Fresh difficulties nevertheless arose on its public promulgation in Jerusalem, and especially as to the delivering of a key to the Church of Bethlehem to the Latins, who wished to make the building a thoroughfare to a sanctuary of their own in connexion with the main edifice, which is in the possession of their rivals. The French Government addressed fresh representations of a menacing character to the Porte, and the Russian mission as vigorously insisted upon the privileges of the Greeks. At length a compromise, to a certain extent satisfactory to France, was agreed upon. The Porte itself consented to replace the missing star, and the key of the Church of Bethlehem was conceded to the Latins. The French Government, wearied with the dispute to which a question, in itself so trivial, had given rise, and anxious to bring about a final settlement, recalled M. de Lavalette, to whose violent and injudicious proceedings the difficulties which had arisen were justly ascribed.

In the mean while the affairs of Bosnia, the war in Montenegro, the alleged ill treatment of the Catholic Christians in the western provinces of Turkey in Europe, and other causes, had furnished a pretext for the interference of Austria. Count Leiningen was sent to Constantinople with a series of categorical demands, delivered in the form of an ultimatum, and accompanied by a threat of ulterior consequences in case of a refusal. This mode of proceeding was as objectionable as the demands themselves were, on the whole, unwarrantable. As the Porte, under the threat of war, conceded them, it is now of little consequence to discuss them; and Leiningen's mission is only mentioned to show that the interference of France in behalf of the Christians of the East was probably not the only cause of the appearance of Prince Menschikoff. Austria arrogated to herself the protection of the inhabitants of the provinces bordering upon her own dominions who professed the Roman Catholic faith, and these for the most part not strangers, or seceders from various sects, like those at Jerusalem, but constituting a considerable portion of the very population itself, and that population a Slavonian race, over which Russia has long considered herself to have exclusive rights. However much the mission of Prince Leiningen may have been lost sight of in subsequent proceedings, there is no doubt that these pretensions of Austria to interfere on behalf of a part of the population of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and of the tribes of Montenegro, were the cause of great jealousy and alarm to Russia. To the arbitrary and violent conduct of Austria in this matter, as much as to the mission of M. de Lavalette, may perhaps be attributed the embassy of Prince Menschikoff.

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There were other reasons which, if not immediately, certainly remotely, induced the Emperor of Russia to make a great effort to recover, and establish on the surest and most extensive basis, his influence over the subjects of the Porte professing the Greek faith, viz. the spread of Roman Catholic, and of liberal or Protestant opinions among the Christians of Turkey, and the increasing prosperity of the Greeks themselves. We shall enlarge hereafter upon these subjects.

It is not to be denied that the Porte, by its want of straightforwardness and its vacillation, had given real cause of offence to Russia. Putting aside the legality and justice of her claims, Russia had a right to insist that the Porte, having once entertained, and indeed, to a certain extent, admitted them, should act towards her with good faith. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the government of the Sultan was exposed to the pressure of two great Powers, who in their turn threatened it with consequences almost fatal to its very existence in case it did not comply with their imperative demands, which were at direct variance with each other. While the quarrel in fact was entirely between Russia and France, the Porte unfortunately had to bear all the consequences.* If any Christian Power were to enjoy certain privileges at Jerusalem, and to possess certain sanctuaries, it signified little to Turkey whether the Latins or the Greeks were the favoured sect. She would willingly have excluded both of them from Jerusalem; as it was, she could scarcely determine which had the better right to particular spots, which was the most orthodox, which the most pious. Consequently she had recourse to the usual resources of Oriental diplomacy; she played off one party against the other, hoping to gain time, and trusting to events to settle disputes, in which she was in no manner directly interested, in any way in which she would not herself be the sufferer.

Had the Emperor of Russia in this stage of the question dispatched an ordinary mission to Constantinople to demand a guarantee for *the privileges in dispute*—had he insisted that, after the want of good faith displayed by the Porte, the question of the Holy Places should be put upon such a footing that conflicting claims should never again arise and no uncertainty prevail as to the precise rights of the Greek Church—there can be little doubt that, however objectionable such a step might have been in principle, however dangerous in its ultimate results, the Porte must have acceded to his demands, and would not have been supported, in case of a refusal, by its allies. No better proof of

* M. Drouyn de Lhuys has very honourably admitted the difficult position of the Porte in his circular of the 25th June.

this can be adduced than the selection made by the French Government of a successor to M. de Lavalette. M. de Lacour was known for his conciliatory manners and moderate opinions. He had represented the interests of France at the court of Vienna during a critical period, in a manner so satisfactory to the Austrian government, that his political tendencies were not viewed without suspicion in his native country. It was known that M. de Lavalette, on his return to France, had met with little favour, and that the Emperor had openly expressed his disapprobation of the policy which had led him into the difficulties connected with the Holy Places. The instructions given to M. de Lacour were in keeping with this declaration. His conduct during his mission appears to have been in every respect true to their spirit, and he acted cordially with the British ambassador in endeavouring to smooth the way to a settlement of the disputes with Russia. Many of the claims of France were quietly withdrawn—objections, which might fairly have been raised against those put forward by Russia, were left un urged—and the French Government was accused by the clergy and a large party in France of betraying the interests of the Church, and omitting to insist upon its just rights.

The Emperor of Russia selected Prince Menschikoff—a nobleman of the highest rank, a minister, the organ of a very influential national party, and a general who had distinguished himself in the wars between Russia and the Porte—as his ambassador-extraordinary to proceed to Constantinople. Thus from the very commencement it was evident that this was no common mission, and that its objects were of such vital importance that the Emperor was prepared to run almost any risks rather than fail in obtaining them. For some time previous extraordinary military and naval preparations were being made in the south of Russia—corps-d'armées were ready to march—the fleet was manned and victualled for sea. That these preparations were known to the French Government, and it may consequently be presumed to our own, is now proved by the statement to this effect contained in the last circular of M. Drouyn de Lhuys, officially published in the 'Moniteur.' It is indeed a matter of surprise that such indications of a coming storm should have been overlooked by the British Government, and that no efforts whatever were made at that time to meet or to avert it.

On Menschikoff's arrival at Constantinople (28th February), his conduct at once proved the character of his mission. It has been urged in extenuation that it was not authorised by his Government. But the insufficiency of the excuse must be evident

dent to any one acquainted with the relations which exist between the Emperor and his agents, even if his proceedings had not afterwards been fully approved by his Imperial Master. (See Nesselrode's Circular of May 31.) The ambassador was accompanied by a general officer, an admiral, and a very numerous suite. On his arrival every effort was made to get up a demonstration on the part of the Greeks of Constantinople—the subjects be it remembered of the Sultan—and at his disembarkation a large concourse of people were collected together through the exertions of the Russian mission. Not satisfied with this first step so offensive to the Porte, he followed it up by paying his visit of ceremony to the Grand Vizier in plain clothes, and by rudely turning from the door of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, upon whom, according to usage, he should also have called. In consequence of this insult Fuad Effendi resigned his office, and was succeeded by Rifat Pasha. Shortly afterwards the general and admiral who had accompanied the Prince were sent on special missions to Egypt and Athens, and rumours began to prevail that efforts were being made on all sides to excite rebellion among the Greek and Slavonian subjects of the Porte.

The first communication made by Menschikoff consisted of a note addressed to the Porte on the 16th of March, in which the Ministers of the Sultan are accused of having acted in direct violation of the firmans issued in favour of the Greeks, of having wounded the religious convictions of the Emperor, and of having been wanting in due respect to his person. It concluded by declaring that the Prince was instructed to demand not only the redress of these grievances, but also the conclusion of an arrangement which would put an end to the dissatisfaction of the Greek subjects of the Sultan, and would give them for the future certain and inviolable guarantees:—

‘Le Prince est chargé de demander non seulement le redressement de ces griefs, mais encore la conclusion d’un arrangement qui mette fin au mécontentement des sujets Grecs du Sultan, et leur donne, pour l’avenir, de sûres et inviolables garanties.’

This communication it appears was accompanied by a threat, that any mention of the treaty or arrangement to be concluded between Russia and the Porte to the representatives of France and England would be considered an act of hostility to the Emperor. The Porte, however, hinted the contents of the note to the representatives of its allies, expressing its alarm as to the nature of the secret treaty demanded. This intimation, as is well known, induced Colonel Rose, her Majesty's chargé d'affaires, to summon the British fleet to the Dardanelles.

The British Government has been condemned for not sending the

the fleet to Besika Bay at this stage of the proceedings. Undoubtedly the naval preparations which were in progress at Sebastopol, and the extraordinary nature of Prince Menschikoff's mission, fully warranted any precautionary measure that could be taken. But at the same time the fears of the Porte were liable to the suspicion of so much exaggeration, and the statements concerning the treaty appear to have been so vague, owing to the ambiguity of the Russian note, that there were scarcely grounds for taking a step which might have been construed into an act of hostility, and have rendered still more embarrassing the relations between Russia and the Porte.

At the beginning of April Lord Stratford and M. de Lacour arrived at Constantinople. On the 19th Prince Menschikoff, by a note addressed to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and couched in arrogant terms, utterly unusual in such diplomatic communications, categorically stated the demands he was instructed to urge upon the Porte.

They were: 1. a firman concerning the key of the Church of Bethlehem, the silver star, and the possession of certain sanctuaries; 2. an order for the repair of the dome and other parts of the Holy Sepulchre; and 3. 'a *Sened* or convention guaranteeing the strict status quo of the privileges of the *Catholic Greco-Russian* faith, of the Eastern Church, and of the sanctuaries which are in the possession of that *faith*, exclusively or in participation with other sects at Jerusalem.'

Upon the communication of this note, negotiations, in which the British representative took a prominent, though not official share, as a mediating party, were actively carried on with the Porte. Certain firmans were agreed to, conceding the *precise* demands of Russia, with the exception of the *convention*, upon which it was generally believed the Russian Government would no longer insist, and which was couched in such vague and general terms that it scarcely appeared to form part of the declared object of Prince Menschikoff's mission. The firmans were officially communicated to the Russian ambassador on the morning of the 5th of May; and up to a late hour of that day no suspicion whatever appears to have been entertained that any further demands were to be enforced—more particularly in a peremptory manner, or in the form of an ultimatum. Indeed it would appear that at St. Petersburg the question was considered to be settled, and it was declared to be so by Count Nesselrode himself, not only to the French ambassador, on the 10th of May, as stated in M. Drouyn de Lhuys' circular of the 15th July, but, we have reason to believe, to the other members of the diplomatic body. It is quite clear that this expression
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of satisfaction was founded upon the *terms of the firmans*, the drafts of which had been forwarded to St. Petersburg, and must have been deemed satisfactory ; for the form of the *convention* had not been even discussed.

In the evening, however, of the 5th of May Menschikoff presented a note to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, which, although followed by other communications, and notwithstanding the assertion of Count Nesselrode, could be considered at the time in no other light than as an ultimatum. In this document he declared his acceptance of the firmans, but demanded the immediate conclusion of a *sened*, or convention—a solemn engagement as it is termed—having the force of a treaty. He gave the Porte at the same time until the following Tuesday, the 10th of May, for its answer, with the menace that any further delay would be considered ‘*comme un manque de procédés envers son gouvernement, ce qui lui imposerait les plus pénibles obligations.*’ Accompanying this note was a draft of the convention which the Porte was required to accept, without being even suffered to make it a matter of negotiation—a proceeding no less arbitrary and unusual than the language in which this document addressed by Prince Menschikoff to an independent power was couched.

The contents of the note were communicated to the British Ambassador on the same evening, while the members of the Embassy were at a ball given by one of the principal Greek merchants of Pera. The sudden withdrawal of the Embassy from this entertainment, and the departure in the course of the night of the war steamers attached to the British and French mission, produced the most alarming rumours, and were the first indication of the critical character which the relations between Russia and the Porte had suddenly assumed.

As the communication of Prince Menschikoff, regarding a convention, had hitherto been of so vague a nature that the pretensions of Russia could not be correctly known, it is of great importance that we should turn to the demands upon which the Porte principally founded its refusal to enter into the proposed arrangement. The first and second articles of the document were couched in the following terms :—

‘ 1. Il ne sera apporté aucun changement aux droits, privilèges, et immunités dont ont joui, ou sont en possession *ab antiquo*, les églises, les institutions pieuses, et le clergé orthodoxe dans les états de la Sublime Porte Ottomane, qui se plaît à les leur assurer à tout jamais, sur le base du *statu quo* strict existant aujourd’hui.

‘ 2. Les droits et avantages concédés par le Gouvernement Ottoman, qui le seront à l’avenir aux autres cultes Chrétiens, par traités, conventions,

tions, ou dispositions particulières, seront considérées comme appartenant aussi au culte orthodoxe.'

Now it will be observed that in neither of these articles is any reference whatever made to the matter hitherto under discussion between Russia and the Porte, viz. the Holy Places. The name of Jerusalem does not even occur in them. The first declares that no change whatever shall be made *in the rights, privileges, and immunities* which have been enjoyed or possessed *ab antiquo* by the Church, the pious institutions, and the clergy of the orthodox faith in the Ottoman states; the second provides that all the rights and advantages conceded by the Porte to other Christian sects, by treaty, convention, or *special grant*, shall be considered as also belonging to the Orthodox Church. The terms of the proposed *sened*, contained in Prince Menschikoff's note of the 19th of April, are utterly irreconcilable with those of the articles cited. An instrument having the force of a treaty is now demanded, which shall affect *all* the rights and privileges of the Greek Church; and advantages, which might be granted by the Sultan as a special favour to a few members of a sect residing as strangers in his dominions, are claimed for the greater part of the population of Turkey in Europe. This demand is not confined to religious, but extends, as we shall show hereafter, to *political* privileges. It is evident that the Sultan could not enter into such a convention as this without renouncing his independence and transferring the allegiance of a large portion of his subjects to Russia, and accordingly Rifat Pasha, in a temperate note, dated the 10th of May, declared the impossibility of acceding to Prince Menschikoff's proposals.

In consequence of this refusal the Prince addressed a second note to the Porte, reiterating his demands, and prolonging the time for an answer to the 14th of May.

The Ministers of the Sultan, although still determined to reject the ultimatum, endeavoured once more to bring the question to an amicable termination, and invited Prince Menschikoff to a conference. At the time appointed the Ambassador passed in his steamer before the house of the Grand Vizier, where the Ministers were waiting to receive him, and, without stopping, proceeded at once to the palace of the Sultan, and demanded an immediate audience. It was in vain that the attendants of his Majesty represented to him that the day was Friday, upon which business is not transacted, and that, owing to the recent death of his mother, his Majesty could not leave his apartments. Menschikoff insisted, and, after waiting for three hours, was at length received in the Imperial apartments. Notwithstanding the violent proceeding of the Ambassador, the Sultan remained firm, and referred him

him to his Ministers. After the interview, which is said to have been suddenly cut short by the drawing of a curtain before the Sultan, his Majesty sent for the Grand Vizier and the Minister for Foreign Affairs, who, justly offended by the indecent and violent conduct of the Russian Ambassador, at once resigned their offices.

The new Ministry—of which Mustafa Naili Pasha, a man skilled in political functions, of a highly honourable character, and much beloved by Christians and Mussulmans, was the head, and the well-known Reshid Pasha the Minister of Foreign Affairs—summoned a council of all the great dignitaries of the empire, in and out of office, to deliberate upon the rejection or acceptance of the Russian note. Although men of every party were included in this extraordinary assembly—those who were believed to be partizans of Russia, if not something more, as well as those who were supposed to be subject to other influences—it determined, almost without a dissenting voice, that the proposals of Prince Menschikoff should be rejected. Even the three or four who did not acquiesce in this decision appear only to have stood aloof because they were incapacitated by age and infirmities from taking part in the deliberations.

Nevertheless, a further delay of five days was requested by the Ottoman Ministers, in the hopes that some satisfactory arrangement might be devised. In a note no less characterized by its overbearing and insulting tone than his previous communication, Prince Menschikoff replied that he could only see in this request a fresh excuse for delay; that he consequently considered his mission as ended, and should immediately leave Constantinople; adding that the refusal to guarantee the rights of the Greco-Russian* orthodox faith would compel the Imperial Government to seek that guarantee in its own power (*dans son propre pouvoir*).

On the 21st of May Prince Menschikoff left Constantinople, but, before embarking, he addressed a final note to Reshid Pasha, in answer to a last attempt made by the Porte to satisfy his demands. This document is so important, and so completely sets at rest any doubts that might exist as to the meaning and extent of the claims put forward by Russia, that we reproduce it entire:—

* The use of the word *Greco-Russian* in the communications of Prince Menschikoff is especially to be remarked. We believe it to be quite new, and implied of itself *political* claims utterly inconsistent with the independence of the Porte. It is obvious that it is totally inapplicable to the Christians of Turkey professing the Greek faith. The word 'Greek,' from long usage, has become the name of a faith and sect, like the word *Roman Catholic*; it conveys no political signification, whereas the term 'Russian' undoubtedly does. The French might, with equal right call the Catholic Church the Catholic-French Church.

‘ Au moment de quitter Constantinople le soussigné, &c., a appris que la Sublime Porte manifestait l'intention de proclamer une garantie pour l'exercice des droits spirituels dont se trouve investi le clergé de l'Eglise d'Orient, ce qui, de fait, rendrait douteux le maintien des autres privilèges dont il jouit.

‘ Quel que puisse être le motif de cette détermination, le soussigné se trouve dans l'obligation de faire connaître à son Excellence le Ministre des Affaires Etrangères qu'une déclaration ou tel autre acte qui tendrait, *tout en maintenant l'intégrité des droits purement spirituels de l'Eglise Orthodoxe d'Orient, à invalider les autres droits, privilèges, et immunités accordés au culte orthodoxe et à son clergé depuis les temps les plus anciens*, et dont ils jouissent encore actuellement, serait considérée par le Cabinet Impérial comme un acte hostile à la Russie et à sa religion.’

We might, indeed, have spared our readers the recital of all the events which occurred before the presentation of this note, so completely does it justify any resistance that the Porte may have made to the demands of Russia; and prove the obligation under which the nations interested in the balance of power in Europe, and pledged to maintain the independence of Turkey, are to support her in her refusal to accede to the pretensions of her ambitious neighbour. In this important document Prince Menschikoff removes the veil from all that was dubious before; there is no ambiguity nor vagueness: Russia declares that it is not alone the *spiritual* privileges of the Greek clergy that she is determined to assert, but all the *other* rights, privileges, and immunities of *those professing the orthodox faith, and of their clergy*, dating from the most ancient times: that is to say, all the *political* privileges they may have enjoyed perhaps even before the very existence of the Russian empire, certainly before any treaty or any political connexion existed between it and Turkey.

It is obvious that, if such a claim as this were conceded, those who are the objects of it would become little less than the actual subjects of the Emperor of Russia, who would have a right of interference in all their affairs; and that the greater portion of the inhabitants of Turkey in Europe would soon be induced to renounce their allegiance to the Sultan altogether.

Before his departure from Constantinople, Prince Menschikoff had so far modified his demands, as to consent to accept a note, signed by the Turkish Minister for Foreign Affairs, instead of a bilateral engagement. But this document, on the other hand, was worse in substance than the proposed convention, for it was more explicit as to the extent of the claims of Russia. Indeed it will be perceived that in this last, as in every successive communication, the Porte was called upon to make more important concessions

concessions and to subscribe to harder terms. It not only ensures for those professing the Greek faith the enjoyment of their own ancient rights and privileges, and of those granted to other sects, but insists upon their *also participating in all the advantages which may hereafter be conferred, even by special favour*, UPON THE FOREIGN LEGATIONS ACCREDITED *to the Sublime Porte* (participeront aux avantages accordés aux autres rites Chrétiens ainsi qu'aux légations étrangères accréditées près de la Sublime Porte par convention ou dispositions particulières.—Nesselrode's Circular of 11th June). The meaning of this demand and its practical importance will be hereafter explained. The new proposition was, of course, rejected.

On the 31st of May—and this date should be borne in mind—Count Nesselrode made another effort to intimidate the Porte, and to induce it to accede to these demands. He addressed an autograph letter to Reshid Pasha, in which he formally declared that in a *few weeks the Russian troops would receive orders to cross the Ottoman frontier*, not to make war, but to obtain a material guarantee as a security for the rights claimed by the Emperor. The Turkish Minister was therefore called upon to sign without delay, and without *any change whatever* (sans variantes), the note delivered by Prince Menschikoff before his departure.

The Porte, in reply, announced the promulgation of an imperial Hatti Sheriff, or ordinance, confirming the privileges, rights, and immunities *which the clergy and the churches of the Greek faith* had enjoyed *ab antiquo*; asserted that the declaration that Russian troops should cross the frontier was incompatible with the Emperor's assurances of peace; and offered to send an ambassador to St. Petersburg to renew the negotiations, and to endeavour to bring about a satisfactory arrangement.

No answer to a document of so violent and arbitrary a character as that signed by Count Nesselrode could be more temperate than that returned by the Porte. It could not accept a declaration—inconsistent with the rights of every independent government, and utterly at variance with the law of nations, and with the very basis of the conditions which regulate the relations of states—that an invasion and hostile occupation of territory by the troops of a neighbouring power were not to be regarded as a cause of war. It again drew the distinction between the religious and political rights of those professing the Greek faith—a distinction which Russia herself had made in all her early communications, and to which she ostensibly professed to adhere.

The relations between Russia and Turkey had now ceased, and to all intents and purposes were succeeded by a state of war. In order to justify the proceedings of the Emperor, Count Nes-

Nesselrode addressed, on the 11th of June, a circular to the agents of his Government, to be communicated to the Courts to which they were respectively accredited. This document was the first of a series which, we will venture to affirm, is unequalled in any collection of State-papers the world can produce. We are utterly at a loss to understand how a statesman of the established reputation of Count Nesselrode—one who, whatever may have been his political opinions and conduct, has always been looked upon as a man of honour and integrity—could affix his name to statements which bore on their very face the impress of most palpable falsehood, and which furnished materials for their own exposure. Never were assertions so rashly made—never was the common sense of Europe so grossly insulted. The document before us is full of deliberate untruths and of the most extraordinary contradictions. It pretends to set in a true light the history of the negotiations carried on by Prince Menschikoff, and the cause of his abrupt departure from Constantinople, which, it asserts, had been misrepresented. It declares that his mission had *no* other object than the arrangement of the affair of the Holy Places; and in specifying the two demands made by the ambassador, it completely alters the sense of the second, as communicated to the Porte, by making it refer exclusively to the first. The words are ‘corroborer cet arrangement’—*i. e. concerning* the Holy Places—‘par un acte authentique qui pût nous servir à la fois de réparation pour le passé, de garantie pour l’avenir.’ And the same is again declared explicitly in a subsequent paragraph. It asserts that the objects contemplated by the proposed *sened* were already attained *as far as the religious protection was concerned* (a somewhat remarkable expression after what precedes) by the treaty of Kainardji, and that no new advantages were demanded.*

On the 27th June appeared, in the Official Gazette of St. Petersburg, the celebrated manifesto of the Emperor Nicholas, announcing to his subjects that the Russian troops had entered the Danubian Principalities, and declaring that, if the Porte still persisted in her obstinate and blind opposition to his just demands, he should call God to his aid, and, leaving to Him to decide upon the question in dispute, and relying on his all-powerful arm, should march to the defence of the orthodox faith. This manifesto was followed by a second circular from Count Nesselrode (2nd July), which contained the astounding

* This circular was answered, and its contradictions and inconsistencies ably pointed out, by M. Drouyn de Lhuys in a communication dated the 25th June, and immediately afterwards published in the official organ of the French Government.

assertion that the occupation of the Danubian Principalities had been decided upon *because* the allied fleets had proceeded to the anchorage of Constantinople (*dans les parages de Constantinople*)—an assertion at once contradicted by Count Nesselrode's note of the 31st May, to which we have already called the attention of our readers. The Governments of France and England at once indignantly exposed the glaring falsehood. 'It is impossible to express the astonishment and regret,' wrote the Earl of Clarendon to Sir Hamilton Seymour on the 16th July, 'with which her Majesty's Government have read in this despatch the declaration that the Principalities have been invaded and occupied in consequence of England and France having disregarded the recommendations of the Russian Government and having sent their fleets to the waters of Turkey.' And his Lordship then proceeds to point out, by a comparison of dates, that not only is the assertion untrue, but that it was impossible that one event could in any way depend upon the other. Both France and England emphatically denied in addition 'that any resemblance existed between the position of the combined fleets in Besika Bay and that of the Russian armies in the Principalities.' In the one case there was a direct and hostile violation of the territories of a neighbouring state—in the other, the fleets of the friendly Powers cast anchor in an open bay; their presence in which 'violated no treaty nor territory, nor infringed any international law.'

This second circular admits, in direct contradiction to that of the 11th June, that the demands of Prince Menschikoff involved other matters besides those connected with the Holy Places (*indépendamment des dispositions plus particulières aux Saints Lieux*); but reiterates that no privileges are claimed to which Russia by treaty is not already entitled.

The French fleet, as early as the 20th of March, had left the Port of Toulon and had proceeded to Athens. At that time, we have reason to believe, the French Government, anticipating the gravest results from the menacing attitude assumed by Russia was prepared to co-operate with England in energetic measures, and would have sent her fleet beyond the waters of Greece. Her distance from the theatre of the important events then threatening the peace of the East may have warranted the despatch of her ships of war to a friendly port in the immediate neighbourhood. Any stronger measures at that period may have been premature. It was not until hostilities might be said to have actually commenced by the passage of the Pruth that the allied fleets proceeded to Besika Bay.

And now comes the question whether this demonstration was
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sufficient,

sufficient, and whether it was not the duty of the British Government to send the fleet at once to Constantinople, and not to rest satisfied with the half-measure of anchoring in Besika Bay. We know not what private and unavowed considerations may have prevailed with her Majesty's Ministers; but it appears to us that the obvious and truly wise course would have been to have declared formally and emphatically to Russia, as soon as we had been informed of the note addressed by Count Nesselrode on the 31st of May to Reshid Pasha, that the entry of the Russian troops into the Principalities would be considered a *casus belli*, and would at once be followed by the presence of the combined fleets in the Bosphorus. Had this declaration been energetically made, we deem it almost certain, and appeal to the subsequent conduct of the Emperor in support of our conviction, that the Russian troops would not have crossed the frontier, and that peace would have been insured. It was of the utmost importance to Russia that the occupation of Moldavia and Wallachia should not be considered a *casus belli*. So long as the Porte and her allies did not declare it to be so, the Dardanelles were closed by treaty against the vessels of war of foreign powers, and the Emperor was able to issue manifestoes to his subjects, in which he announced that Turkey had forfeited the sympathy and support of her allies (Manifesto of the 31st of October). He hoped, moreover, to establish a precedent which would in the end have secured him the undisputed possession of these important provinces. In England, unfortunately, the conduct of the Ministry tended to encourage the Czar in the belief that there existed no serious intention on our part to afford the Sultan any effective assistance in resisting his demands, and the Porte itself was brought to despair of any real aid from those allies upon which it mainly depended in opposing pretensions so fatal to its independence.

A further effort was made by the four great Powers to prevent an open rupture between Russia and the Porte. The latter was induced to permit the uninterrupted occupation of the Principalities, and to suspend all hostilities, until a conference, assembled at Vienna, could devise a compromise which might be acceptable to both parties. The Ottoman Government showed the greatest forbearance, notwithstanding the provocation it had received—a provocation heightened by the most insulting proclamations issued by the Russian generals within the Sultan's dominions, in which his Mussulman subjects were designated as pagans to be exterminated. A note was prepared by the representatives of the four Powers, and submitted to the Porte for its acceptance. In drawing up this document two fatal errors were

were committed: in the first place, Turkey, whose rights and interests were at stake, was not consulted; in the second, the acceptance of Russia was obtained before even the note appears to have been communicated to the Porte. The result might have been foreseen. Certain passages were objected to by the Turkish Government, and amendments proposed, which were at once admitted to be reasonable and just; but the Powers were pledged, by the course they had pursued, to force the acceptance of the document as presented by them. Various schemes were suggested to induce the Porte to withdraw the modifications, and to leave the interpretation of the note to its allies. In fact, the document was carelessly drawn up, and would lead one to believe that the parties to the conference were ignorant of the real questions at issue. It would seem that, under the threat of the withdrawal of their further sympathy and support, the four Powers were about to compel the Porte to sign the original note, when a despatch from Count Nesselrode saved them from committing an act of the greatest injustice, and pregnant with the most dangerous consequences.

It is unnecessary to reproduce here the precise terms of the Vienna note, and the modifications suggested by the Porte. We need only observe that the chief objection, and the one to which Russia attached the greatest importance, related to the clause which declared that 'those professing the Greek faith should participate in the advantages conceded to other Christian sects by convention or special grants' (*aux avantages concédés aux autres rites Chrétiens par convention ou dispositions particulières*). The Porte naturally objected that by this concession a large portion of the Sultan's subjects would be placed upon the same footing as any small favoured community of strangers dwelling within his dominions. That such was the meaning of the Russian Government Count Nesselrode's despatch unhesitatingly avowed. And it is of great importance to mark the words used by the Russian Minister: 'The Ottoman Government,' he declares, 'will only undertake to allow the orthodox Church to participate in the advantages accorded to other Christian communities *also subjects of the Porte*; but if these communities, whether Catholic or professing any other faith, did not consist of Turkish subjects—such being the case with respect to nearly all the Latin convents, hospices, seminaries, and bishoprics in Turkey—and it pleased the Sultan to confer upon them any fresh religious advantages and privileges, then, according to the modifications inserted in the note, the orthodox (or Greek) communities, being subjects of the Porte, would have no right to claim the same favours, and Russia no right to interfere on their behalf.' (Despatch to Baron de Meyendorff, Sept. 7.)

Whilst

Whilst rejecting the modifications proposed by the Porte, and thus openly declaring his intentions, the Emperor, through his Minister, had the assurance to call upon the four Powers to abandon their ally, and to leave to Russia alone the task of compelling her to accept the note as originally prepared!

The rejection of the Turkish modifications by the Emperor was followed by a formal declaration of war on the part of Turkey. Omar Pasha, at the head of one army, crossed the Danube and obtained considerable advantages over the Russian forces stationed in the Principalities. In Asia the war was commenced with vigour, and was at first crowned with a success, which appears, however, to have been but of short duration. The Emperor, by a last manifesto, dated the 31st of October, declared that 'the principal Powers of Europe had in vain sought by their exhortations to shake the blind obstinacy of the Ottoman Government! that the Porte, enrolling in the ranks of its army revolutionists from all countries, had commenced hostilities on the Danube! and that, Russia having been provoked to war, it only remained for her to place her confidence in God, and to fight in defence of the Orthodox faith.' He appealed to his faithful subjects to join in the fervent prayers which he addressed to the Most High, that His hand should deign to bless his arms in a holy and righteous cause, which at all times had found ardent defenders in his pious ancestors. This proclamation, though it might be well calculated to impose upon his deluded subjects, must be numbered among the most dishonest statements upon record—equally contrary to truth and common sense—and is rendered doubly flagrant by the quotation from the Psalms with which it concludes: 'In te, Domine, speravi: non confundar in æternum.'

This proclamation was followed by more active hostilities—the arrival of the allied fleets at Constantinople, the untoward catastrophe of Sinope, the entry of the fleets into the Black Sea, and the last efforts of the allied Powers to put an end to the war by submitting the final terms of the Porte, by way of an ultimatum, for the acceptance of Russia. The whole question has been summed up, and the determination of the French Government to proceed to extremities in case of the refusal of the Emperor to accede to the proposed compromise has been declared, in an able circular, addressed by M. Drouyn de Lhuys to the various diplomatic agents of France—the last state-paper which has been issued on this important subject.

Such, then, is the history of the transactions which have led to the present critical state of our relations with Russia, and to almost inevitable war. We have entered somewhat fully, though at

at the same time as concisely as possible, into the question, in order that our readers may have a complete insight into the subject-matter in dispute, and may fairly appreciate the efforts which have been made to preserve the peace of Europe, and the unwarrantable pretensions which have compelled us at length to adopt measures that can scarcely be considered in any other light, whatever may be their immediate consequences, than as direct hostilities against Russia. On examining the various documents which have been issued by the belligerent, as well as by the mediating, Powers, and on calmly considering their conduct throughout these important transactions, the most prejudiced reader will scarcely be able to deny that Russia has shown unexampled arrogance, the Porte extraordinary moderation, and England and France an almost culpable forbearance.

Let us now examine what the demands of Russia really involve. They may be reduced to these two points :—1. A confirmation of all the rights, privileges, and immunities enjoyed from the earliest times by those professing the Greek faith and their clergy ; and 2. The concession of all privileges which may hereafter be conferred by the Porte, either by treaty or by special favour, on any community, subjects of the Sultan, or foreigners. It must be borne in mind, while considering the first demand, that Russia, although challenged to do so, has not been able to adduce a single instance of an infraction, either of a treaty or of a firman, or any act of persecution or oppression towards the Greek Church or its followers, on the part of the Ottoman Government, excepting such as may be referred to the disputed questions relating to the Holy Places, which even Russia admits were satisfactorily settled by the Hatti Sheriffs delivered to Prince Menschikoff. Moreover, Count Nesselrode himself repeatedly asserts that all the rights and privileges claimed by Russia are fully guaranteed by the treaties of Kainardji and Adrianople ; and that, whatever may be the objections entertained by the Porte, the Emperor does, *ipso facto*, enjoy a protectorate over the subjects of the Sultan professing the Greek faith, extending even to ‘*a secular influence.*’ (Circulars of 11th June and 2nd July.) It may, therefore, be asked, if these privileges are secured by treaty, are, *ipso facto*, enjoyed by Russia, and have not been infringed by the Porte, what necessity is there for any fresh guarantee, or any new engagement? The answer is simple enough. We deny that what Russia claims is secured by treaty ; although, by taking advantage of her position, and of the unfortunate indifference hitherto displayed by the rest of Europe, she has undoubtedly succeeded in enforcing, to a certain extent, her preten-

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sions with respect to the Greek Church and its followers. She now seeks to confirm, by formal engagement, that which as yet can only be looked upon in the light of an encroachment. By the treaty of Kainardji (7th Art.) the Porte promised to protect the *Christian* (not the Greek) religion and its churches, and permitted the Russian Minister to make certain representations in favour of a specified Greek church and its attendants. The treaty of Adrianople merely confirms the articles of the previous treaty. No mention whatever is made of the *Greek* or any special community. But admitting that, justified by the interference of France on behalf of the Latins, warranted it must be remembered by treaty, Russia naturally made use of her influence to protect those who professed the same creed as herself, how far would her claim, as now put forward, be inconsistent with the *political* rights of the Porte? If the *religious* privileges of the Greek clergy were alone concerned—if perfect freedom of worship and of conscience were alone demanded—Russia would ask little more than has been conceded to France. But, unfortunately, the general privileges, rights, and immunities of the Greek Church extend far beyond those which relate to religious worship. The Greek clergy, in fact, are almost the political, as well as spiritual, heads of their flocks. After the Turkish conquest, what the eccentric author of ‘the Spirit of the East’ has termed ‘the Turkish Municipal System,’ was, in some degree, enjoyed by the Christian subjects of the Porte; that is to say,—the conquerors, after having assessed a certain sum on the Christian villages or communities, were willing to leave its collection as a matter of convenience in the hands of the local chiefs. As long as the tribute was punctually paid, the Turkish authorities cared very little how it was raised, or how the affairs of the community were administered; they were willing that all matters in dispute between Christians, in which Mussulmans were not concerned, should be settled by the heads of the respective sects. The collecting of the taxes, and the administering of justice, were ostensibly exercised by the clergy and the officers of the community elected by the popular voice; but the whole power virtually rested in the hands of the clergy, and the Greek bishops became the real political chiefs of their flock. They exercised, indeed, a criminal as well as a civil jurisdiction; for, although they could not inflict capital punishment, yet by imprisonment, and even torture, they could procure the death of their victims. The terrible threat of excommunication was always ready in case of disobedience; and the influence of the Greek clergy, backed by bribes, was always sufficient to ensure the support of the Turkish authorities in carrying out any arbitrary measures.

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No class of men could perhaps be found more notorious for the utter immorality of their lives, their venality, and their ignorance, than the bishops and clergy of the Greek Church in Turkey. We might cite a hundred instances in which, *through the representation of British Consuls*, submitted to the Porte by the British Ambassador, Greek bishops have been removed or disgraced for the most flagrant oppression and violence. We defy the warmest defenders of Russia to produce a single instance in which any such real protection has been afforded by that country to the Greek Church. In fact, we doubt whether one case can be pointed out in which the Russian Mission has interfered in behalf of a suffering Greek community, unless a direct political object was in view, or unless the political power of the bishop was questioned. The traveller in Turkey will frequently hear far louder complaints on the part of the Christians against their bishops and priests than against their Mussulman rulers.

The political power thus exercised by the bishops was liable, as we have shown, to the greatest abuses. The Porte, since the publication of the celebrated Hatti Sheriff of Gulhané, has endeavoured gradually to restrict it. By the admission of Christian bishops and heads of communities into the Provincial Councils, the administration of justice in purely Christian cases has been withdrawn, to a considerable extent, from the clerical tribunals. Although hitherto the declared intentions of the Porte cannot be said to have been carried out, and these mixed councils have not afforded very impartial justice, yet the principle has been established. In another very important respect the powers of the bishops have been curtailed. They can no longer punish those who may abandon their faith. It is well known that of late years Protestant doctrines have from various causes made considerable progress in the East, and that even whole Greek communities have left their Church—this has been especially the case in Syria. Until the Sultan issued his firman in favour of the Protestants, and admitted them to the privileges of one of the recognised sects of the empire, the Greek clergy, supported in this case by the Russian mission and its agents, and especially by the Consul-General in Syria, M. Basilides, omitted no act of violence and injustice to compel those who had left the Greek Church to return to their own religious community. We could cite numerous cases of imprisonment, confiscation, and even torture. Although persons who have actually quitted the Church can now no longer be persecuted, yet their friends and those who may be suspected of similar designs are still within the reach of the bishops. The sentence of excommunication, more terrible and more easily put into execution in the Greek Church than

than in any other, can be issued against them, and its victims reduced to utter ruin.

Russia has long viewed with the greatest alarm this progress of heterodox opinions, now encouraged by the gradual curtailment of the political powers of the Greek clergy; and her real motives in urging the objectionable conditions in the proposed treaty are sufficiently transparent. If she could induce the Porte to recognise, by any formal engagement, all the privileges, rights, and immunities enjoyed *ab antiquo* by those professing the orthodox faith and their clergy, she would have it in her power to insist upon the restriction of all the political rights of which they have been gradually and most justly deprived. In fact, the Greek bishops and priests would again become the actual political heads of two-thirds of the population of Turkey in Europe, and of very considerable communities in Asia Minor and Syria, with this additional danger—that their political power would be guaranteed by the Emperor of Russia, and preserved with all the abuses which the reforms promulgated by the Porte, and urged upon it by England and France as the only means of conciliating its Christian subjects, and of preserving its existence as an empire, are intended to remove. It is obvious that such claims as these could not for a moment be admitted, and that we are as much called upon to resist them for the sake of the balance of power in Europe, and of civilisation, as Turkey is obliged to do for the preservation of her very existence.

The second claim of Russia refers to the privileges which may be granted by treaty or special favour to any religious community, whether consisting of Turkish subjects or of strangers. It is clear that such a demand could not be conceded without giving the Czar the right of insisting upon the extension to many millions of the Sultan's subjects, of the same privileges which might be granted to any small society temporarily sojourning in Turkey. In fact, it would be opening up every treaty and capitulation which might confer a special privilege upon a chapel or the members of a foreign embassy. It would be a precisely parallel case if we demanded from Austria the same religious and political rights for all her Protestant subjects as she by special favour confers upon those of the Greek faith who may be connected with the Russian Mission at Vienna. It would be a waste of words to point out the utter unreasonableness of such a claim.

Having thus shown that England had but one course to pursue in the question which has arisen between Russia and the Porte, we will now proceed to inquire into the second part of our subject; the resources of Turkey in the event of a war.

2. In treating of the resources of Turkey we are surrounded by difficulties, owing to the want of well-established facts, for as yet the Turkish Government has neglected nearly all statistical inquiries, and even such annual returns as might throw some light upon the question have never been communicated to the world. The very amount of her population is a matter of doubt. According to the latest writer on the subject it amounts to nearly thirty-five millions and a half; and without including the Danubian Principalities, Syria, Egypt, and the Barbary States, to about twenty-seven millions. M. Ubicini, however, admits that it has been variously estimated from seven to twenty-two millions. (*Ubicini, Lettres*, p. 21.) The Turkish Government has no distinct information whatever upon the subject, and no means of obtaining it. A census for regulating the conscription was a few years ago commenced, but it included only males of a certain age of the Mahomedan religion; and many important nomad tribes, together with all the Arabs of the Desert and Arabia Proper, were omitted altogether. The male Christian population above a certain age could be ascertained without much difficulty by means of the receipts annually issued for the capitation tax. We may roughly estimate the Mussulmans of Turkey in Europe as being somewhat less than half the Christians, whilst the Christians of Asia amount to scarcely one-fourth of the Mahomedans. In estimating the population of Turkey with reference to its military strength, it must always be borne in mind that the Christian subjects of the Sultan, and all those who pay the *Kharaj* or capitation tax, are not permitted to serve in the imperial armies, and that the greater part of the wandering tribes of Asia, such as the Kurds, Turcomans, and Arabs, have hitherto evaded the conscription altogether, and are only available as furnishing irregular troops, when under the immediate pressure of the Government.

The present organization of the Turkish army may be attributed to Riza Pasha, who has recently been named to the command of the Ottoman fleet. However objectionable and dangerous may have been the political conduct of this statesman, it must be admitted that he showed a remarkable activity and intelligence in placing upon a substantial and effective basis the previously ill-disciplined troops of the Sultan. Through his exertions the conscription was carried out on a far more equal and extensive scale, the drawing by lot being substituted for the previous irregular levies, discipline was enforced, and the wants and comforts of the men secured in a manner scarcely equalled in any European state. Spacious barracks were erected in Constantinople and in the principal cities of the empire; military schools

were

were founded; foreign officers were engaged to introduce such modern improvements as had been adopted in European armies; the pay of the officers was increased, and the rations of the men scrupulously attended to. Another important alteration was the limiting of military enrolment to five years and the establishment of a *rediff* or reserve, into which are incorporated those released from active service, and which, being periodically called out, becomes a second army. To Riza Pasha must undoubtedly be assigned the credit of having raised the Turkish army from the deplorable state to which it had been reduced by the disastrous wars with Mohammed Ali Pasha to that efficiency which, as recent events have proved, has rendered it not altogether unequal to cope with the veteran troops of one of the most powerful nations of Europe. Unfortunately Riza's views for the re-establishment of the old Ottoman empire, and the re-acquisition of those provinces which it had either lost or over which it had gradually lost its authority, were of too ambitious a nature, and threatened to bring fresh difficulties upon a state which had need of peace, and a good understanding with its neighbours, to maintain its very existence. After a long struggle, in which he was supported by the powerful influence of the Sultan's mother, he was dismissed, through foreign influence, from the command of the army, and remained in disgrace until recent events called him again to office.

The troops which he had organised were, however, speedily required for active service. Rebellions broke out both in the European and Asiatic provinces of the empire. The Albanians resisted the introduction of the Tanzimat, or reformed system, and refused to supply recruits for the army. A force greatly inferior to them in numbers was sent against them, under the command of Omar Pasha, whose name has since become so well known, and they were beaten in three pitched battles in the neighbourhood of Uscup. To the same general was subsequently confided an expedition against the celebrated Kurdish chief, Beder Khan Bey, which was attended by equally successful results, although, as in Albania, it was carried on against vastly superior numbers, and in a district, from its mountainous character, almost inaccessible to the operations of a regular army. The *Nizam*, as the new troops are called, thus proved their efficiency against the undisciplined though warlike tribes which had previously owned only a nominal allegiance to the Sultan. There is no doubt that the Turkish Government was at length in a position to provide for the internal peace and tranquillity of its own dominions.

We must refer our readers to M. Ubicini (*Lettre XIX.*) for full

full details of the organisation of the Turkish army. That writer estimates the regular troops at 148,680 men, and the *rediff*, or reserve, at the same number; the contingents or auxiliaries, to be furnished by Servia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Albania, and Egypt, at about 120,000 men; but upon these, or at least upon a large portion of them, from various reasons, very little reliance can be placed. We have then the irregulars amounting to 87,000, giving a total of about 500,000 men; of these, however, M. Ubicini states that only 220,000 could be brought into the field: and we fear that even this number is over estimated.

No one who has witnessed a Turkish campaign can withhold his testimony to the excellent qualities of the Turkish soldier. He is brave, hardy, patient, and docile. He will content himself with the humblest fare, and will cheerfully submit to any privations. Under good officers he would be equal to any undertaking; but in this most important feature the Turkish army unfortunately is altogether deficient. With one or two exceptions there is scarcely an officer in the service fit to command, we will not say a division, but a regiment. Efforts have been made to educate officers both at home and abroad, but as yet the number supplied—even if the officers individually be equal to the duties required of them—is far from being adequate to the organisation of a single perfect regiment. Abde Pasha, who has recently shown his incompetency in Asia Minor, and appears to have endangered one of the divisions of the Turkish army, was educated at Vienna, and was looked upon as one of the best of the Sultan's generals. His successor, Kurd Mohammed Pasha, is a man of undoubted courage and daring, but utterly unskilled in European warfare. He has chiefly been employed in Turkish Arabia, and to him the Sultan owed the capture of Kerbela, after a severe resistance, in 1842. Indeed, the only man who is probably equal to carry on a campaign against European troops is Omar Pasha, who is an Austrian Croat by birth, although he acquired his military education almost entirely in Turkey, in whose service he has now been from his youth.

The *rediffs*, or reserve, appear to have answered to the appeal of the Sultan, and have been hurrying to the capital from all parts of the empire to shed their blood in defence of their sovereign and his religion. The troops on the Danube have performed their duty, and have shown themselves equal to cope with those hitherto brought against them by the Russian commanders. But, unfortunately, the utmost efforts of the Turkish Government have been made to collect this army together; the reserves themselves have been exhausted; and we doubt whether much remains behind. The application of the
conscription

conscription to Mussulmans only has produced most fatal results. It is difficult to describe the horror felt by the Turkish population to forced service in the army. It has been the cause of the utter ruin of hundreds of villages ; it has turned cultivated plains into deserts, and has indirectly checked, to an extent almost incredible, the increase of the Mohammedan population. On the other hand, exemption from the conscription has tended, to an equal extent, to strengthen and increase the Christians.

The irregular cavalry, once the most formidable portion of the Turkish armies, is now no longer a match for the Cossack. The neglect of this important branch of national defence has always appeared to us one of the most fatal errors committed by the Ottoman Government. The regular cavalry, which has been organised to supply its place, forms the weakest and most inefficient portion of the Turkish troops. With the change of system in the tenure of land, and the destruction of all the hereditary fiefs, commenced by Sultan Mahmoud and carried out under the reigning sovereign, the sources from which the State was furnished with its irregular cavalry no longer exist. Formerly the land was chiefly held by military tenure, and the owners—the Spahis, as they were generally called—were compelled to serve the Sultan in war. An admirable breed of horses was kept up ; the Spahis delighted in warlike amusements, so congenial to the national character, and were skilful in the management of their horses and their arms. When the Ottoman Sultan warred with the infidels they rallied round him on all sides, and formed a body of daring warriors, who carried terror into the heart of Europe. They are now replaced by the miserable companies of Bashi Bozuks, collected together by a few chiefs, who are in the service of the Government, and who receive a certain number of *teskerés*, or orders, for the pay and supplies of so many men, make their own bargains, cheat the Government, and bring together such only as are too miserable, infirm, or idle to seek any other occupation. The breed of horses has visibly deteriorated within the last few years, and the men are generally so ill-armed and mounted that they are almost unfit for regular service. The Albanian irregulars, who fight on foot, are brave and skilful marksmen, but are of little use except behind walls or in mountain warfare.

The only portion of the Turkish army upon which reliance can be placed are the imperial guards, the regular troops of the line, and the artillery. The latter, organised and partly commanded by Prussian officers, is on all hands admitted to be highly effective, and to bear comparison with the best artillery in Europe. In the recent battles on the Danube it appears to have

have sustained its reputation, and from its steadiness and skill to have mainly contributed to the success of the Turkish arms.

From what we have stated it will be perceived that, however willing we are to admit the improvement that has been made in the Turkish army, and the efficiency of some of its branches, we are nevertheless of opinion that it would not be able to contend without assistance against the vast armies which Russia could bring into the field, and that a serious reverse would lead to disastrous results. The Turkish commanders have commenced, as they generally have commenced in similar wars, with partial success. It is perhaps to be regretted that Omar Pasha was not permitted to open the campaign in September last, when acting upon the information he had then received as to the real numbers of the Russians in the Principalities—information which subsequently proved to be substantially correct—he would probably have gained still greater advantages over his enemies. It may be even more to be deplored that the allies of Turkey have withheld their effective assistance when the successes of the Turks might have been followed up, and have thus exposed her to the risk of losing the results of her first victories.

Now that the allied fleets are in the Bosphorus and Black Sea, we need say little on the subject of the Turkish navy. As mere floating batteries the vessels are admitted to be efficient. The gunnery, under the instruction of Captain Borlace, an officer of the British navy of acknowledged merit, has been of late greatly improved. But the ships are inadequately manned; the crews are almost unused to evolutions in an open sea, and, with one or two exceptions, the officers are utterly incompetent. The disaster of Sinope has materially crippled the Turkish navy, and, in the event of a peace being concluded with Russia, this diminution of its strength must greatly affect the future security of the capital.

It remains for us to say one word on the state of the Turkish finances.* In inquiring into this subject two important considerations should be kept in view—first, that the empire has hitherto

* We must again refer our readers to M. Ubicini (*Lettres*, 12-15) for full details on this subject. They will find in the Letters of that gentleman a sufficiently accurate and impartial account of the revenues of the Turkish Empire, the mode of their collection and administration, the sources from which they are obtained, and their estimated amount. D'Ohsson's well-known work on the Turkish Empire contains the best information as to the tenure of land previous to the modifications introduced by recent measures; and in a pamphlet (*De la Réforme en Turquie, au point de vue financier et administratif*), largely quoted by M. Ubicini, will probably be found the fullest account of the actual condition of the finances of Turkey. It is the production of M. Cor, a gentleman who for many years filled the important post of first dragoman to the French Embassy at Constantinople, and whose attainments and experience constitute him a highly trustworthy authority on such subjects.

been unincumbered by a debt; and, secondly, that the resources of the country may be said to be almost unexplored. Of late years the revenues have been greatly embarrassed, chiefly on account of their inadequate collection, the enormous expenses attendant upon the organisation of the army, the sacrifices made to replace the old coinage by a new, and the state of trade. We have no hesitation in asserting that, were there no other causes to lead us to doubt the stability of the Turkish empire, we should have little apprehension on the score of its financial difficulties. The national resources are so vast and so readily available that the commonest foresight, prudence, and economy would shortly restore its finances to a highly flourishing and healthy state. Notwithstanding the loss of confidence which the conduct of the Turkish Government, in repudiating its engagements last year, was calculated to produce, its credit is still sufficiently recognised to warrant a confident appeal to the European money-markets for a loan. Although, undoubtedly, on the occasion alluded to the Porte showed a want of prudence, and even of straightforwardness, yet there was no design either to defraud its creditors or to elude its engagements. It refused to ratify terms which had been entered into by Prince Callimaki, its agent at Paris, without its authority, which were contrary to the religious and political institutions of the state, and which were so palpably disadvantageous that the suspicion of unfair dealing could scarcely be avoided.

M. Ubicini (p. 352) has suggested various changes and improvements in the revenue, which might with advantage be adopted by the Turkish Government. Many others might be pointed out, but none of more importance than those connected with the encouragement of trade, and of the investment of foreign capital, as well as the employment of native industry, in developing the vast natural resources of Turkey, which are probably unequalled. We shall, however, recur to this subject in considering the future prospects of the Turkish empire, which it more intimately affects. We will merely express our belief that, although the revenues of the empire are undoubtedly in a state of embarrassment, considerably increased of late by the vast efforts and sacrifices which have already been made to carry on the war, yet with the aid of a loan, or by a judicious management of the existing finances, any very serious difficulties may be avoided, and the action of the Government remain uncrippled.

In estimating the resources of Turkey, and its means of resistance to Russia, we must not overlook one consideration of pre-eminent importance—the attitude that will be assumed by the Christian population in the event of the continuance of the war.

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We must, in the first place, observe that, as far as any active or direct assistance is concerned, none can be expected of the Christian subjects of the Sultan. They are not admitted to serve in the army, and are only partially employed in the navy. They are, with the exception of a few tribes inhabiting one or two semi-independent districts, unused to arms, and by no means of a warlike disposition. Even were they inclined to aid the Porte they would be of little actual use, unless in the case of a foreign invasion and occupation, when an adverse population would, of course, impede the operations of an army by withholding and intercepting supplies.

When considering the relations of the Turkish Government to the Christians, we must take care to distinguish between the different sects and nationalities; and we shall, therefore, shortly allude to the inhabitants of each of the most important provinces of the empire. To commence, therefore, with the Danubian Principalities, we will remind our readers that Russia by treaty enjoys a right of interference in their internal affairs, which she has exercised virtually to the exclusion of the Porte, and which has enabled her to assume almost the entire administration of their government. Her armies have at various periods occupied their territory. In 1848 she entered them in direct violation of treaty, changed the form of government, which had been recently proclaimed under the sanction of the Porte, and drove out all those who had been concerned in its establishment, and who formed the most educated, enlightened, and wealthy portion of the nation. Each successive occupation has been more disastrous to the inhabitants. Their property has been seized, their houses invaded, and they themselves compelled to serve the invaders. There is no national sympathy between the Moldo-Wallachians and the Russian nation. They belong to distinct races, speaking totally different languages. The sufferings and injustice to which these provinces have been exposed from those who pretend to be their protectors have taught them to look with dread upon a Russian occupation; and persons acquainted with this fact foretold long ago that they could be readily brought to oppose the invaders. Recent events have proved the correctness of these anticipations. The severest and most bloody measures have scarcely sufficed to keep down the peasantry; and we now learn that they have risen in various districts, and have killed or expelled the Russian troops and authorities. In the event of a retreat of the Turks, and an attempt on the part of the Russians to cross the Danube, this feeling might be turned to the utmost account in embarrassing the operations of the Russian army, especially if the communications by sea between Odessa and the

the Turkish coast—upon which Russia mainly depended during the last war—were completely cut off.

We now come to the Christians of Bulgaria, forming the principal population of that great district to the south of the Danube. Although the descendants of Tartar tribes, they have so completely amalgamated with the Slavonians, speaking the same language, professing the same faith, and adopting the same manners, that for all political purposes they may now be considered a Slave race. Upon them, therefore, Russia might hope to rely for sympathy and support. During the last war with Turkey the Bulgarians afforded effective aid to the invaders; but it is very doubtful whether they could be depended upon on a second occasion. The promises made to them by the Russian Government were not fulfilled; they suffered more from the invaders than they had ever endured from the Turks; and their chiefs have openly expressed their resolution not to impede the operations of the Turkish armies.

There is still less to be feared from the Servians: they have a strong feeling of nationality, which might lead them, for purposes of their own, to withhold any effective aid from Turkey, notwithstanding their obligations to furnish a contingent, and they might even take advantage of circumstances to establish more completely their own independence, and to carry out the views which their chiefs have long entertained for the extension of their influence and of their territory. But Russia has interfered too much in their affairs, and her conduct has been too repugnant to the feelings of the most enlightened and liberal party in Serbia, to secure for her any very powerful or devoted allies in that quarter. There is undoubtedly a Russian party in Serbia, and Russian intrigue has tended to weaken the Government and to divide its councils; but this province will probably preserve as strict a neutrality as she can, and will afford but little assistance to the invader.

In Bosnia the Mussulman population is so much stronger and more powerful than the Christian, and is so differently circumstanced from the Turkish landholders in the other provinces of Turkey in Europe, being descended from the original Christian owners of the soil, that the Porte need apprehend little danger in this part of the empire. It must be remembered that the recent Turkish military expeditions into Bosnia have not been sent against the Christians, but against the Mohammedans who refused to accept the Tanzimat, or new system of administration, which curtailed their privileges and afforded greater protection to the Christians, who were previously little better than serfs attached to the soil of the great Mussulman landlords. The

The few Catholic tribes on the confines of Bosnia and Albania, such as the Miridite, would probably furnish a contingent to the Turkish Government, as they did in the wars with the Albanians. From the Albanians themselves the Turks have nothing to apprehend, if proper means be taken to conciliate their hereditary chiefs.

The Christians of Thessaly, a small part of Macedonia, and the southern districts of Albania, are allied in blood, language, and religion, to the inhabitants of the modern kingdom of Greece. They have of late years been especially subjected to the intrigues of foreign agents, even to those of the neighbouring state, and have been supposed to be more than once on the eve of rebellion. The Porte might naturally feel considerable uneasiness with regard to this portion of her subjects, and we confess to have entertained similar fears. But, from information on which we place every reliance, we learn that both in Macedonia and Thessaly all the efforts of Russian and Hellenic emissaries to stir up the Christian population have hitherto been unavailing, and that there is at present no hostile feeling against the Porte. The Turkish Government, however, appears to be prepared for emergencies, and we are assured that in Thessaly it has a reserve of 60,000 irregulars, ready to be called together on the shortest notice, and more than equal to maintain the tranquillity of the province. This large force is, of course, chiefly held in readiness with reference to the steps that may be taken by the Hellenic Government, which by its conduct has exposed itself to the just suspicions of the Porte and its allies. But whatever may be the sympathy between the Greeks of Turkey and those of Greece, we will venture to affirm that there is very little between them and the Russians.

The Christians of Turkey in Asia are numerically greatly inferior to the Mussulmans, and have little sympathy or connexion with Russia. The only Christian race of any importance or extent in Asia Minor (we need scarcely take Syria into consideration) are the Armenians. During the last war, the Russian army received some, though not any very effective aid from them; and after its termination, many who inhabited districts in the vicinity of the Russian frontiers were induced to migrate into Georgia. Since that period the Russian Government has meddled so arbitrarily in the affairs of the Armenian Church, which it has endeavoured to force into direct subservience to the will of the Czar, and the Armenians themselves have been so little satisfied with the treatment they have received from their new masters, that a strong feeling of discontent has arisen. Such as could escape from Georgia have
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returned to Turkey, and whole villages would follow their example if they could evade the vigilance of the Russian border authorities.

In Europe, Turkey alone and unaided could do little outside her own frontiers to embarrass the Russian Government—what might be effected by her allies is another question which our limits will not permit us now to discuss ; but in Asia the case is different. The warlike tribes of Circassia and Georgia have long either waged a furious war against Russia or have borne with impatience the yoke imposed upon them. They are of the same religion as the Turks, and have other bonds of sympathy with them. Their principal leader has especially distinguished himself by his heroic resistance to the invaders of his country, and by victories and successes which, were they not verified by the acknowledged failure of all attempts to subdue him, would appear utterly incredible. For nearly twenty years has Shiamil maintained this unequal contest. Every season has ended in a defeat of the Russians ; and we are credibly assured that last year alone a short campaign cost Russia 22,000 men.

Shiamil is not a Circassian chief, but the head of a very powerful tribe inhabiting the neighbouring province of Daghistan. The Circassians themselves have for some years been left unmolested by Russia, which has been satisfied with the possession of one or two isolated forts on the coast, and with maintaining during the summer season a very ineffectual maritime blockade ; but the hatred which these hardy mountaineers have long borne to their invaders has not been extinguished. Once furnished with powder and other means of attack, they would rise to a man, and by a repetition of acts of daring and courage scarcely to be surpassed, would drive the Russians from the few fortified positions they hold on the Black Sea. Their great chief, Zefir Bey, has at length returned to them. This remarkable man left Circassia nearly fifteen years ago to seek succour from the Turkish Government in the struggle which his country was then carrying on against her enemies. Before his departure he made his countrymen swear a solemn oath that they would never accede to terms of peace, but wage an implacable war against Russia, until he should again appear amongst them. Finding that succour, either from the Porte or any European Power, was for the time hopeless, the brave old man preferred to live in misery and want at Adrianople to releasing the Circassians from their oath by returning to his native land.*

* We strongly recommend to such of our readers as may desire to have a faithful and graphic account of the warlike tribes of Circassia a work by Mr. Longworth, entitled 'A Year in Circassia.'

We have little doubt that, if the allied fleets by their presence in the Black Sea enable the Turks to throw supplies and men into Circassia and the neighbouring provinces, and if we by an energetic policy compel Persia to preserve a strict neutrality, the whole of the warlike tribes of the Caucasus will rise and will aid Turkey in obtaining successes which may be of no less importance to her than to our own interests in Central Asia.

It will be seen from what precedes that, whilst fully admitting the general inefficiency of her army, the uncertain relations between her Mohammedan and Christian populations, and the present embarrassed state of her finances, we are still of opinion that with proper assistance Turkey will be able to resist the attempts of her ambitious neighbour. It has been equally the fashion to underrate and overrate the strength and resources of the Ottoman empire. There are those who declare them to be already completely exhausted, whilst others maintain that Turkey alone could successfully maintain the unequal struggle into which she has entered with Russia. We subscribe to neither of these opinions; the result of a war must depend entirely upon the share that France and England may take in it. Its speedy termination must rest mainly upon the efficacy and vigour of our first operations. Let proper energy be shown—let no opportunities be lost—let us act with a due knowledge of the condition of the Turkish empire and its varied populations, and we need have no fears or doubts as to the result.

3. We now come to the third branch of our subject, viz. the possibility of maintaining the independence of Turkey as the empire is now constituted, or of raising a powerful state in her stead. Of the three questions we are considering it is the most delicate to discuss in the present stage of the negotiations, and the most difficult to answer. There are, however, facts which enable us to arrive at some conclusions, and to controvert certain fallacies which have been industriously put forward of late.

It has been constantly urged that it is ridiculous to use the term 'independence' with reference to a state which must depend for its existence upon the support it receives from abroad, and which, on the first approach of danger, must have recourse to its allies. However weak, from various causes, the Ottoman empire may actually be, we confess that the objection appears to us utterly untenable. If it apply in this instance, it must surely do so in the case of every power less strong than its neighbour: to Belgium, Sweden, Denmark. Even the most powerful states have made defensive alliances to preserve them from foreign aggression. It has been the misfortune of Turkey that she has
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been exposed to the designs of an unscrupulous and ambitious neighbour, against whom she cannot contend single-handed, and it is no forfeiture of her independence as a nation to apply for aid to those who are most interested in protecting her. In the present contest, in order to weaken the claims she has upon our sympathy, to induce the British nation to withdraw its assistance from an old ally, and to disguise the real objects and ends of Russia, Turkey has been unjustly accused of wanting to hurry this country into a war, of raising futile objections to reasonable demands, and of neglecting the counsels of her allies. It is, however, impossible for any impartial person to deny that, whatever may be the vices and follies of the Ottoman Government, it has, under the present difficulties at least, shown extraordinary moderation and a deference to the advice of England and France which has been infinitely more prejudicial to her interests than to those of Russia, and has exposed her to very severe losses and sacrifices.

But there are causes of far greater danger to the existence of the Ottoman empire than its reliance upon external aid. We will put aside the consideration—although undoubtedly one which will weigh with many persons who reflect upon the question—that it is inconsistent with the spirit and civilization of the age that a Mohammedan Government should rule over a Christian population, numerically far superior to those of its own faith, and should possess some of the fairest provinces of Europe. As an abstract political proposition the objection is invalid, or, if valid, it would equally apply to other cases, in which we are more intimately interested. The real sources of danger to Ottoman dominion, apart from foreign aggression, are to be found in the rapid decrease of the Turkish race, the consequent weakness of the element of Turkish rule, and the increasing knowledge, wealth, and prosperity of the Christians.

It appears to be a physical fact, in proof of which instances might be adduced from the earliest known history of the world, that a pure Tartar or Mongol race cannot exist when brought into equal competition with an indogermanic race, and that as soon as it ceases to be the dominant and conquering tribe it surely and rapidly decays. This is remarkably illustrated in the Turkish empire. As long as the Turks were engaged in foreign wars and conquest, as long as they held undisputed sway over the Christians, they were vigorous and formidable. So soon as they were confined within their own frontiers and were no longer able to wage an aggressive war against their neighbours, so soon as they were compelled by the interference of the Christian powers to respect the Christians, their strength and prosperity
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daily declined. It has been continually declared that the reforms introduced by Sultan Mahinoud, and completed by the reigning Sultan, have not been carried out, and the condition of the Turkish population has been pointed to in proof of this assertion; but the very instances cited prove the contrary. Formerly the Christians were entirely at the mercy of their Mohammedan rulers. If a Pasha, or a Bey, or even a Turkish landholder, was in want of money, he naturally turned to the Christian merchant or cultivator—inprisonment, the bastinado, or the torture soon extorted what he required. But now that the rights of the Christian subjects of the Sultan are recognised, and their lives and property respected, the Mussulman can no longer have recourse to such means for supplying his wants. We do not mean to deny that in distant provinces of the empire acts of injustice and oppression are not too frequently committed, but they are exceptions, and must not be laid to the charge of the Government. The result is, that the Greeks, and Armenians, and other industrious Christian races, have rapidly increased in wealth. The Turk does not attempt to compete with them in trade—a Turkish merchant is almost unknown—and scarcely in agriculture. Without the means, therefore, of living, afforded by his own industry, he is obliged to borrow from his Christian neighbour—to mortgage his land, and to pawn his goods. If the Christians of those parts of Turkey in which there is a mixed population were to call in their debts, there would scarcely remain a Pasha or a Turkish gentleman who would not be ruined, or a Mohammedan village which would not pass into the hands of the Armenians, Greeks, or Slaves.

One of the grievances of the Christians urged by their European protectors is, that they are compelled to pay a capitation tax, and are not permitted to serve in the armies of the state. This tax is undoubtedly a mark of inferiority offensive to a subject race, and the exemption from military service is in theory no less so. But it is forgotten that, whilst the conscription has more than decimated the Mussulman population of Turkey, the Christians, by paying a tax so light as scarcely to be any burden whatever,* have been spared all the miseries of forced military service, and have thus increased in numbers and wealth in the same proportion as the Mohammedans have decreased in both. Let any Christian be asked whether he would be grateful to the

* The amount of the Kharaj paid yearly by the first class or most wealthy Christians scarcely exceeds 10s.; by the second class, 5s.; and by the poorest, 2s. 6d. Priests, women, children under a certain age, the indigent, and the infirm, are exempted from the tax altogether, whilst, in addition, a very considerable number of persons, by various excuses, contrive to evade it.

sympathising foreign representative who would prevail upon the Porte to substitute the conscription for the *kharaj*, and we do not doubt the reply. At the same time we do not deny that, by being inured to arms, and placed upon the same footing as the Turk, the moral standard of the Christians would be improved and raised, and that, if properly managed, they might prove the source of additional strength to the empire, although it cannot be concealed that they would more probably, in the end, become one of the causes of its destruction.

The very liberty and privileges secured by the *Tanzimat* to the Christians have in more ways than one contributed to the present weakened condition of Turkey, and to many of those evils and crimes which have been laid to her charge. We might cite a thousand examples, but one will suffice. Mohammed Pasha, who has committed various atrocities against the Christians in a government far removed from the capital, is disgraced by the Sultan, on the representation of the ambassador of a foreign power,—his titles are taken away, and he is banished to a remote island in the *Ægean*. Unfortunately he is indebted to his Armenian banker, who is, at the same time, the banker of the grand vizier, or of some powerful personage about the Court. This usurer, who has been receiving twenty-four per cent., and who has been supplying the Pasha with mouth-pieces for his pipes, arms, snuff-boxes, shawls, and furs, at about ten times the market value, cannot afford to lose his money and so good a customer. He cares about as little for his fellow Christians—their sufferings, the oppression they have endured, or may endure—as an ox feels for a fellow-ox who is going to the slaughterhouse. He seeks his powerful creditor, and threatens to exact his debts unless the disgraced governor be replaced in a position which may enable him to raise money and pay his banker. The influence thus brought to bear is too powerful to be resisted. Mohammed Pasha is suddenly restored to his rank, and receives a new government, to which he hastens with the determination to wreak his vengeance upon those who contributed towards his previous disgrace, and to squeeze the Christians to get money to pay his debts.

Any one who has taken the trouble of inquiring for himself into the condition of the *Rayahs*, and has not been satisfied with the garbled information of Constantinople dragomen, or of designing Greek merchants, will know that their degraded state, of which it is the fashion so loudly to complain, is as frequently the result of the evil passions and dishonesty of the Christians themselves, as of the oppression and injustice of their Mohammedan rulers. Reasons may be found to palliate and explain this

this fact: we merely state it. Nothing can be more unfounded than to attribute the present demoralised condition of the Christians entirely to Turkish domination, and to speak of the flourishing state of the Byzantine Empire before the Turkish conquest. History positively contradicts the assertion. The most superficial acquaintance with the state of the Eastern Empire at the time of its fall will suffice to show the utter weakness and degradation to which it was reduced, and the Turks might perhaps with more justice attribute their own demoralization, and consequent decay, to the vices which they acquired by contact with the conquered races.

However this may be, these facts remain, that the Mussulman population, except in Bosnia, where, be it remembered, the Mohammedan landholders are of Slave and not of Tartar origin, are rapidly dying out, and the Christians as rapidly increasing in numbers and prosperity. The result is inevitable. The stronger and more wealthy race must in the end succeed to the weaker and poorer. It is only a question of time and means.

Russia, counting upon the increasing weakness of the Ottoman empire, and upon the inevitable results which have been pointed out, has looked upon herself as its successor in the possession of those fertile provinces and magnificent outlets for commerce, which would render her the richest and most powerful empire of the globe. It has been urged in proof of the disinterestedness of her conduct towards Turkey that she might have extended her conquests long ago to Constantinople, and that that capital has already been within her grasp, had she chosen to seize it. But her policy has been much wiser and more sure. She has worked to render the downfall of the Turkish Government inevitable, and its transfer to any independent power impossible. Had she openly seized the capital she must have braved all Europe: by following a more crafty policy she hopes to frustrate any attempt that might be made to arrest her. She has watched with alarm the increasing prosperity and intelligence of the Christian population, and the spread amongst them of liberal opinions, whether in matters of religion or of politics, which a continually enlarging communication with Europe by commerce and travel has naturally produced. She is now making a final effort to put an end for ever to a state of things so fatal to her views, and to bring the greater part of the Christian subjects of the Porte under her immediate control. Recent events have unmasked her designs even to those who most defended her. It is to be hoped that Europe will no longer remain blind or indifferent to a policy so dangerous to civilization and liberty.

On the other hand, the Greeks, relying upon the same facts
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and causes, and justly proud of their own intelligence, activity, and wealth, aim at being the successors of the Turks. The Cross is to replace the Crescent on the dome of St. Sophia's, and a Greek Empire is again to rise in the East. In this country these visions have been received and advocated by those who have not had the means, or the opportunity of inquiring into their reasonableness and practicability. But what is the true state of the case? Of course the Turkish dominions in Asia and Africa must be put out of the question in considering this new Empire—the Greek race forming in them far too small a portion of the population to be taken into consideration. With regard to Thessaly, we admit that there would be no practical objection against adding it to the kingdom of Greece. There remain the provinces of Macedonia, Albania, Bosnia, Bulgaria, and Thrace, with the capital. Now what proportion do the Greeks bear in them to the Mussulmans and to other Christian sects? According to M. Ubicini's tables of population (*Lettres*, p. 22), there are in Turkey in Europe only 1,000,000 of Greeks to 2,116,000 Mohammedans and 6,600,000 Slaves and Armenians, and 1,500,000 Albanians, partly Christians and partly Mohammedans.* This includes Thessaly, which contains the greater part of the Greek population; excluding, therefore, that province, we may estimate the Greeks of Turkey in Europe at the very highest at from 500,000 to 600,000, whilst there are about 10,000,000 of other races. Let us turn to the capital, of which an accurate census was taken in 1844. We have 130,000 Greeks to 475,000 Mohammedans, 205,000 orthodox Armenians, and about 60,000 of other sects. Now, in the face of these numbers, and it is important that this question should be met by facts, can any one talk of a Greek empire with its seat at Constantinople? Could any attempt at setting up a Greek dominion, over races so numerically superior, end in anything but confusion even worse than that which now exists, and in the impossibility of establishing a strong independent power in Turkey to act as a check upon the schemes of Russia—the great end of all political combinations in the East of Europe?

It would not be difficult to point out how the Slave races, on the other hand, might eventually furnish the materials for such an empire. But our article has already exceeded our limits. We will confine ourselves to indicating what, under actual circumstances, we believe to be the true policy of England and

* We have omitted any mention of the inhabitants of Wallachia and Moldavia, and of the Roumain population of Rumelia, as well as of the Jews and Gipsies—amounting to nearly 4,300,000.

France in the present momentous question. We are of opinion then that the only solution is the maintenance of the Ottoman Government for some years to come in the possession of its European provinces, securing at the same time for its Christian subjects that complete tolerance for their religious faith, and enjoyment of their political rights, which the Porte theoretically professes to accord. At the same time England and France must be prepared to assist the Porte in her resistance to the intolerable interference of Russia, which, it could be easily shown, is as hostile to the development of the resources of the empire* as it is to the true liberty of the Christians themselves. Such a course would, we believe, be more conducive to the true interests of civilisation and Christianity, as well as to those of Europe, than any other which could be devised. Suppose the restraint which the Porte exercises over the various Christian sects to be withdrawn, the whole of the empire would shortly be the theatre of even more scandalous scenes than those which the sanctity of a spot most holy to the followers of Christ has not been able to check. The Turkish Government, whether from a spirit of toleration or indifference it is scarcely necessary here to inquire, is willing to admit all religious sects to the same privileges—one is not more favoured than the other. Of how many European powers can as much be said? The result is, that a spirit of religious inquiry has sprung up, that the Bible is fast spreading through the land, and that a sincere and pure religion is rapidly taking the place of ancient prejudices and debasing corruptions.

The conclusions are no less important if we regard the political condition and material wealth of the Christians. We have heard much of the extension of Greek commerce; of Greek houses established throughout Europe, and extending their agencies to the remotest quarters of the globe; of the whole carrying trade of the Levant passing into their hands. Few, if any, however, of the heads of these great commercial houses are from the kingdom of Greece proper; they are for the most part Turkish-born subjects, and owe their rise and prosperity to this circumstance. It may be urged that, although born and esta-

* Both Russia and Austria have always opposed any schemes for real improvement devised by the Porte. We may cite as an instance the fact that last year, when the Turkish Ministers were about to enter into an agreement with an eminent firm in this country for the construction of a railway through its European provinces, which would have been of the utmost importance to the prosperity of the country, the Austrian Representative announced to them that his Government would view with the greatest displeasure such an undertaking in the hands of Englishmen—the Porte knew well what this threat implied. The opposition of Russia to the construction of roads in the East of Asia Minor is well known.

blished in Turkey, they enjoy foreign, generally Russian, protection. This is no doubt the case; but what State in the world, except Turkey, would tolerate such a violation of its legitimate rights? It is an every-day occurrence that an Armenian or Greek banker or merchant goes from Constantinople to Odessa in a steamer, never even leaves the quarantine, returns with a Russian passport, and as a Russian subject repudiates his debts, refuses to pay even the ordinary local taxes, enjoys all the privileges of a foreign resident in Turkey, defies the Government, and encourages the Sultan's subjects to throw off their allegiance in a similar fashion. England, and to a certain extent France, have endeavoured to put an end to these gross abuses of international relations. But still the cities and ports of the Levant are swarming with destitute Ionians and Maltese, who, under the shadow of the British connexion, commit almost with impunity every crime. The rights of protection, conferred by capitulations upon foreign powers, have done as much to embarrass the Turkish Government, to impede the carrying out of its reforms, and to prevent the development of its resources by the employment of foreign capital and industry, as probably any other cause that could be pointed out.

The Christians of Turkey are admitted by all writers upon that country, to be daily increasing in wealth and intelligence. Let them continue as they have commenced—let them be preserved from dissensions amongst themselves, and from those struggles and conflicts which the conferring of political power upon half-barbarous races, not yet ready to receive it, must inevitably produce—and in a few years, we may hope to see in Turkey in Europe the materials for forming an empire sufficiently civilized and powerful to take its place with the great nations of Europe, and to solve one of the most difficult political problems of modern days.

As we have already observed, we have no fear lest the Porte should not be able to maintain itself for the present. The resources of the empire are so enormous, and so ready at hand, that they can at any time be made available. By encouraging the cultivation and export of grain, Turkey could eventually draw into her own provinces a large share of the corn trade now carried on with the southern ports of Russia; and by opening roads, canals, and railways, and creating other means of communication, of which she is now utterly deficient, the varied and valuable produce of her European and Asiatic provinces would find a ready market. Foreign capital would soon flow into the empire; and when the relations between the Porte and her allies were fully recognised and understood, the objections to the employment

ment of foreign industry would be speedily removed. It would be impossible to name any country in which the sources of wealth are more evident, and their development more easy.

We have thus, we trust, placed before our readers, as concisely as the vastness and importance of the subject will admit, a general view of the condition and prospects of the Ottoman empire, and of its present critical relations with regard to the rest of Europe. We have shown the magnitude of the stake at issue, and the obligations which we are under, as much for our own sake as for that of European liberty and civilisation at large, to support Turkey in her resistance to the aggressive policy of Russia. This is no party question. No country can be more averse from a war than our own; the interests of humanity and our material interests are equally opposed to it. Peace, as we have already remarked, may even have been jeopardised by the very anxiety to preserve it. At any rate, we have the satisfaction of reflecting, and the means of proving to the world, that forbearance had been carried to the utmost before we engaged in the tremendous conflict, now, we fear, too imminent. But if the die be cast, and the Emperor of Russia be determined to hazard everything in maintaining and pushing those great schemes, which form the traditional policy of his house, and upon the successful accomplishment of which the very tenure of his throne may depend, England has but one course to pursue. She must arm herself for the contest with that energy and determination which will prove that she is resolved to carry it successfully through. Cordially united with France, and engaged in a righteous contest, we have little to dread from a Power which has added to the other elements of its weakness by the injustice of its cause. But there must be no half-measures. The whole resources of these two great countries must at once be brought to bear; Englishmen of all parties must for the time forget their differences in this one great national object; and let us bear in mind, that the better the beginning the speedier the end.
